AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PICTORIAL

SYBIL DANNING

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW ACTION STAR SHOWS THE FORM THAT TAMED HERCULES AND THE HULK

SPORT

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE GIBSON TV'S TWO MILLION DOLLAR MAN

SPIES

JAMES BOND IN ICEBREAKER

WHY ASIO DOESN'T WORK

THE GREAT AUSSIE SPORTS QUIZ

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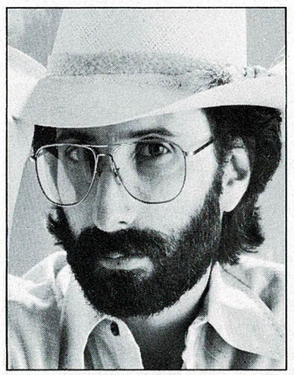
PLAYBILL

OCTOBER, THE JUNCTION of winter and summer sporting seasons, seems a ripe time to nominate Australia's highest-paid sports commentator as the subject of the PLAYBOY Interview. Mike Gibson has been watching, writing and talking about sport on and off for more than 20 years. Along the way, he learned so much about sport and the media that Kerry Packer finally signed him to a five-year contract said to be worth $2 million. In partnership with Ian Chappell on Nine's *Wide World of Sport*, Gibson has become one of the most-watched profiles on television. He talks to **Neil Jameson**. Like your doctor, Gibbo is worried about Australia's sedentary sportsmen; you know, the guys who play all their sport from an armchair or a convenient place at the bar. In an effort to at least put their minds into gear, we had **Wally Deveraux** draw up the Great Aussie Sports Quiz. **Allan Stomann** supplied the illustration, we'll let you supply the answers and your mate can shout a beer or three for every one you get right. Speaking of shouting, everything has gone very quiet in the corridors of ASIO, and no wonder. All has not been well with our security intelligence unit for a long time. Security and defence writer **Greg Sheridan** set out to discover what ails ASIO and returned with the answer: everything. In ASIO: Why It Doesn't Work, Sheridan probes the organisation's weaknesses and suggests how the operation could be improved. Spies are big business this month and we've got the daddy of them all, James Bond, back in *Icebreaker*, another slice of adventure from **John Gardner,** the writer who has taken on the responsibility of Ian Fleming's master spy. The 007 artwork came from the studio of **Miles Parnell. Frank Robson** is not a spy: he's PLAYBOY's Brisbane correspondent and he's responsible for Kid Tycoon, a profile on Gold Coast whiz kid Peter Foster, whose ambition when he grows up is to be really rich. If the thought of getting rich quick doesn't drive you to distraction, then **Paul Mann**'s tale of a trained killer wreaking his own brand of justice just might chill you enough. In All Quiet In Suburbia, Mann lets an urban guerilla loose on an unsuspecting neighborhood. You too are going to be knocked dead by the array of beautiful women adorning our pages this month. Secretive Shelley Casey is a gorgeous Sydney girl who lets it all happen when she gets Behind Closed Doors. **Rico Mettbach** was the lucky man aiming the camera. Our October Playmate is Joan-Beatrice Tichy, who offers 12 pages of delightful proof that she is more than capable of brightening up your horizons. But what about dazzling cover girl Sybil Danning! Billed as the Queen of the Action Movies and the girl who tamed Hercules and the Incredible Hulk, Sybil is currently the hottest sex siren in movieland. Turn to page 82 for **Ken Marcus**'s sizzling 10-page expose of Ms Danning. Sri Lanka is one place you might enjoy discovering. If you can't make it this year read what staffer **Steve Bunk** has to say about an intriguing isle. Our resident sexologist **Bettina Arndt** has conducted a few journeys of discovery in her day. Who can forget her guided tour in search of the G spot? This month the eminent adviser is back with two full pages of the inside info on the most intriguing subject of them all: Sex. If you can get your mind above the level of your seat-belt buckle for a while, you can read Micro Car Wars, **Rob Luck**'s incisive article on what the Japanese are doing to compact our motoring habits. How many cars can you fit in your garage? The answer, according to the Japanese, is a whole lot more than you can at the moment. By word association, the very thought of driving brings up the question of drink so, if you'll join us at the bar we'll introduce you to **Elisabeth King**, our regular Booze contributor who is just about to serve up everything you wanted to try about martinis but were too frightened to mix in a flask. So, while you're waiting for the spring grass to grow, grab a large chunk of the goodies herein.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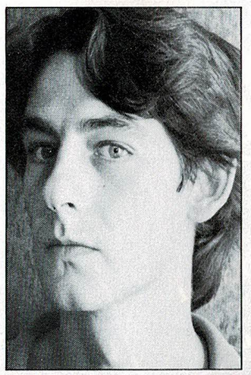
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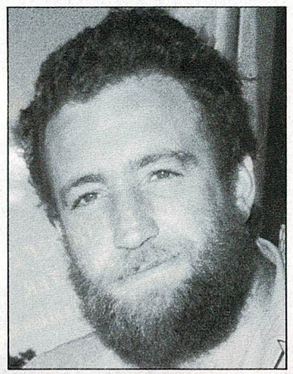
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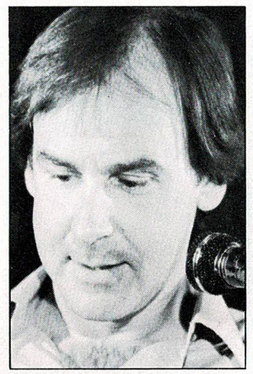
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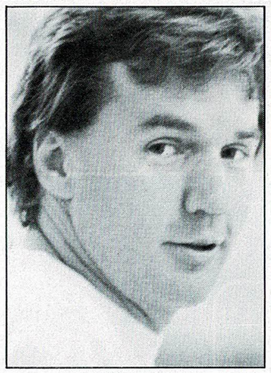
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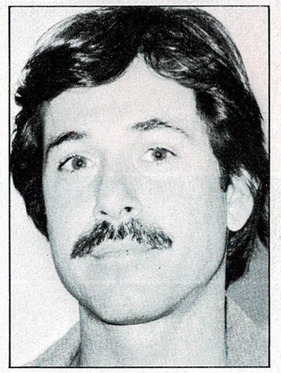
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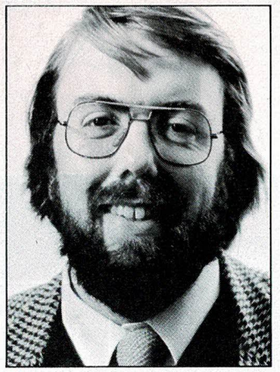
SHERIDAN

John Player Special

Some things in life have a special quality

CC674/81

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CONTENTS

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
MEN 12
BOOZE 16
MOVIES 18
BOOKS 22
MUSIC 24
ADVENTURE 28
DIVERSIONS 32

35

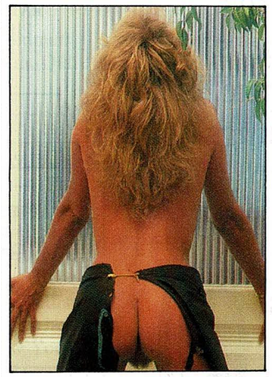
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Mike Gibson, the prince of TV sport, talks about the media and games people play.

44

ASIO: WHY IT DOESN'T WORK
Our security firm's achievement file is empty, reports Greg Sheridan.

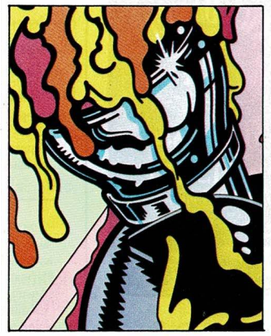
48

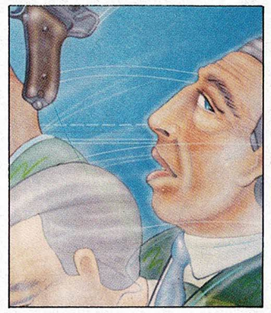
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
Unlocking the secret life of lovely Shelley Casey.



56

KID TYCOON
Frank Robson profiles Peter Foster, a Gold Coast Richie Rich.



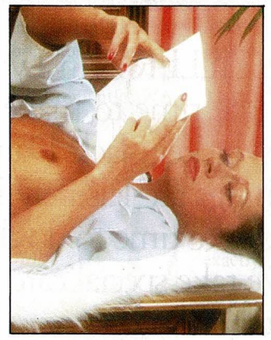


58

ICEBREAKER
James Bond, superspy, in the latest thriller from John Gardner.

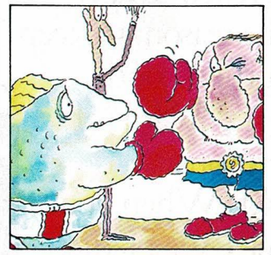
61

HEAVEN SENT
Playmate of the Month Joan-Beatrice Tichy, photographed by Heribert Brehm.



73

THE GREAT AUSSIE SPORTS QUIZ



Wally Deveraux calls all pub sports to try this on for size.

76

ALL QUIET IN SUBURBIA
A chilling tale of urban revenge as told by Paul Mann.

82

SYBIL
Presenting Sybil Danning, the new sex symbol of the action flicks, photographed by Ken Marcus.

92

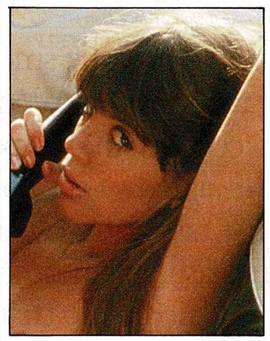
SRI LANKA
Steve Bunk swoops low over the Resplendent Land.

98

MICRO CAR WARS
Rob Luck reports that the Nips are getting smaller.

124

ENCORE
May cover girl Sonya Shepherd poses with another classic — her Cadillac — for a World of Playboy pictorial.



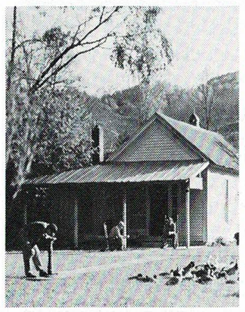
134

SEX
Tales from the wild frontier, with Bettina Arndt.

OCTOBER 1983 • COVER: SYBIL DANNING. PHOTO: KEN MARCUS

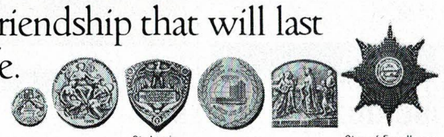
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

ONE SMALL DISTILLERY, in Lynchburg, Tennessee, still has the time to make the world's smoothest whiskey: Jack Daniel's.



We take it slow at Jack Daniel's

Things are leisurely here. And we take time to do things right. We take special care to filter our whiskey through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. The reason: to keep unchanged the smooth, smooth flavor that has won six awards of excellence in competitions throughout the world. When you first taste Jack Daniel's, we predict a pleasurable moment. Followed by a friendship that will last for life.



London 1914 · Liege 1905 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Amsterdam 1981 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB 1794/82

AUSTRALIAN

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DEAR PLAYBOY

DOUBLE DOSE

Just love your June cover girl, Andrea Taylor. Has she done any previous Australian PLAYBOY work before? If not, she's due for her own centrefold very soon.

Like the dual cover format, too. . . I can get a double dose of Miss Taylor. Looking forward to another look some time soon.

"Mick",
Collaroy, NSW.

DRESSED TO LOVE

Congratulations to your photographer H. Schmid for his photographic rendition of Sonya Shepherd (May). This lady would project a rapturous image in all viewfinders.

I am a believer in the thesis, almost a law, that panty hose are the curse of the loving class. The photograph on page 47 of the May edition is delightful but also technically incorrect. The lady has dressed in a disjointed sequence. Panties should be the last undergarment to be donned as this permits both natural and passionate activities to be performed without perturbation

Loving lingerie is the hallmark of mature ladies and the delight of men.

Greg Summers,
Cunungra, Qld.

SPOT THE AUSSIE

There is a measure of truth in Michael Colman's amusing parody D.T. — The Disgusting Tourist (PLAYBOY, August).

There's something about travel that makes us Aussies strive to be more obviously Australian than ever. The Australian traveller is rarely the one that blends so easily into the backdrop when he's visiting abroad. From Nice to New York, Spot The Aussie is the easiest tourist game of them all. Just head for the rowdiest bar — the source of the greatest noise and alcohol intake is inevitably the local Australian push.

Perhaps Aussie tourists should consider that most other nations (especially on the Continent) have abided tourism and invasion for centuries and there is simply no novelty value in foreigners trumpeting their presence. It's not the most pleasant aspect about touring abroad and I'm grateful that we've got the likes of Colman to address an ugly topic in an amusing fashion.

M. Whitehead,
Colac, Vic.

THE PERFECT COMBINATION

I think you have had some absolutely stunning girls in your magazine in the issues so far this year. I've been trying to work out which of the centrefolds I like the best and have decided I like all of them, but for different reasons.

The perfect centrefold for me would have the following combination of attributes: Charlotte Kemp's luscious big tits; Denise Robinson's beautiful grey eyes; Barbara Reimer's broad cheeky grin; Kelly Ryland's gorgeous blonde hair; Melinda Mays' cute upturned nose and Susie Scott's long tanned legs. Whaddya reckon?

If you have any more photos of Susie Scott, could you please use one on the Dear Playboy page?

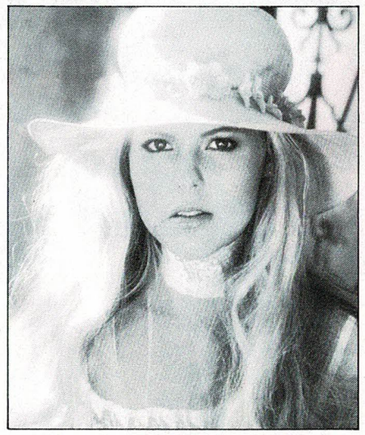
Ted Knox,
Carlton, NSW.

We work in a service station and we always put our money together to buy Australian PLAYBOY. That was until the June issue this year when we all fought over the centrefold of Susie Scott. So, we went and bought a copy each (total five) and another one to tear out the centrefold to put on our wall at work.

She's outrageously beautiful and has the most amazing hair! More, more, more!

Clancy and Gang,
Fremantle, WA.

And here's Susie. . . that'll be $17.70, thanks, gang — Ed.



MAILER FANS

Thank you PLAYBOY for giving readers a taste of Norman Mailer's latest novel. He has long been one of my favorite authors and I'd been looking forward to the release of this particular book.

It certainly lives up to expectations and I hope that your magazine will continue to publish book excerpts and short stories in your diverse and always stimulating format.

There's not a better three bucks' worth of value on the market.

Chris Fishlock,
Echuca, Vic.

I'm not a great reader of fiction but I must say that I really enjoyed the extracts from Norman Mailer's book, *Ancient Evenings,* in June and July. Must read the whole novel to find out what happens.

The short story in that issue, *And The Truth Shall Set You Free,* was also well written even though the ending just tapered off into a void. Hope you'll continue to use lots of fiction in Australian PLAYBOY as this is a great way for magazine addicts like myself to at least enjoy *some* literature.

Selwyn Judd,
Bronte, NSW.

NO HARM

I was pleased to read Neil Jameson's article on sports injuries in your May issue. In my work, I see many athletes arriving for treatment with injuries that have been neglected in the acute stage (the first 24-36 hours after onset). Many of these sportsmen and women have not only not done the right thing but have worsened the injury by following the advice of over-helpful on-lookers or strappers.

Thanks to articles like this one in PLAYBOY, the use of rest, ice, compression and elevation on acute injuries is becoming more common. However this is only half the story: there are four "don'ts" as well. These are: heat, alcohol, running (or other vigorous body exercise) and massage. These form the acronym HARM and harm is exactly what each will do to a recent injury by promoting general or local blood flow and increasing the swelling, bruising and disability following an injury.

I commend Mr Jameson for bringing this information to the attention of readers.

Chris Allingham,
Sports Physiotherapist,
Lavington, NSW.

IN DEFENCE OF SA

I am a South Australian living in Brisbane (unfortunately) and I think your article on Adelaide in the June issue of PLAYBOY is full of shit.

Homosexuals were in South Australia way before Don Dunstan. South Australia is a beautiful place and I should know as I've spent the last 20 years there.

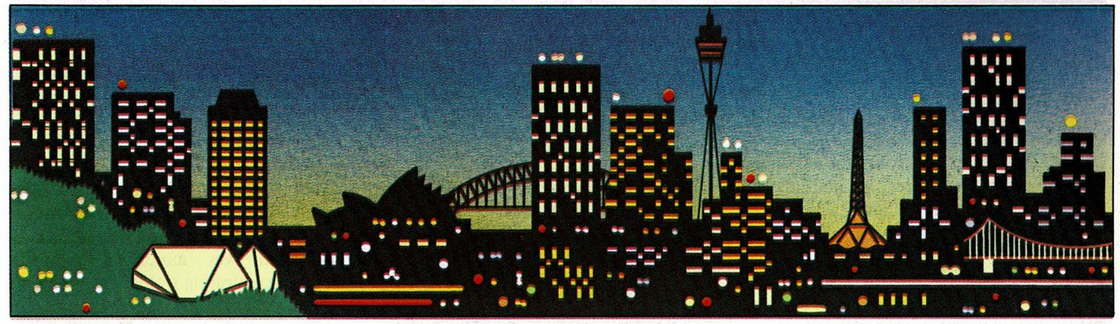
It has more night life than Brisbane and the people aren't snobs. In future, why not publish stories about the great wineries and the new clubs?

Betcha don't publish this because too many people would agree.

"Sonia of
South Australia"

Fresh is Alpine
Alpine
25 FILTER
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
PHL 1057 CC 1232/83
Alpine 25's. A fresh blend of menthol and tobacco flavour.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GASH TRANSACTIONS

Isn't it predictable that even in times of recession the oldest currency of them all never seems to lose its value? A Melbourne accountant, who included a garage owner, a video dealer and a carpet cleaner among his list of clients, was even more amazed than usual when doing their books at the end of last tax year. The fall in actual cash takings did not correspond to the amount of service the firms had offered, with the discrepancy in the case of the carpet cleaning business being almost eight percent.

Nobody was willing to offer an explanation until the cleaner confided that some female clients caught low on cash had been more than willing to settle in the form of sexual favors. When the accountant relayed this news to the other two, both admitted transacting a small percentage of their business in sex, with housewives being the most active clients. In fact, the video dealer claimed that his business was in danger of becoming a screw-and-view affair when a hard core of his more favored clients spread the word to their girlfriends.

The garage owner's only concern was how to fill out a receipt so his wife would have no knowledge of the real terms of the transaction.

GENITALIA REGALIA

Aussie tourists who hit Venice for the Festival of San Marco have been intrigued by the locals' flair for exotic costumes during the festivities. But it seems the Venetian authorities are not so greatly impressed. Art student Giorgio Spiller was arrested for carrying out acts contrary to public decency after he had paraded in the Piazza San Marco wearing a two-metre tall plastic penis costume. Spiller protested his apprehension, claiming there had been no objections the previous year when he had appeared dressed as a vagina.

ARTIFICIAL ALIBI

Could this be the most unusual modus operandi of them all? The judiciary should always be wary of circumstantial evidence but things did look pretty fishy when cops found two shoes, a pair of pants and an artificial leg at the scene of an attempted burglary of a pharmacy in Miami.

Not far down the street police located Tom Kloo, a 29-year-old monoped, minus trousers and shoes. Naturally Kloo denied all knowledge of the burglary, claiming he was in the habit of leaving personal effects around the neighborhood.

SNOW BUNNIES?

While you're anticipating the more sensual delights of yet another sun-drenched summer, spare a thought for a bunch of ice-bound blokes down in Antarctica. Back in June, Australian PLAYBOY received a telegram from the 30-member all male expedition at Casey Base, Antarctica, inviting 30 Playmates down for the mid-winter celebrations on June 21.

There could hardly be a more noble cause than boosting the morale of these guys whose stretch at Casey lasts from December 1982 till February next year, but we were concerned about the welfare of our girls. After all, the brief bunny costume is no protection against the antarctic chill and the last thing we want is bunnies with frost-bitten extremities.

PLAYBOY's publisher Philip Mason fired off an inquiry as to the availability of 30 mink coats and Casey responded with a cable extolling the insulating qualities of genuine beaver. "All the same," said Casey, "we have ordered 30 coats to arrive on our next mail-supply ship in December. Maybe the ladies would prefer Christmas here?"

Now we'll have to ask our girls who's really been dreaming of a white Christmas. . .

DIRT BELOW DECKS

There have been some dirty goings-on below decks aboard television's *Love Boat*. Everybody but everybody knows romantic cruises are really expensive excuses to get down and do ultra dirty things with people you hope you'll never meet again. Right! But when US health inspectors ran their scope over the *Pacific Princess*, the boat used in the TV series, they uncovered a scene of unaccountable depravity (now this is where it gets *really* dirty): there were cockroaches in the main galley, a cook used his hands to serve poached eggs and on occasions the dishes were improperly washed!

The ship's operators were looking for a health pass mark of 85 out of 100. The *Princess* scored a lowly 52. Now ain't that dirty?

We know that some corner shops sell just about everything. . . but this is ridiculous! Reader Fabian Pasquini was strolling through Milan, Italy, when this boutique sign caught his attention. The shop sells them in all sizes, styles and colors; more discerning buyers may opt for leather uppers or ribbed soles. Yes, it's a shoe shop and the salesman informed Pasquini that the store was so named because it's trendy to have English signs. We're just glad he didn't open a corner deli.

COPPING IT SWEET

Nice work if you can get it. . . Two former undercover cops received a damages settlement of almost $20,000 each, plus a weekly allowance when they successfully claimed their narcotics detection work had caused them to become addicted to cocaine and marijuana.

Authorities have not revealed the number of new applicants for the vacant jobs.

MEN

Women are like elephants to me; I like to look at them, but I wouldn't want one. — *Elbert Hubbard*

Spoken like a true misogynist — but do men still see women in this light? There is no doubt about it, women's role in society has changed dramatically in the last few years. In the work-force, in politics, in education and even in the home, women are having much more to say about the positions they feel they should occupy in all areas.

This disruption of the status quo has drawn a variety of reactions from men, ranging from confusion to anger. Males today are perhaps a little reticent to say what they really think of modern women. But in the days before Women's Lib, many fellas, like Elbert Hubbard, had no qualms about stating their views on women and what they considered their roles to be.

Famous figures from history have successively left their opinions of women for future generations. Marriage — the ensnarement of the innocent man — has been subject to much criticism and comment.

Three hundred years before Christ, Socrates declared: "Call no man unhappy until he is married."

The fear of being trapped into marriage by a grasping female has haunted men for a long, long time. Apparently, the marriage situation was so acute in 18th-century London that, in 1770, the following bill was put before the House of Commons:

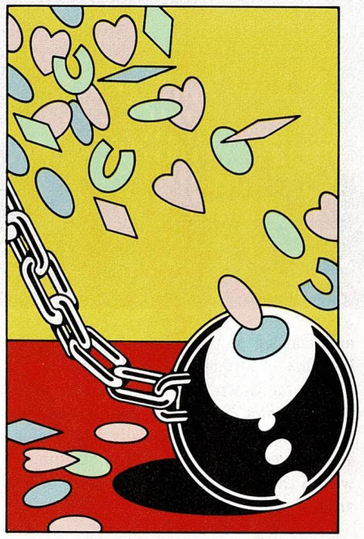
"All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce or betray into marriage any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scent, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth or false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips or high-heeled shoes shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and marriages under such circumstances, upon conviction shall be null and void."

This was written at a time when men were wearing just as many wigs, scents and powders as the women. The bill never became law.

George Bernard Shaw reflected the popular feelings of his day when he observed that: "It's a woman's business to get married as soon as possible and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can."

Some men, however, were more than happy to be married, for then they had a slave for life. Baudelaire expressed this most clearly when he said: "I consider that women are domestic animals which ought to be kept locked up in captivity; they should be well fed and cared for and beaten regularly."

For the medieval husband who was unsure of how best to manage his new commodity, *The Handbook of Good Customs* was written in 1360 by Paolo da Certaldo of Florence. It included such valuable information as: "The female is an empty thing and easily swayed: she runs great risks when she is away from her husband. Therefore keep females in the house, keep them as close to yourself as you can, and come home often to keep your eye on your affairs and to keep them in fear and trembling."



a woman's place is in the wrong, or so he says

In the 20th century such attitudes are still expressed but usually couched in humor or with a smile.

W.C. Fields was once asked to speak at a society's annual banquet. When asked if he believed in clubs for women, he replied: "Certainly, but only if all other means of persuasion fail."

The education of women has always been an issue of great concern to the male of the species. Euripides best summed up general opinion in a single line from *Hippolytus*: "I hate a learned woman."

In various ways, men have been saying the same thing ever since. It seems that the excuse most favored by men for keeping women and education separated is that the little dears never had a man's intelligence to cope with it anyway.

Oscar Wilde has left us with two perfect examples of this enlightened attitude: "Women love us for our defects: if we have enough of them they will forgive us everything, even our superior intellects." And: "Women have a wonderful instinct about things; they can discover anything except the obvious." Wilde's sentiments are echoed even more bluntly by Rupert Hughes, who observed: "Women's intuition is the result of millions of years of not thinking."

More recently, Dr Grayson Kirk thought he spoke on behalf of all females when he said: "It would be preposterously naive to suggest that a BA [degree] can be made as attractive to girls as a marriage licence."

Rousseau was more generous. He believed in educating women, and set down his rules thus: ". . . Women's entire education should be planned in relation to men. To please men, to be useful to them, to win their love and respect, to raise them as children. . .these are a woman's duties in all ages and these are what they should be taught from childhood."

Politics is another area in which the presence of women has always led to masculine discomfort. "Statecraft is no business for ladies," remarked the Venetian ambassador to London in 1587 (he was referring to the recent demise of Mary Queen of Scots).

Napoleon once curtly told Madame de Condorcet that he did not like women who meddled with politics.

But maybe most unkind of all was Charles XI of Sweden who once silenced the Queen by saying: "Madam, we took you in order to have children, not to get advice."

Since the days of the ancient Greeks, men have recorded their instructions for the handling and control of women. Some see them as beasts of burden, others as sex objects, but rarely as equals, or (God forbid) superiors.

The dismissal of half this earth's humanity by its other half is perhaps most acidly expressed by Kipling's now-famous comment: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

The unsympathetic attitudes expressed toward women by so many leading figures of the past may surprise today's man — and so they should.

Surely it is only through tolerance that a closer understanding between the sexes will ever be achieved.

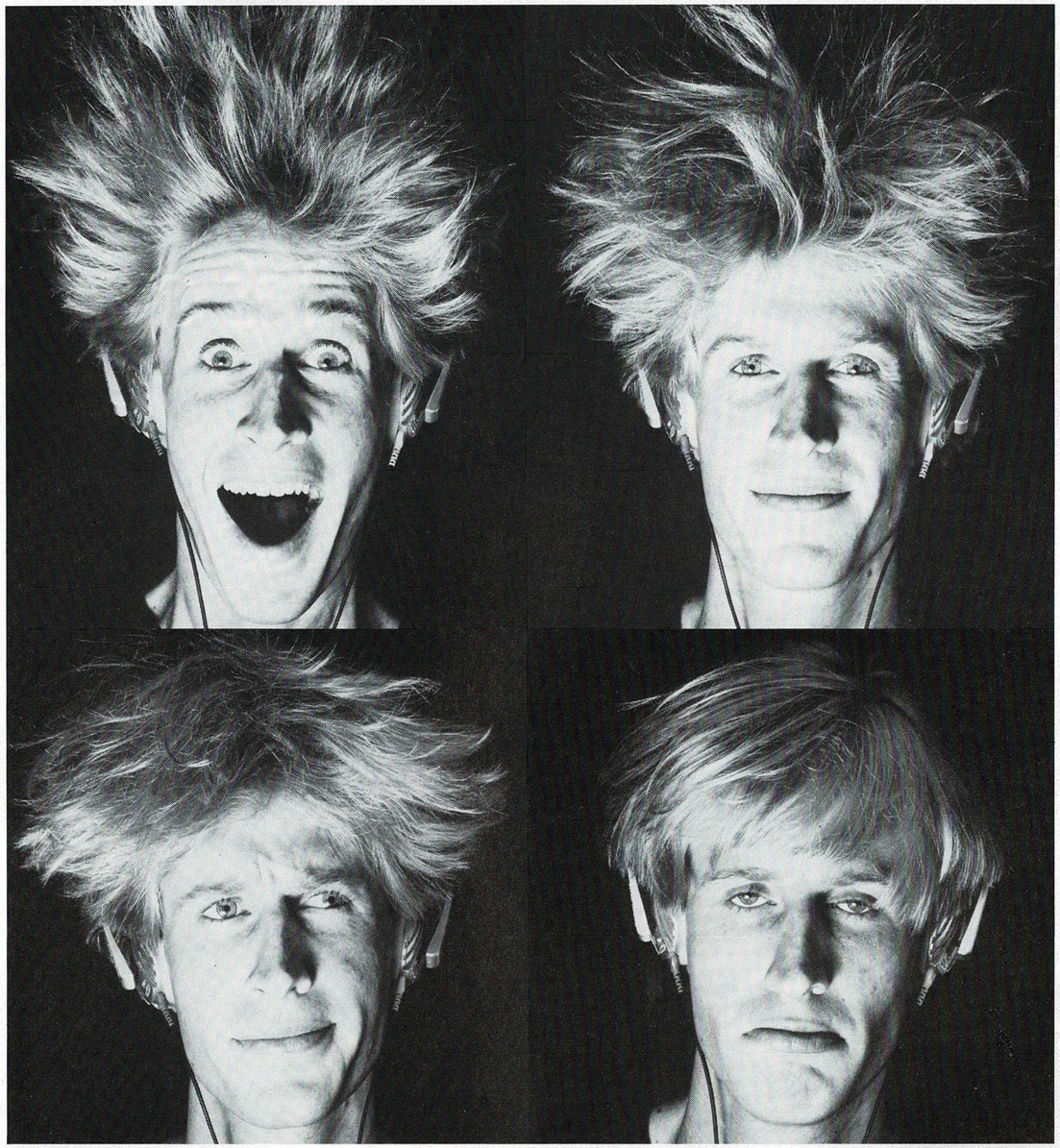
— JULIE TREBO-URBAN

And here are a few PLAYBOY staff favorites to add to this awesome collection:

"Women should be obscene and not heard." (John Lennon)

"A woman's place is in the wrong." (James Thurber)

But let's give the final word to Aristotle Onassis who was wise enough to point out: "If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning." And he should have known.



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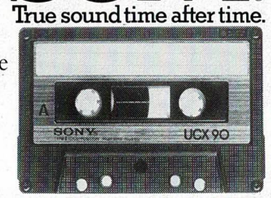

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BOOZE

There is something about a Martini,
Ere the dining and dancing begin,
And to tell you the truth, it is not the vermouth
— I think that perhaps it's the gin.
— Ogden Nash

whether vermouth or gin, the martini's still in

Potent, penetrating and good-looking, the dry martini is the most famous cocktail in the world. Once the most fashionable of drinks bar none, its lovers are legion and many connoisseurs think of it as the finest cocktail ever invented.

As with all semi-mythical drinks, the origin of the dry martini is a subject of great speculation. There is no doubt that it was invented in America, but authorities are unevenly divided between the claims of the legendary 19th century barman, Jerry Thomas, and the rather lesser-known Martini de Arra de Taggia.

Jerry concocted what he called a Martinez in 1862 but the fact that he used a large amount of vermouth, old-fashioned sweet gin and maraschino puts him out of the running in many people's eyes. Although acknowledged as a distinctive drink, it is felt that it is wildly overstating the case to claim that the Martinez is the forefather of the dry martini.

The bulk of educated opinion favors Martini de Arra de Taggia, who was the barman at the Waldorf Astoria in the early 20th century. Obviously a great believer in classic simplicity, his ultimately wildly successful invention was originally made with French vermouth and gin. Later, when the Italians got into the act, it was widely thought that the drink got its name from the leading brand of Italian vermouth instead of its humble originator. After Prohibition, the dry martini became the linchpin of the Cocktail Age and through the '40s, social climbers thought that serving a dry martini gave them instant class. By the '50s and '60s, the martini was the embodiment of Middle America's ideal of grey flannel and bouffant-haired worldliness.

The "tee many martooni lunch" has been on the decline for years in the US, which is a perfectly logical development because hard liquor dulls the taste buds. But when the cocktail hour comes, young executives still see it as the drink that conveys an air of rising sophistication.

Many famous drinks have formulas that brook little variation but the dry martini is not one of them. Heated bar battles still rage about what constitutes the perfect dry martini and the general consensus of opinion is that it is as elusive a concept as the perfect woman.

The dry martini started life as a mixture of two parts gin to one part dry vermouth. In the '40s and '50s, gin began its rise to dominance and a ratio of three or four parts gin to one part vermouth became the classic combination. But subsequent decades have seen the virtual exclusion of vermouth in a macho drive to new heights of dryness. John Doxat, who has written a whole book on the subject of the dry martini, maintains that the highest acceptable proportion of gin to vermouth is seven to one, while personally favoring a blend of 12 to one. That well-known drinkologist, Dean Martin, simply waves a bottle of vermouth over his gin and whispers "vermouth" to it. Sir Winston Churchill was content to fill his glass with England's pride and give the vermouth bottle a cursory glance.

Even in the traditional '40s three to one formula, the dry martini is a little Fokker of a drink. When it is only an excuse to drink gin, it becomes a potentially paralysing Harrier jump-jet and hardly qualifies for the name "mixed drink". Many barmen and drink authorities believe that it is the almost total triumph of London dry that has greatly contributed to the gradual decline of the dry martini's popularity.

Gin and vermouth are perfect bedfellows and it is the unique chemistry between their aromatic flavorings that gives a good dry martini its peerless character. The "correct" proportions will, no doubt, always be a matter of individual choice but those who want to drink neat gin should not delude themselves into thinking that they are drinking the "ultimate" dry martini.

The rituals involved in making a dry martini vary from the straightforward to operations of military precision. But one unwavering constant is that everything connected with the concoction should be piercingly cold.

My personal preference is for a mixture of three parts gin to one part vermouth without the dilution and appearance-spoiling presence of ice in the glass. To make this variation, pour 270ml of gin and 90ml dry vermouth into a thick preserving jar with a tight-fitting lid. Place the jar in the freezer, and refrigerate four long-stemmed martini glasses about two hours prior to serving. By pouring time, the liquor is searingly cold and has acquired the consistency of glycerine. Stir with a chilled bar spoon, pour into glacial glasses and twist some lemon rind over the surface of each drink.

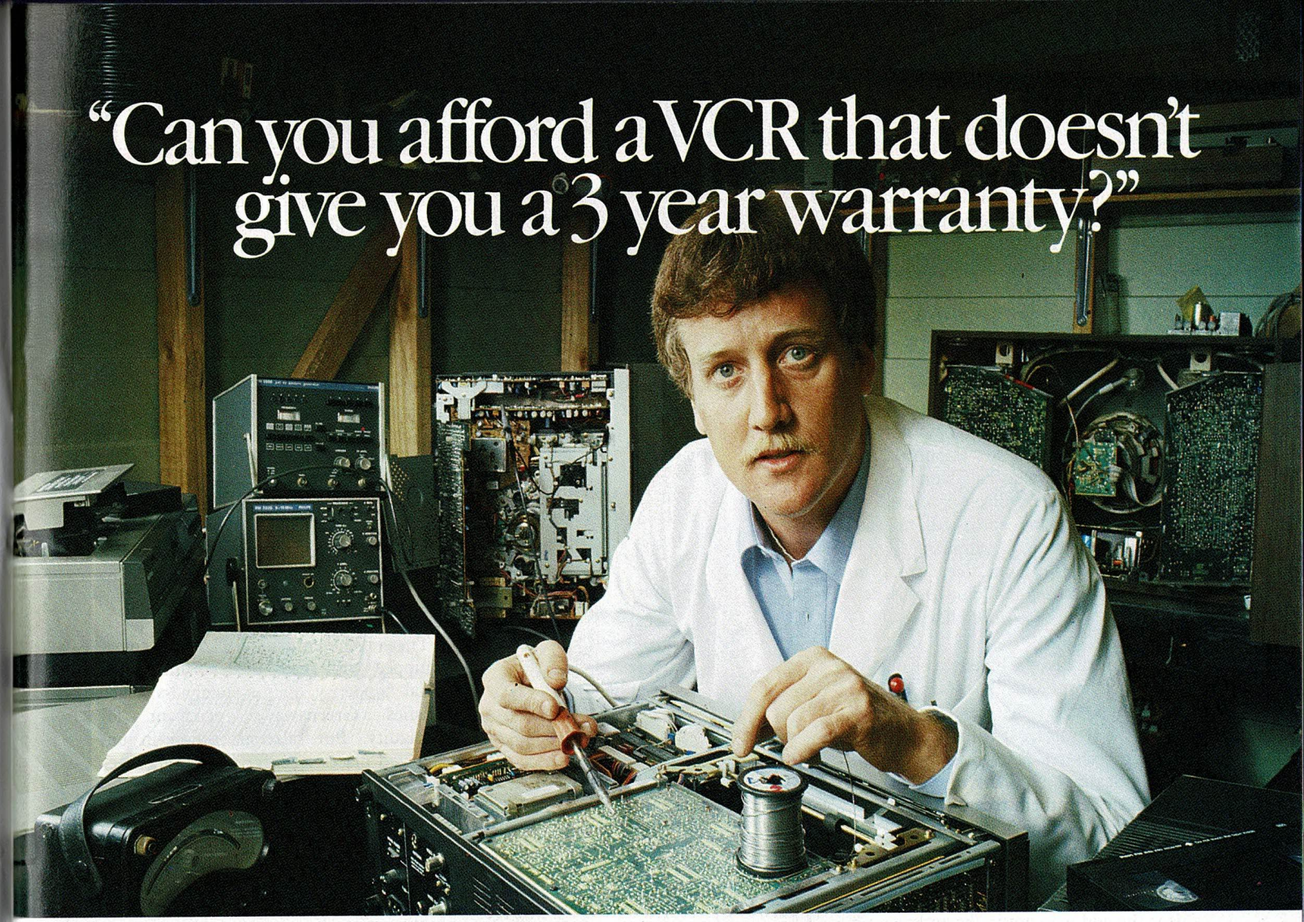
Another popular method is to just chill everything involved separately. At blending time, fill a mixing glass with dry, very hard ice-cubes so that when you pour over the gin, an icy spume rises up. Then add the vermouth and stir energetically. Immediately strain into frosted glasses.

Followers of the whiff of vermouth school should simply pour about 90ml of icy vermouth into a mixing glass half-filled with ice cubes. The moment the vermouth reaches the bottom, toss it out and replace it with 60ml of freezing gin. Stir vigorously and strain into a frosted glass and complete with a spray of lemon zest. This will give you one dry martini with a machismo ratio of one part vermouth to 12 parts gin.

A whole generation, it seems, has turned its back on gin, and vodka is rapidly becoming the new "classic" ingredient in the dry martini; in many circles, aficionados say that it is poised to take over from gin as the main primary. Again the trend has developed towards the nth degree of dryness but, as is the case with gin, if you want to drink straight vodka, say so.

Even the question of how, or rather how not, to decorate a dry martini is fraught with controversy. Purists maintain that all you need to do is to squeeze a sliver of lemon rind over the drink so that a delicate burst of zesty oil perfumes the surface. Actually floating the rind in the liquor is popular with some but others maintain that when they want a fruit salad, they will ask for one.

The other optional garnish with the widest following is the green olive. Those who love them are adamant that they should never be stuffed; those who don't, say they give the drink an oily finish. True martini lovers ignore people who add dashes of orange bitters, Pernod or dry sherry. And those who add a cocktail onion have made themselves a Gibson. — ELISABETH KING



Peter Elliott. VCR Technician.

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Without Steven Spielberg, *Twilight Zone* just might have been regarded as something like The Best Of Don Lane, which would have made it a completely different psychological horror show. Its concept is lifted from a US television series of short fantasy/suspense stories which so captured the American imagination that around 18 million viewers used to tune in for their weekly fix of weird happenings.

The movie is an anthology of four episodes guaranteed to astonish, and presented in the same half-hour format. *Psycho* author Robert Bloch produced the scripts which were entrusted to four directors: Spielberg, Australian George Miller of *Mad Max* fame, Joe Dante who directed *The Howling* and John Landis, best known for his *American Werewolf In London.*

Not surprisingly, the limelight belongs to Spielberg whose *Kick The. Can* episode again demonstrates that his favorite medium is the sentimental fantasy. Spielberg introduces the residents of a retirement home to Scatman Crothers whose magical powers can help them recapture their lost youth. Bloch's script is very much in the Spielberg mould. . . innocent people confronting alien situations with an awe composed largely of hope and optimism.

It is the odd man out in the anthology, a piece that employs mystical rather than shock value. *Kick The Can* gratefully gives up every last drop of sentimentality to Spielberg's con job, but one can't help wondering how well Spielberg would be equipped if the paradigms of American box-office success suddenly changed.

George Miller's *Nightmare At 2000 Feet* episode is at least as silly as a *Mad Max* script without ever offering the opportunities for the freewheeling action that Miller revels in. The plot is a bit of a psychological groaner but Miller's perseverence brings it out of its terminal tailspin with a mixture of wit and wonderment in the ratio it deserves.

Top marks, though, go to John Landis for his time-warp adventure that drags a loathsome bigot through the persecution playgrounds of Hitler, Vietnam and the Ku Klux Klan. This is real Hitchcock territory but Landis pulls it off with a style that suggests homage rather than plagiarism.

Twilight Zone is great television in the comfort of your own cinema complex.

●

In the final analysis, the difference between men and boys may just be their tolerance to science fiction fantasy. After a trilogy of *Star Wars* gosh-and-gollydom, the force may still be with the half price admissions, but the best thing about *Return Of The Jedi,* for my money, is that it tidily brings the Empire adventures to a conclusion.

John Landis pays homage to Hitchcock in one of four Twilight Zone *segments.*

spielberg, lucas back in orbit; brits score again

For creator George Lucas's money, the best thing about it is the fact that it earned a record-breaking $45 million at the box-office in its first week. In all fairness, the special effects which used up most of the $33 million budget are marvellous and the task of tying up so many loose ends requires *Jedi* to sustain the pace of a terrible swift laser sabre.

First thing to do, of course, is to defrost Han Solo (Harrison Ford) from the cryonic state he has been suspended in since the end of *The Empire Strikes Back.* Luke (Mark Hamill), Leia (Carrie Fisher) and their assorted soft toys and hardware dispose of this chore in short time and the old firm can then concentrate on bringing the evil Empire to its knees.

Only a *real* enemy of the people would give away the final frame of a six-year fantasy, but let me reassure you that the invincible new space station of the Emperor and Darth Vader *is* vincible, that Luke and Leia's relationship takes a step in the right direction (Leia having presumably held out until Luke's parentage was established) and that Darth meets the destiny he's been threatened with since his earliest atrocities.

The *Star Wars* concept succeeded spectacularly not only because of its sensational effects, but because it had heroes we'd love to be and evils we'd hate to encounter. After six years and three sucks at the sav, however, Lucas has acted in the finest tradition of intergalactic honor by bringing it all to resolution before it became merely a vehicle for merchandising laser toys and ice blocks.

●

Peter Greenaway's *The Draughtsman's Contract,* (paid the double compliment of opening both the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals), is being hailed as the best British film since, well, since *Chariots Of Fire.* Director Greenaway has enjoyed a cult following for some years, particularly on the festival front, but *Contract* looks likely to find a ready commercial market by assuming the conceptual veneer of a lurid paperback.

The 17th-century backdrop comes equipped with ready-made brutality and social hypocrisy, plus a stateliness which satisfies Greenaway's penchant for ambiguity. But salacious action in unexpected places is as far as the paperback charade goes. Always an innovator, Greenaway isn't about to project his strangely chilling mystery against faithful period reproduction. His setting isn't history as we know it. In speech and in manner, and particularly in behavior, things are constantly astray.

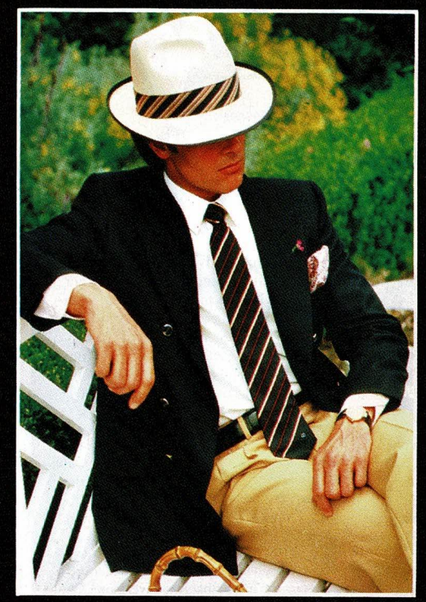
The draughtsman is Mr Neville (Anthony Higgins) who has been commissioned to produce a series of drawings of the Herbert estate in Wiltshire. The contract is that, on completion of each drawing, Mrs Herbert (Janet Suzman) will grant Neville a sexual favor. The characters are as enigmatic as the world they inhabit and this eerie sense is compounded by the fact that the camera solemnly observes like an unblinking bystander rather than suggesting any explanations. It is this interplay of scrutiny that eventually produces a suspense that pervades every incident, no matter how normal.

Neville's analytical eye is hypnotically focussed on the subjects of his art. The evil eye of the scheming Herbert family has Neville constantly under scrutiny. And the audience experiences almost the guilt of an accessory in passively observing all that unfolds.

Greenaway's droll caricature of a society out of kilter eventually takes on the involuntary compulsion of those confounded "Spot The 10 Deliberate Errors" puzzles. Its promotion spiel bills *The Draughtsman's Contract* as "a masterpiece". Well, as long as you don't attempt to identify a category, it probably is. It's original and it's compelling.

— ROBIN INGRAM

dunhill LONDON



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Simulated Field and Game Shooting Championships: The field is real, the game is simulated. Game shooters, limited in their desires by stringent game shooting laws, have resorted to three-inch discs which fly up from towers and blackberry bushes. Strangely enough, this doesn't seem to deter anyone. More than 600 shooters are expected to take part in the 7th National Championships on October 29 and 30. They will be held at the Simulated Field Shooting Range, Thornleys Lane, Cranbrook, west of Sydney. The would-be hunters are using 12 gauge shotguns. Spectators are safely enclosed out of range, the envy of passing birdlife.

Ten Pin Bowling Championships: The 22nd Australian Ten Pin Bowling Championships are on at Moonah Bowl in Hobart from October 1 to 17. More than 1500 avid bowlers will attempt to avoid the gutters and keep to the straight and narrow.

Marrabel Rodeo: Rough riders will be out in force at the Marrabel Rodeo north of Adelaide on October 8. They'll be riding bulls, wrestling steers, roping calves and generally trying to stay alive. There's a barrel event in which horse riders and motorcycle riders attempt to get to the barrels before the steers get to them. The motorbike riders have had the edge in the past few years.

Cycle Mania: The Melbourne to Warrnambool One Day Race is on October 8, a ride of about 270 kms. Professional cyclists will endure the pain for about five hours on this one. And then for a week of body bashing, the Sun Tour around Victoria is on from October 15 to 23 when cycling teams will wheel their way through country towns.

The Blind Giant is Dancing: Stephen Sewell's play is about hope and terror and is set in contemporary Australia. The dance is definitely not disco. See it at the Festival Theatre in Adelaide from October 15 to 29.

West Side Story: The Jets and the Sharks beat each other to a pulp to Leonard Bernstein's music. It's a love story. See it at Melbourne's Princess Theatre from September 22.

Sailboard '83: This is Melbourne's second Sailboard Show and Sydney's first. The show will include a huge range of sailboards from custom wave jumpers to professional racing boards. Clothing and accessories will also be on show. See Sailboard '83 at the Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne from October 7 to 9 and at the Overseas Passenger Terminal in Sydney from October 28 to 30.

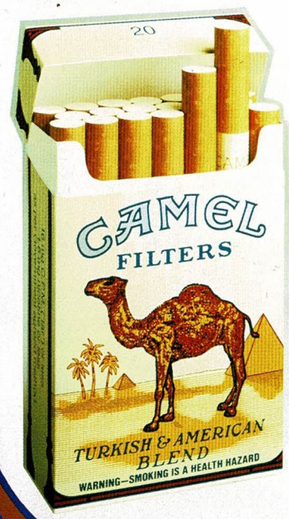
Warana Festival: This huge festival of art and entertainment is on from September 15 to October 2 in Brisbane. For the toffs, there's opera and ballet. If that doesn't turn you on, try the "Great Aussie Picnic" with pies and peas, or the mass fun run. David Malouf will attend the writers' seminars. For festival details ring 229 2000.

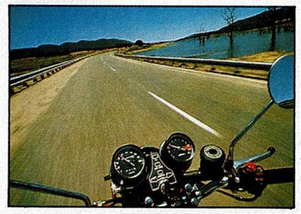
Ice Hockey: The NSW Super League Finals begin on October 8 in Sydney and continue every weekend thereafter until the winners are decided or their faces freeze over. Phone 241 1079 for venues and times.

Firing Squad: It's billed as "a series of brilliant (and desirable) executions" and stars the inimitable Reg Livermore. The show promises an evening of hilarity and showbiz razzmatazz. Reg will be supported by the dance team "Rifles" and his own new band "The Soup Line Orchestra". Catch the shots at Her Majesty's in Sydney until November 12.

Big M Melbourne Marathon: Australia's biggest marathon begins at 8am on October 9 and you have six hours in which to cover the 42.195kms. Otherwise they'll scrape you off the bitumen. More than 6000 runners are expected to join the jaunt. The run starts at Frankston and finishes at the Art Centre in St Kilda.

Motorcycle Expo: Hundreds and hundreds of flash bikes for the speed freak or the commuter will be on show at the Motorcycle Expo at Melbourne's Expo Centre at the Showgrounds from October 21 to 23. On the 22nd there will be a massive ride including 5000 bikies from the city to the Expo to draw attention to road safety. If you are looking for new leathers, you'll find them here as well.





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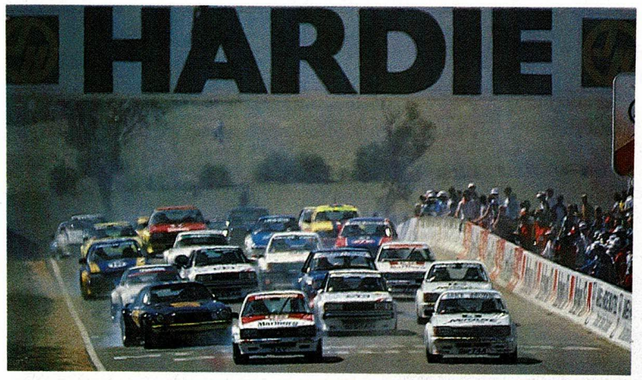
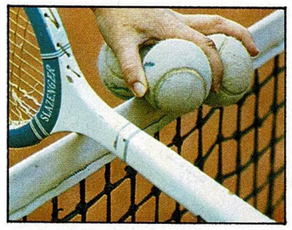
CALENDAR



James Hardie 1000 Touring Car Race: Six hours of motor racing mania lash through Bathurst, NSW, on October 2. At least 60 starters are expected to take to the road for this tyre-ripping event. Total prize money is $100,000. New grandstand seating is available at the start/finish line or you can just take your chances on the side of the Mt Panorama roadway.

Tennis: The Custom Credit Men's Indoor Championships are on from October 10 to 16 at the Sydney Entertainment Centre. The Goldair Australian Hardcourt Men and Women's Championships will be held first at White City and then at the Channel 7 Courts in Sydney from October 17 to 23. This is big name tennis with big neck aches for spectators.

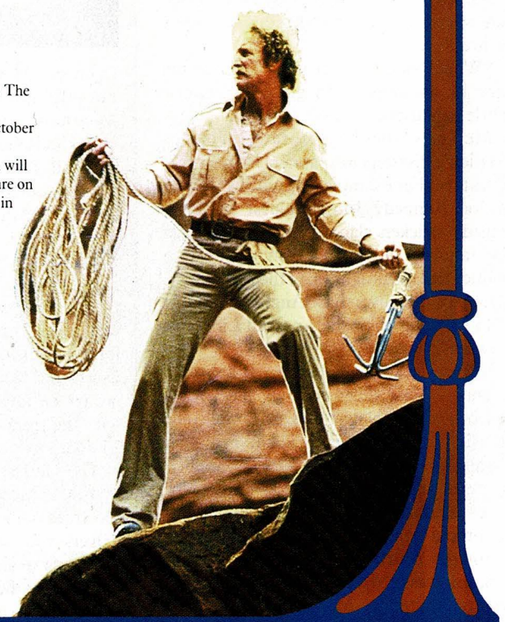


Centenary Cycle: The Australian Cyclists Union is celebrating 100 years on the road. More than 5000 cyclists will converge on Sydney's Domain on October 16 for a mass ride to Centennial Park where the "Race of the Century" will be held. Twenty-eight international cyclists will take part. If you are a cyclist, join in the mass ride. If you are on foot, run along beside. If you are in your car, shame.

World Championship Squash: The Women's World Squash Championships are on in Perth from October 19 to November 4. Australian Vicki Cardwell, the reigning world champion, will be there to defend her title. The games are on at the WA International Squash Centre in Bentley.

Expovin '83: Get stuck into the plonk at this wine and food fair with live entertainment laid on. Or if you are more serious about your wine and cellar, there's the red carpet area where you can earbash local winemakers about the latest vintage. It's all happening at Expovin '83 at the Royal Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne, from October 11 to 15.

Star Maker: The fifth annual Country and Western Star Maker Quest is on in Tamworth, NSW, on October 2. The winner of this event for non-recorded artists will receive 40 hours of studio recording time plus the services of a producer. A single release will be arranged as well. Just go along to the Tamworth Workmen's Club to see the finalists twanging their hearts out.



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BOOKS

Whether it's rummaging through the rubble that was once their empire or poring over the skeletons of triumphs and disasters, the British have an obsession with the autopsy. Two books that deal with the sentiment via vastly different topics are *Into The Blue* (Granada) by Alexander McKee and *Francis Camps* (Granada) by Robert Jackson.

McKee's subject is aircraft, or more precisely, the ones that got away. In detailing famous flights that went wrong or culminated in mystery, McKee has sifted through wrecks ancient and recent, confronted ghosts and grappled with the vagaries of Greek mythology.

It's a pursuit that would interest the near-obsessed and when it comes to history and machinery, Britain abounds in researchers with the required zeal. However, few of them could match that passion with the writing ability of McKee. His research is hedged with a human quality: the sort which takes into account that it was really battle fatigue as much as anything that accounted for the deaths of World War One aces Ball, von Richthofen and the Frenchman Guynemeyer.

His search for the facts to clarify who was responsible for downing Baron Manfred von Richthofen is a superb piece of even-handed research: "Who caused Richthofen's death can be answered with slight caution: almost certainly Sergeant Cedric Bassett Popkin (of the 24th Australian Machine Gun Company), although Gunners Evans and Buie's (of the Australian 53rd Battery) shots may have caused him to swerve back into the Sergeant's line of fire.

"What caused the death of Richthofen may be answered with greater certainty: battle exhaustion."

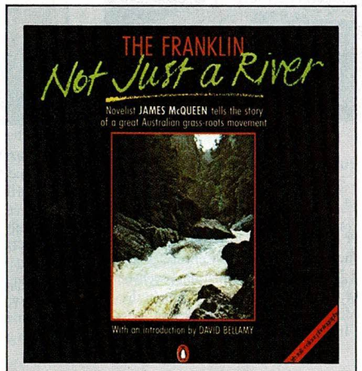
McKee's book accurately places aviation's disasters as spanners in the works of history. For example, the untimely death of Joe Kennedy Junior, eldest son of a tragedy-stricken clan, is portrayed against the family's desire to promote Joe into politics and eventually on to the presidency. Kennedy died over East Anglia in August 1944 when his explosives-packed Liberator blew itself apart.

Robert Jackson's collection is subtitled "Famous Case Histories Of The Most Celebrated Pathologist Of Our Time". The abrasive, eccentric yet brilliant Professor Francis Edward Camps was a familiar figure to the British judicial system as he took the stand in some of the most celebrated murder trials of this century. Through court and medical records, Jackson was obviously offered an easier research route than McKee. But the subject is equally as compelling, for Camps' craft dealt with the nitty-gritty of murder. It's a world of the ruptured larynx, poison dosages, sexual molestation, knife incisions and bullet trajectories.

war story, forsyth fiction and first novel fare well

While the TV cameras show Quincy's grimacing face, Jackson has Camps up to his elbows in burnt or butchered cadavers, bags of bones and bloated drowning victims. The real thing.

Camps was called in to perform the autopsies on the victims of John Reginald Christie, the mass murderer of Notting Hill. It was one of the most celebrated cases in legal history but compared to some of the problems posed by England's eccentric crop of murderers, not the most problematic. That guernsey could go to the airman who killed in his sleep.


THE FRANKLIN
Not Just a River
Novelist JAMES McQUEEN tells the story of a great Australian grass-roots movement
With an introduction by DAVID BELLAMY

James McQueen, author of the powerful environmental novel *Hook's Mountain*, first wrote about the Franklin River for Australian PLAYBOY in April 1982. As one might expect from an outspoken native Taswegian, he wrote passionately and persuasively in defence of the preservation of the wilderness — his wilderness.

Not Just A River (Penguin) is more than just an exercise in maintaining the rage. It is a slim volume but it carries a lot of weight. Words straight from the heart, and while McQueen may not always be totally objective, he chronicles the recent political history of the Franklin in a very readable manner.

The saddest part about it is the fact that he is preaching to the converted. Greenies will love it and bulldozer drivers will hate it. The High Court may have spoken, but the battle to save the environment has polarised Tasmanians for years to come.

— PHIL JARRATT

Like the very best of fact, it is wondrously stranger than fiction.

●

As an interim between major novels, *No Comebacks* (Corgi) makes a timely appearance for Frederick Forsyth readers. The publishers have flung together 10 short stories written by Forsyth during the past decade or so. The collection retains the essential elements of his style with a strong reliance on suspense, detailed treatment of hardware and Forsyth's ironic flair.

It's a happy diversion to find a writer of Forsyth's pace and inventiveness freed by the short story format to set the ground moving constantly under his reader. He happily ranges his sights from gun-running in Ireland to game fishing off Mauritius, from financial intrigue in London to home-spun folklore of Eire.

Along the way he reveals a more whimsical side than that flint-edged chronicler who left a trail of corpses in *Day of The Jackal* or gave us the savagery of *The Dogs of War*. — NEIL JAMESON

●

Here's a bobbydazzler of a book to pad out your bookshelves. It's *The Barracker's Bible* by Jack Hibberd and Garrie Hutchinson, a larrikin dictionary of Aussie sporting slang. Full of gems like: "He wouldn't get a kick if he stuck his finger up a light socket," plus an alphabetical listing of local lingo. Printed on poofter pink paper, it's just the shot to wave around at the footie.

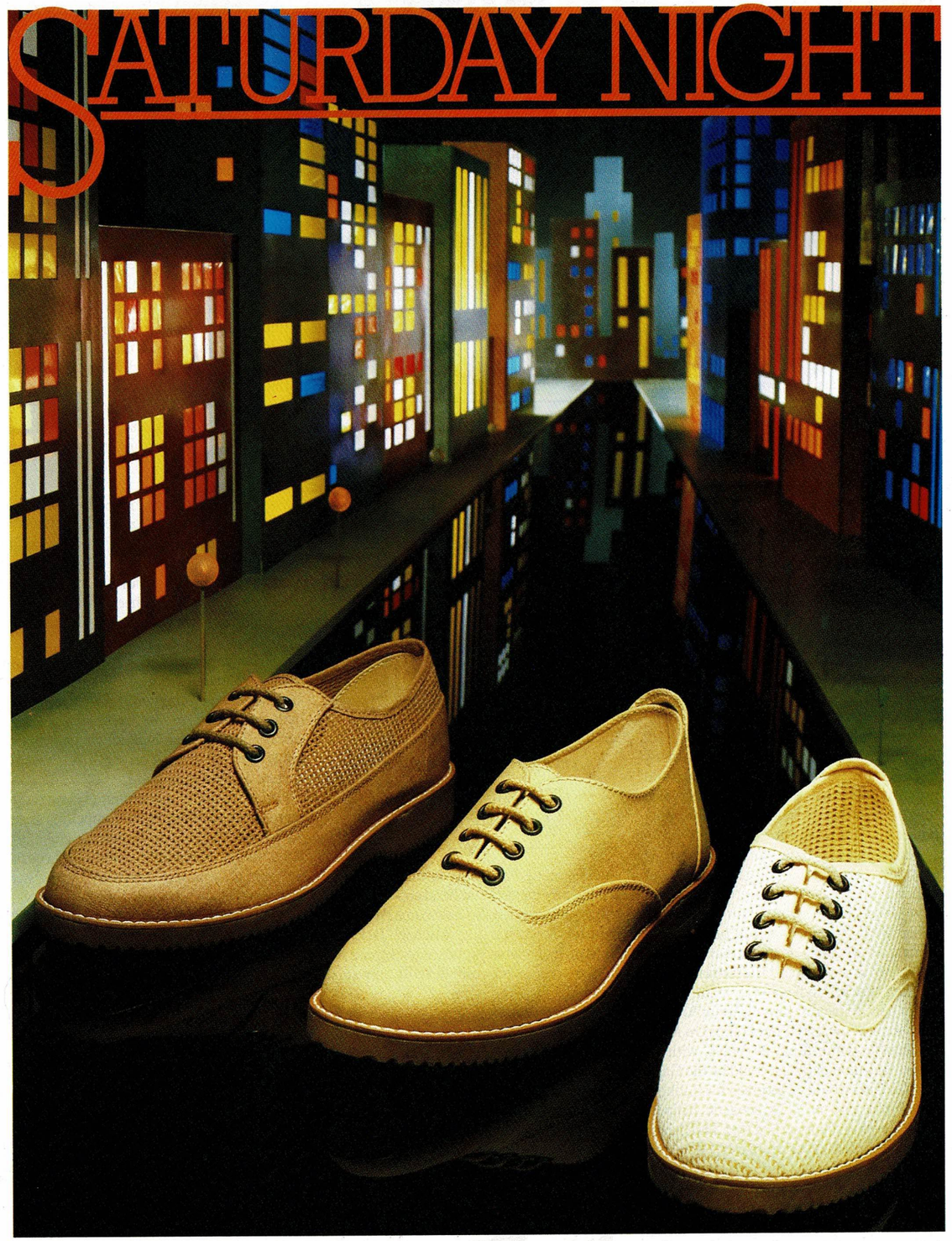
●

If you were 24 years old and had just published your first novel, you might consider yourself fortunate if someone with a bit of literary clout said you had promise. Thomas Palmer is 24, has just published his first novel and, all things considered, might justifiably feel happy with his lot in life.

Here is what *Godfather* author Mario Puzo said about his book, *The Transfer* (Collins): ". . . has to be the brilliant beginning of a brilliant future. The tension and the characterisation of this novel are phenomenal."

Well, I reckon Puzo was being overly — and probably avuncularly — kind. The kid will no doubt reap a million or so in paperback and movie rights and have publishers eating out of his hands and throwing money at him for the rest of his rotten life (this is not sour grapes, goddammit) but I've read better thrillers and better yarns about the coke trade (*Snowblind* for one).

It's a good story well told, and Palmer breathes life into his characters as colorfully as he drains it out of them. But underneath all the hype it's just another multi-million dollar bestseller. Phooey.— PHIL JARRATT



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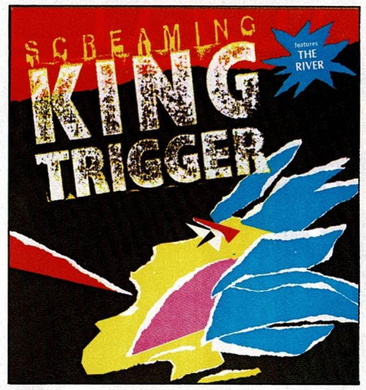

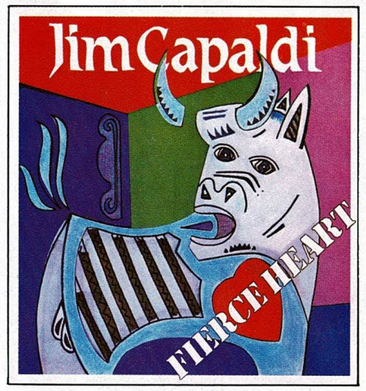

jarreau going nowhere; marcia takes a risk and faithfull in fine company

With Steve Winwood, Jim Capaldi formed the core of Traffic, one of the most distinguished groups to come out of England in the '60s. After their demise in the early '70s, both Winwood and Capaldi were inactive and invisible. Winwood made a crashing comeback a couple of years ago, and now he has deigned to help his former colleague re-emerge from obscurity.

Fierce Heart (WEA) is Capaldi's first solo album for a long time, and though Winwood's influence as co-producer and musical collaborator is inescapable, there is enough of Capaldi's vocal and song-writing strengths here to enable the record to definitely be called his own. Jim Capaldi is not the type of artist who immediately grabs your attention with a dynamically novel approach. His talent lies in taking fairly standard rock themes, then subtly re-working and refining them to achieve his own modest ends. Understatement is the key phrase for this album and consequently this unassuming style could pass many people by. Though it will never be considered a classic, this record does contain some fine songs — such as Tonight You're Mine, Living On The Edge and I'll Always Be Your Fool — which slyly linger in the memory.

Fierce Heart is neither new, demanding nor forceful but this old-fashioned quality is precisely its charm.

●

The beauty for so many groups in England at present is that there are so many models for inspiration. For some this could prove a dilemma. Should they play ska, funk, punk, heavy metal, electronic pop, power pop or plastic pop?

King Trigger have found a neat, if somewhat glib, path through this maze of options. They have simply refused to take a firm stand. Their debut album, *Screaming* (Chrysalis), is more a compendium of contemporary English styles than the bold statement of a new band. For instance, the opening track, Vodka, owes a lot to the heavy percussive rhythms of Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow; Lay Your Hands On Me is predictable white funk; 29 Ways, with its demoniac guitar exploits, could be the Gang Of Four; you would be forgiven for thinking Blood was one of U2's acoustic ballads, while Fever is the best song that Thin Lizzy never recorded. Unfortunately, side two offers nothing fresh to this musical melange but it does contain their minor hit single, The River, which, to be kind, is good fun.

It would be charitable to say something optimistic about King Trigger's future but until they decipher their present status, all other considerations are purely academic.

●

Over the last decade, Al Jarreau has established himself as one of the greatest voices around. His ability to wrap his throat around any melody and bend and shape it at will is unsurpassed. So how come Al is not a monster mega-star like Michael Jackson? Because he has always chosen to exercise his golden cords on unrelievedly abysmal material.

His latest album, *Jarreau* (WEA), is another depressing catalogue of everything he is doing wrong from a man for whom everything should be going right. Not content with utilising the services of the army of faceless LA session musicians, Al commits the cardinal sin of allowing them to write characterless songs for him as well. In America this buffed-up, soft funk sells respectably to an ageing coked-up audience that prefers a gentle beat with a dash of bland passion. But in Australia it does not count for anything. This country's level of conspicuous consumption is still a few years behind and tastes overall are not yet jaded enough to digest this.

Since James Brown re-wrote the rules 20 years ago, the great catch-cry of black music has been to "get down!" Al Jarreau took it all a bit too literally. — KENT GODDARD

●

Love Sides (Midnight) marks a further change of direction for Marcia Hines. Recorded in London under the production steerage of David Mackay, it depicts a huge cultural leap for a lady who paid her dues initially in Boston but principally in Australia. Heart Like A Radio is the single lift and it hints at the maturity of a fine singer in touch with the limits of her talent.

Marcia has grabbed songs from numerous sources to compile Love Sides, leaving the impression that new location, varied backing support, different styles and influences require a little more cooking before they become a totally agreeable whole. Inadequacies aside, it is still a positively adventurous and exciting album for an artist who was overdue on taking a few risks.

As her second album under Mackay's production, it shows progress from the re-formative *Take It From The Boys* and suggests the singer is not beyond adapting her style to new influences. Whether or not it's the tonic she really needs to realise her full potential, is still open to question.

●

Marianne Faithfull is an adequate rather than formidable vocalist, yet her recent albums have each managed to hit a new high-tide mark in her rather chequered career. The answer lies not in her single input but the overall strength of the co-writers and backing band.

On *A Child's Adventure* (Island) the ingredients are even more compelling than on *Broken English* or *Dangerous Aquaintances,* with Faithfull's mellowing vocals finding a renewed empathy with her supports.

As she confirms her compatibility with writing partners Barry Reynolds and Wally Badarou, Faithfull loses the need to push so hard at the vocalising. The critics might be slagging her style in light of this week's vogue, but there is no disputing that in this guise she is formidable.

The worldliness of Badarou and Reynolds as writers, musicians and producers lifts the set above the banality of British new music, tempering it with a convincing, durable edge. If the album does have a trace of irony, it appears in the final cut. She's Got a Problem was written by Faithfull's man Ben Brierley with Caroline Blackwood, and plots the alcoholic's malaise thus: "In the end will I smash my brains with drinking. . ."

Ben recently caught a big coke bust and it seems he and Marianne are going their separate ways. — NEIL JAMESON

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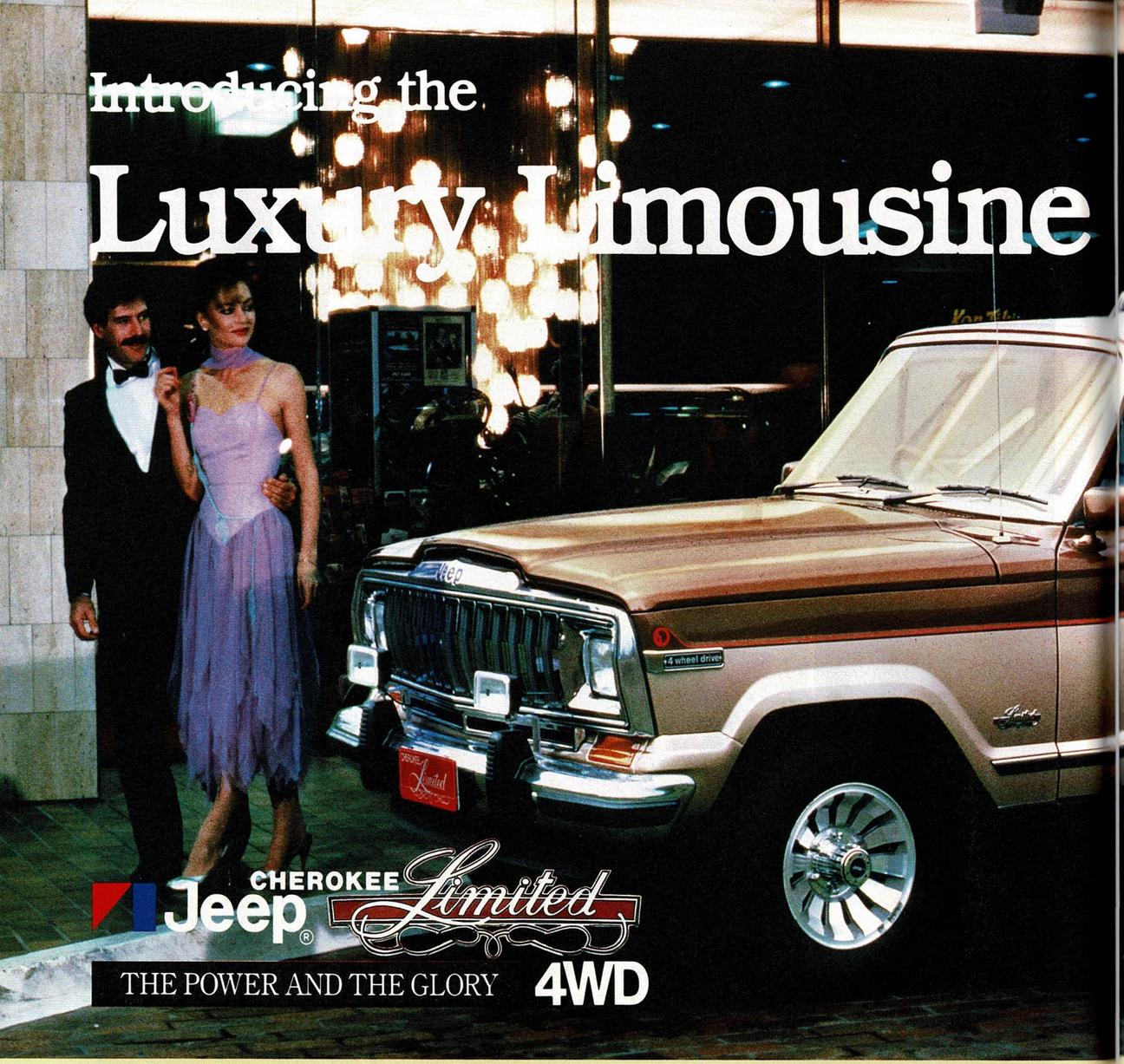

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Jeep Cherokee Limited - an elegant statement of success.

Filipinos, like most island peoples, have always been restless. For centuries their lifestyle has been attuned to the rhythm of the surrounding seas. And that's not surprising as their heritage is that of the great seafaring Austronesians who came from the north in boats some time in the mists of prehistory and populated the whole of South-East Asia. But the Austronesians didn't just stop in South-East Asia. They went much further: further at the time than anyone had ever sailed before.

It has been established that they populated the island of Madagascar off the east coast of Africa about 500 years before Christ. In order to do this, they had to cross nearly 4000 miles of open sea in outrigger craft of a type which has only recently vanished from Filipino waters.

Some design features of those original giant canoes have been integrated with modern styles and such craft still fish, trade and provide the only form of communication between hundreds of small islands. The people who build these boats today are the descendants of traditional boat-builders. And a tradition which has been around for more than 5000 years is not easily forgotten, especially among the tough, independent and single-minded seafarers of the Sulu Sea.

In 1667, the Spanish missionary Francisco Combes, writing about such seacraft, said, "The care and technique with which they build them makes them sail like birds while ours sail like lead in comparison."

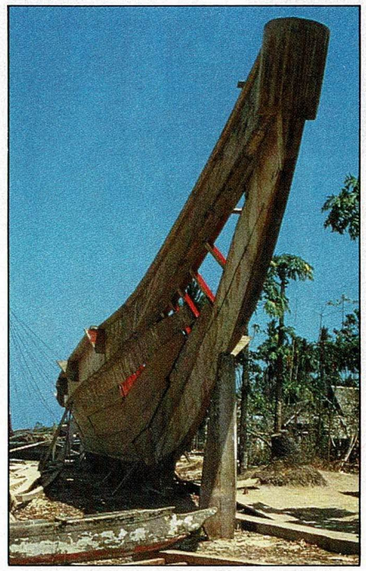
Now, more than 300 years later, we are reconstructing one of these "birds" to sail the longest Austronesian route — South-East Asia to Africa — on an expedition which will be the longest-ever voyage undertaken in a technically-designed primitive sailing boat.

To search for our "bird", artist-photographer and sailor, Hawaiian-born Chico Hansen, and I flew from Paris to Tawi Tawi in the Sulu Archipelago of The Philippines.

At a Manila cocktail party before leaving for the remote south, a tourist asked us where the Sulu Archipelago was and a Filipino answered: "If you spread out a map of The Philippines, way down at the bottom end there is a string of fly specks. Don't brush them off. That's the Sulu Archipelago."

A shameless display of sophistry, perhaps, as until the 16th century, Jolo, one of the "specks", was The Philippines' major trading port. The archipelago has an historic and cultural significance far exceeding its size and location.

When we arrived on Tawi Tawi in mid-April, there had been no rain for eight months. Nevertheless its coastline was still green and spectacularly beautiful. As guests of Vice-Governor Gerry Matba and his wife at the west coast village of Languyan (such a remote place I'm surprised we even found it), we were taken on a mini-expedition inland.



down to the sea in the first ocean-going craft

I had never seen coconut palms without fruit, but the drought had been so bad there was insufficient sustenance for even the fronds to hold on; they were lying heaped and scattered around the forest floor.

We passed through the last sad clump to the side of a wide, shallow valley when we first saw the *cankong* (white lauan) tree we had come half way around the world to find.

We had come to cut this giant down, fashion it into a boat and sail it across an ocean. It will sacrifice 100 years of life to become immortal. We will call it *Sarimanok* after the Mindanao legendary bird-fish message-carrier and we will take to sea in her and fly just as others in similar craft have done for thousands of years.

The massive, two-and-a-half-metre diameter white lauan near Languyan is only two kilometres from the beach. It will be cut to the ship's 18-metre length, adzed into a roughly-shaped form and hollowed out at the place where the foresters fell it. But even then, much lightened, it will require a team of caribou and 20 men to pull it through the jungle and across an expanse of swampland to the sea.

The canoe's construction is to follow the technique which scholars of maritime history are beginning to realise was the first applied to an ocean-going craft.

The design is a composite of archaeological discoveries dating back to the third and seventh centuries in Malaysia and The Philippines, of ninth century Buddhist temple reliefs at Borobodhur in central Java, and the styles recorded by Magellan and the first European explorers to visit The Philippines and Indonesia in the 16th century. The same basic form is still found today.

But our expedition craft will be built entirely of organic materials found in the forest surrounding Languyan. The side planks will be carved from the remaining half of the huge white lauan tree and fastened to the dugout bottom by stitches of the stripped, hair-like bark of the *cabo negro* tree.

Thus held in place to one another, they will then be supported from one side to the other by stout thwart poles which in turn are to be lashed to the bottom of the dugout log with rattan.

The ancients used no iron with which to fasten their ships, and neither shall we.

They hand-twisted their coir rope for rigging and anchor warps and lashing outrigger booms, just as we are doing on Tawi Tawi. And they wove their sails from *pangdan* (spikeless pandanus) fronds. Identical matting sails will drive our expedition craft from the Sulu Sea to Eastern Indonesia and then across the Indian Ocean.

The ancients carried with them chickens, pigs and preserved supplies of breadfruit, mangoes, tamarind, bananas, vegetables, turtle meat, fish and rice. Our expedition will carry identical supplies and store them in pottery jars which are still made, as they have been for centuries, on the neighboring islands of Siminul and Papabag.

The ancients had devised a method of celestial navigation long before the magnetic compass, the astrolabe and the sextant were contrived.

The fact that a coastal scene in The Philippines resembles so closely a coastal scene in Madagascar, Zanzibar, Pemba and the Comoros Islands off Africa, makes one realise that in order to connect one island culture to another half-way around the world, one doesn't have to look any further than the beach.

The purpose which inspired these amazing migrations and drove sailors in primitive craft across treacherous expanses of ocean is something to ponder about.

No one has arrived so far at a reasonable answer. The conclusion is probably a very simple one. Perhaps we will discover it.

— BOB HOBMAN

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After that it gets a little tricky. Largely because once a young man completes his initial 44 weeks training at Officer Cadet School, Portsea, and graduates with a commission, his career can take a multitude of directions.

He might for example choose to enter an Infantry Battalion and become a Platoon Commander in charge of 30 men. In which case he'll obviously learn and be involved in different things to a man who flies a helicopter and commands a smaller crew. The same applies in areas like Armour, Artillery, Signals, Survey, Transport and Intelligence to name just a few.

There is, however, common ground on which every Officer stands. Irrespective of his rank or career choice.

All Officers are constantly involved in improving their ability to make rational decisions, bring out the best in their men and achieve professional results. They're regularly faced with new situations, new problems to solve and challenges that test them both mentally and physically. So they can ill-afford to rest on their laurels. Once you become an Officer, the learning process never stops. There's always something to do and a better way of doing it.

In short, life as an Army Officer is exhilarating, varied and very satisfying. You're given every opportunity to realize your potential as a leader, and be recognised for your achievements.

If you're aged between 18½ and 23 on entry (or up to 25 with a degree or diploma), have your HSC or equivalent (at a level acceptable to the Army) and would like to know more about what bright young lads do in the Army, contact your nearest Army Careers Recruiting Centre or fill in the supplied coupon.

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the strip club at the end of the universe

You crunch your way through the moonlit rubble of Coober Pedy shortly before midnight, turn a corner of The Dugout Motel and there it is. . . a neon oasis in the desert heralded by a painting of two pink little piggies dancing a tango.

Porky's. Just what the Outback always needed. . . a strip joint. The world's most isolated strip joint. Any more isolated than this and you'd need the space shuttle.

Coober Pedy, South Australia, is in the middle of nowhere. Almost exactly 1000km north of Adelaide with another 1000km before you reach Alice Springs. It has a floating population of around 4000 encompassing 53 nationalities. The only reason there is a town here at all, if you can call it that, is because of opal. Opal fortunes have been made and can still be made. But in addition to the lure of opal, people come here for the same reason countless others have fled to the Outback. The ordinary rules of civilisation don't apply.

In Coober Pedy it's a bit like the French Foreign Legion. Nobody asks about your past, nobody really cares and it is considered impolite, perhaps even unhealthy, to pry too deeply. It is easy to see why a place like Porky's would be such a hit.

Coober Pedy is not a magnet for women. On top of the isolation, heat, flies and dust, it would have to be one of the most God-awful, ugliest places on earth.

Most residents live in transportables or dugouts: those extraordinary homes cut into the earth to escape summer heat which tops 50 degrees C. The land all around Coober Pedy has been cratered into a lunarscape of awesome desolation.

And in the midst of it all is Porky's. You find Porky's right on the main street in the room over the Mobil service station. When the garage shuts, Porky's opens — usually from 6pm to 6am daily.

There has never been anything quite like it in the Outback. And no, it is not called Porky's after the movie. It is called Porky's because the owner is called Porky. Honest. His real name is Nick Evangelou. He is 22 years old and weighs 21 stone. His father was a miner in Coober Pedy for 18 years although Nick went to school in Adelaide.

"When I was born I weighed one and a half stone," says Nick. "My dad took one look at me and called me Porky. I've been stuck with it ever since."

Nick says he wanted to open a strip club in Coober Pedy six years ago. "It's what the town has always needed," he says. "But I was too young. Now the miners have somewhere to go when they finish work, the tourists have somewhere to go. Before, there was nowhere."

Porky's opened in March this year and the carpets and furniture have yet to acquire that cosy lived-in look so familiar throughout the Outback. There is a kitchen and if they want to, patrons can order such exotic delicacies as fried octopus at three in the morning.

It seems there is a big appetite for flesh and fried octopus. Porky's is always crowded even though the girls only strip twice a night between midnight and 2.30am. The strippers come from clubs Nick is familiar with in Adelaide. He gets his waitresses from Adelaide, too.

While working in Coober Pedy, the strippers and waitresses all live next door to Nick. He has adjoining dugouts. Nick is most proud of his talent for interior decorating. He did the interior of Porky's all by himself, he says. The walls are black and spattered with fluorescent paint. He says it took him three weeks throwing paint at the walls to get just the effect he wanted. It has a charm all its own, but on close inspection, it looks suspiciously like wallpaper. Black wallpaper with fluorescent paint heaved up all over it in some diabolical pattern. Under the right lighting, the walls throb.

The ceiling is coated with alfoil. Metres and metres of crinkled alfoil, just like the stuff you grill your chops on at home. The alfoil is punctuated by different colored umbrellas turned upside down with lights inside them.

The effect is remarkable. In the middle of an empty desert in the middle of a vast, sunbaked continent, it challenges your grip on reality.

"Later on I want a six-foot inflatable pig floating from the roof," says Nick. "But you shouldn't be writing all this down, I don't want people stealing my ideas. I shoulda been an interior designer."

There is a tiny dance floor in one corner and a console for the sound system. On top of the console is a sign warning: Patrons — Check Your Guns. Nick says it is his little joke.

To one side of the dance floor is a sliding door, also covered in fluorescent paint, which leads to the strippers' dressing room. Nick says it cost him $30,000 to work this little bush miracle. He hired four strippers for the opening night party but now he's down to one girl a night.

"My customers are 60 percent Greek and 20 percent Yugoslav," he says. "I know most of them. They're like family. They don't give me no trouble. They do and they're out, they know that."

His biggest spenders so far took him by surprise. "I was getting ready to close around six one morning when five guys and a woman came in. They begged me to stay open while they had just one drink. They left at 11.30 that morning after spending $750 on grog. They drank eight bottles of Bundy rum and a lot of wine. They really knew how to have a good time."

But you don't always need cash to have fun at Porky's. "If a miner came in and all he had was opal, I'd take it," says Nick.

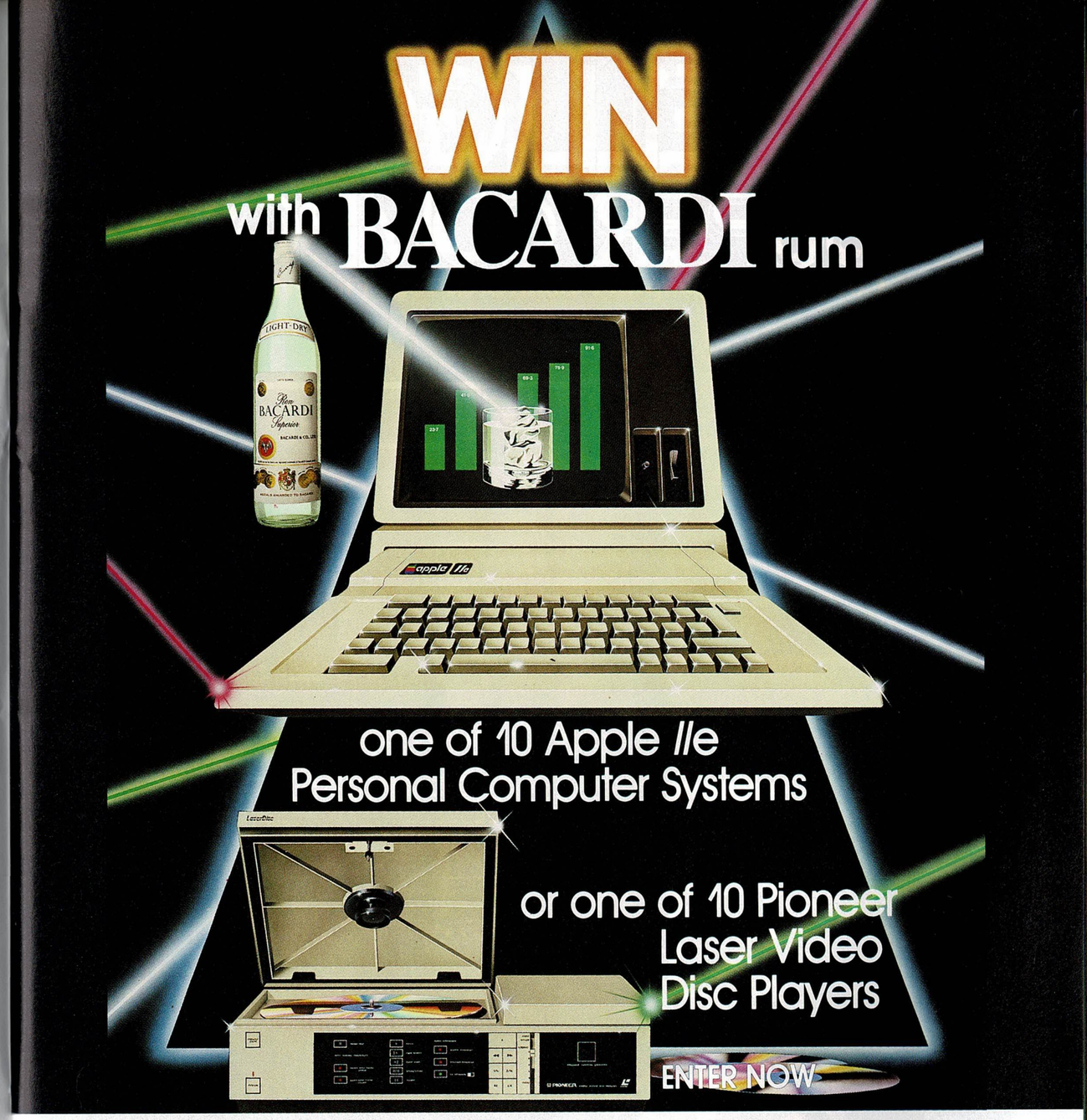
This week the featured stripper is Zoe Monroe. She is 19, a leggy Marilyn Monroe clone with dyed blonde hair. She is wearing a white, sequined cape, bodice and G-string and she dances beneath a revolving mirror ball which does even more to make the walls throb. In 10 minutes she takes everything off. The audience behaves.

After she has changed into a shortie leopardskin jacket and shiny black spandex pants, Zoe says she won't allow any pictures to be taken of her.

"I'm only doing this temporary," she says. "I'm getting some money together then I'm going to Europe. I'm going into real show business."

When you leave Porky's, it is like stepping through a time porthole. Outside it is a chilly desert night, surprisingly peaceful under the stars. Porky's must be well insulated. You pick your way back to the motel, pausing to let a small truck rattle by with the word "explosives" stencilled on the side.

In the morning it seems like a grotesque dream. The Mobil station is open and people are buying petrol as usual. But upstairs the sign of the dancing piggies is still there. And just wait till Nick gets his huge, inflatable porker. — PAUL MANN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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE GIBSON

a candid conversation with sports commentary's biggest earner about media power, payola, players and the profits of hard work

Mike Gibson, on $200,000-plus per year, is portly proof that Norman Gunston's satire did not overstate the affluence or influence of the multi-media personality. In the late '60s, Gibson was the highest-paid newspaperman in Australia. Now, he's the highest-paid sports newsman on television. As co-host of the Nine Network's Wide World of Sports *program and Nine's sports news presenter, Gibson's is one of the most watched faces in Australia. In exchange for his image and input, the Kerry Packer-headed Nine conglomerate is willing to pay him $2 million over five years. The certainty that Nine is capable of trading in those sorts of salary figures points to the revenue-raking power of television and, in particular, televised sport.*

With former Australian cricket captain Ian Chappell as his partner in prime time, Gibson fronts for the most intensive (and expensive) sports format ever presented in this country, and most others, too. Nine's saturation coverage of international and local sport, with its emphasis on the live telecast, transports Australians courtside at Wimbledon, into the Indianapolis pits and on to the victory dais for a Wembley FA Cup Final. The surveys prove audiences want the action and the obvious connection is that Gibson and Chappell provide it. They have also worked hard on what Gibson calls "humanising" sportsmen — presenting what news editors term the human interest story. And therein lies a contradiction.

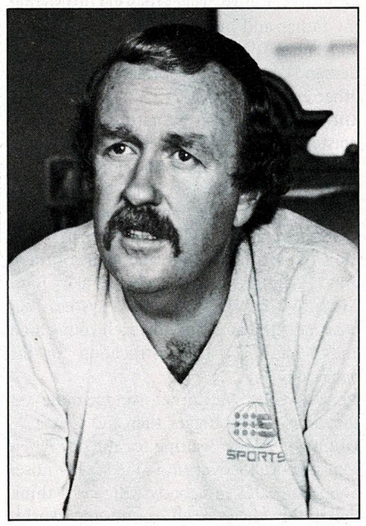
At 43 and thinning of hair, Gibson is light years and many kilograms removed from the familiar svelte presenter with the neat looks and mid-Pacific accent. Gibbo admits to being overweight and "not exactly a Robert Redford", and has what he calls the roughest voice in television. Yet Gibson's unashamedly Australian image and his infectious sense of humor is one the public finds as comfortable, and is as unwilling to part with, as an old footie jumper. In television's vast gallery of straight teeth and hair transplants, the Gibson countenance is a casual and credible one. As he says: "Maybe people listen to me because I sound like the average bloke in the street." Perhaps, if you don't ignore the fact that he also paid his dues for 15 years as a sports columnist.

His preference for sounding like the average bloke related well to the style of Sydney's Daily Telegraph *when, at 23, Mike Gibson was one of the youngest and best rewarded sports columnists in the country. The law school dropout had received his leg-in via the race form guides and greyhound coverage. When his early writing appealed to the taste of media baron and sports fan Sir Frank Packer, Gibson was rewarded with his own column and the annual honor of swanning through Britain and France in pursuit of Wimbledon, the British Open, Epsom Derby, Royal Ascot and rugby league tours. It was the start of what Gibson would later describe as his "armchair ride with the Packers". Almost 15 years later, his fortunes are again lodged solidly with the same organisation.*

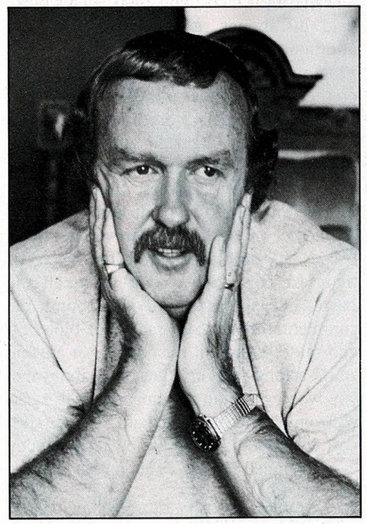
Between the twin achievements of newsprint and TV raves, Gibson invested almost eight years in the third leg of his multi-media trifecta: radio. It became, and still is, his favorite medium and, accounting for a few hiccups along the way, paid well in the dual currencies of cash and acclaim. He rode the airwaves for three Sydney stations — 2SM, 2GB and 2KY — scoring brilliantly with two and crashing with the other. Gibson backed himself and won when, brand-new to the game, he teamed with 2SM morning shift partner George Moore to consistently knock heavyweight rivals John Laws and John Singleton off the top of the ratings heap. With Gibbo writing the scripts, the Gibson and Moore Show gave SM its first win in the slot, enabling the youth-oriented station to annexe top spot in every *shift,* every *day of the week. In recognition, Gibson and Moore won Talk Show Personalities of the Year prizes and a Billboard International Award. After almost five years, Gibson and SM parted ways, not without some bitterness. The writer-cum-dee-jay took his act to 2GB. Despite a $1500 per week salary, it was a move he would later describe as the greatest mistake of his career.*

He left GB in 1981 and was working as a columnist for the Fairfax-owned Sydney Sun *while dealing in sports news for Channel Seven, when Kerry Packer enticed him back to the Channel Nine-Australian Consolidated Press fold. Meantime, he took on 2KY's weekend breakfast slot and carted it from eighth to top spot.*

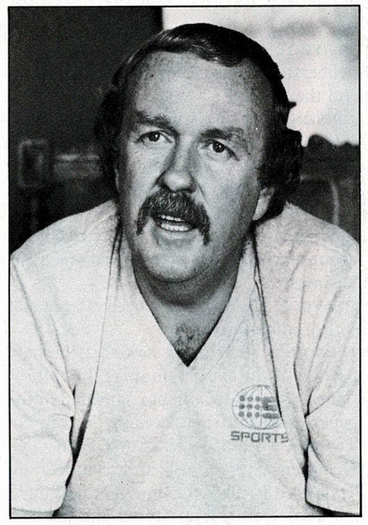
PHOTOS BY PETER SIMONS



"I feel a bit hypocritical telling people about sport when so many of them are sitting on their arses watching television."



"The average guy couldn't give a fuck what's happening in Canberra. It's probably the most boring city in the world."



"I've always kept the same friends. I walk in the club and they say, here comes Mickey Millions — they love it."

That workpace was maintained until May this year when Nine restored sanity to his working life by signing him to an exclusive contract. As Gibson says, it couldn't have come at a better time for someone tired of making a specialty out of salvaging lost causes.

At present, Gibson hosts Nine's Wide World of Sports, Sports Sunday, Saturday Night Rugby League *and the sports spot on the evening news. And, instead of rushing off to an early morning radio shift, he gets to sleep in. He misses radio's on-air freedom but appreciates the security his new salary offers a family man with five kids, an ancient, partly-restored house and a hound that chews up the furnishings.*

PLAYBOY sent associate editor ***Neil Jameson*** *to probe the persona of this multi-media personality who married at 19 (his wife Helen was 16), and proceeded to type and talk his way through 20-odd years of one of the most casualty-prone vocations of them all to emerge with marriage and sense of humor intact.*

Reports Jameson: "Gibson is a throwback to the Australian communicator of the 1930s. It was a period when an Australian type *had finally emerged only to be all but obliterated by the mass immigration to follow. Those who dismiss him with the ocker label are probably unaware of his parents' roots in the arts-bohemia push of 1930s Sydney, or that Gibson was dealing in Drysdales before the cultural cringers had discovered the meaning of* cognoscente. *One of his favorite terms is "larrikin" and it, better than anything else, captures the essence of the street-wise, good humored, unpretentious type that Gibson represents.*

"He attributes his contemporary knowledge and his market awareness to the influence of his young family and the chance to get out and about to hear what they're saying in the pubs and clubs. Armchair ride aside, the conclusion that he has worked extremely hard for all his employers is impossible to ignore."

PLAYBOY: As a sports commentator do you deliberately come out on the side of the fan and the punter?

GIBSON: That's basically what the audience is and I probably think the same way. You go to the cricket, you want to get a fair go, you put someone in at Canberra, you want him looking after you.

What else do you want to discuss? What about payola in the sports commentary business?

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been offered that sort of inducement?

GIBSON: Sport's so big now that the only payola I know of exists in sport. Just after I signed with Nine, a photo appeared in the paper showing me holding a can of Tooheys. I drink Heineken and Tooheys — Heineken if I've backed a winner and Tooheys the rest of the time. The next day I got a call from a rival brewer and the fella says, "Can I take you to lunch?" I said I was a bit busy at the moment but could he give me some idea what he wanted to talk about. He said he saw the photo in the paper and he wanted to know if we could come to some sort of arrangement. He mentioned it might be a bit difficult with all the publicity about payola but he was sure we could sort something out. I said, "For starters, I don't like your beer, I think it's shit beer, and secondly, it's just not on".

When I first started on the *Wide World of Sports,* a bloke rang and asked how much it cost for a spot on the show. I said we've got to get the film crew for the day, it's got to be edited. . . I figure it would cost about $1200 by the time we put it together. He said, "No, no. I mean how much do we have to pay *you* to get it on?" I said if it was good it would go on; if it was bad it wouldn't. Then he told me he'd never had that sort of reception before.

PLAYBOY: Was he saying he'd dealt with people receptive to payola?

GIBSON: He seemed to be saying that.

PLAYBOY: Is it an indictment of television sport that an association or individual would expect to pay for publicity?

GIBSON: It's despicable. The sad thing is that when some of the sports have got a run, somebody has taken money to put it on. A bloke I know involved with a minor sport had an event on and he rang up to get his film clip on TV. The fellow in question said, "Yeah, but it'll cost you $400." This bloke paid his money, got the plug and that afternoon it pissed down rain. The promotion was washed out. He came back on the Tuesday to ask if they could just give it a mention the next Saturday — no film, just a mention — and the same bloke said, "Sure, but it'll cost you another $400."

There is tremendous hypocrisy about a government that will continue trading with South Africa but won't send athletes to Moscow.

PLAYBOY: How can those commentators involved in payola be dealt with?

GIBSON: I think the taxation will get them because it's all black money. The beauty of that last episode was that when all the payola allegations were flying around, the commentator involved rang that bloke up and said, "Listen, if the coppers or anyone starts asking you any questions about me, you won't mention any business we've had will you?" And the bloke said, "No. But it'll cost you $4000!" I don't know if the money ever changed hands, but it was a nice comeback.

PLAYBOY: Payola is obviously a question of morality. Does sport's "fair play" principle cause it to be judged on tougher moral grounds than many other subjects?

GIBSON: How do you mean?

PLAYBOY: The question of links with South Africa is pushed much more vigorously with sport than it is for trade and other contacts.

GIBSON: I spent a little time in South Africa and I find them to be the most vile people on Earth. I feel very strongly about South Africa. Sportsmen *are* being made to carry the can and there is tremendous hypocrisy about a government that will continue trading with South Africa but won't send its athletes to Moscow because it doesn't like what the Russians are doing in Afghanistan. That's an absolute joke, but nonetheless it's admirable that sportsmen should carry the can because they do represent the finer things. Additionally, South Africans are obsessed with sport and it's one way of making them take notice.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the Moscow Olympics boycott issue in the same light?

GIBSON: Well, the Russians are an awesome power and there is no doubt they shouldn't be in Afghanistan. By the same token, I suppose somebody might make the same point about the Los Angeles Games and the American presence in El Salvador. There is always a stoush on somewhere or other. But I think South Africa is totally different. It's one minority race subjugating a mass of people who never asked for it, work their arses off and are treated like shit.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you were a South African capable of playing sport at international level?

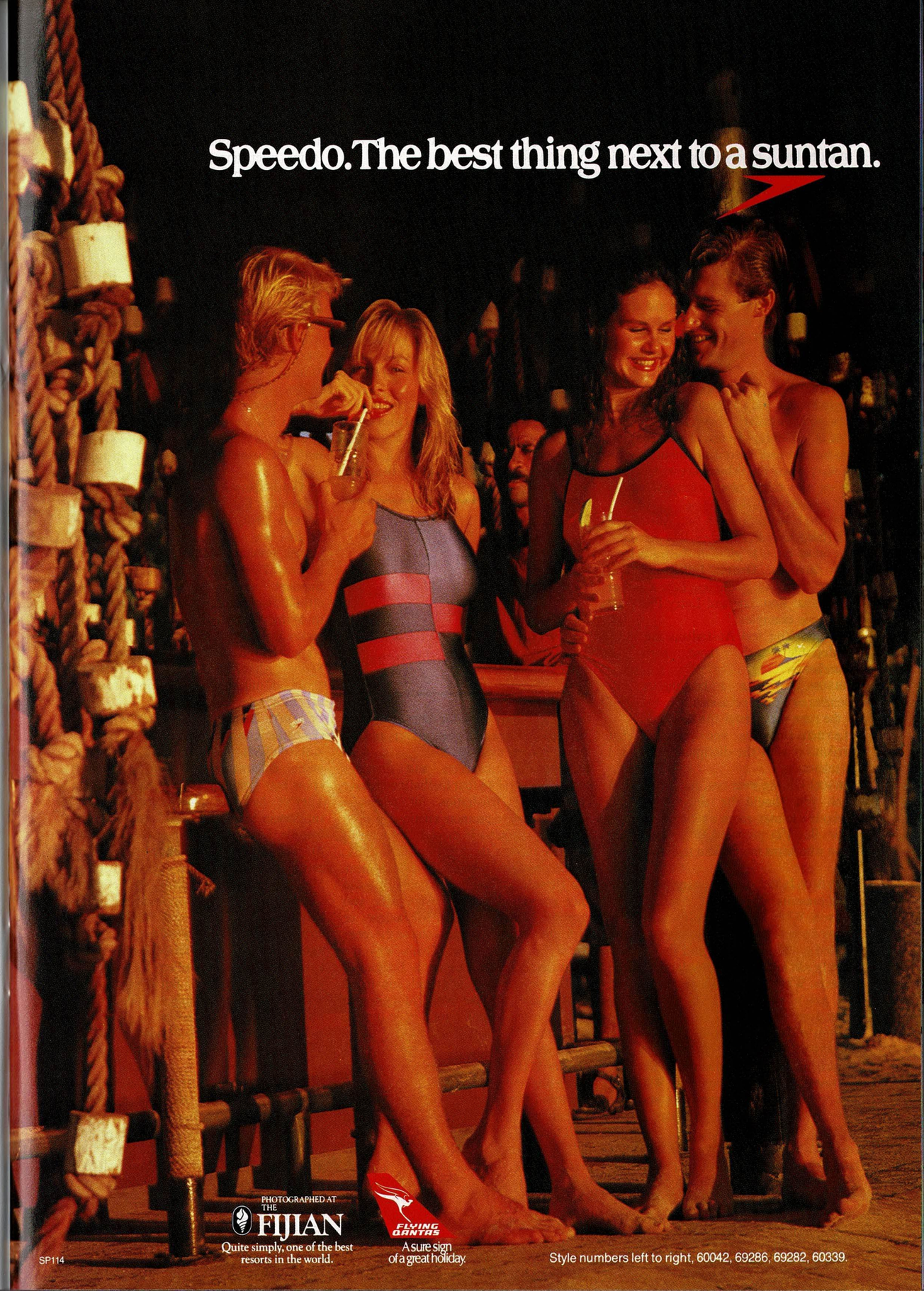
GIBSON: I wouldn't play. I don't know if I could even have lived there as a kid. Maybe when you were younger you wouldn't realise what inhuman things you were doing to others. But I'm sure by the time I was a teenager I would. I wouldn't want to think that up there in the Transkei or wherever, there's a family whose father had to come down here and work for threepence a week or whatever lousy wages they get just so that my father and his family could be rich.

PLAYBOY: Why are there more behavioral demands placed on sportsmen than most other entertainers?

GIBSON: Sportsmen by nature can be very boisterous people. They have to lead such disciplined lives that every now and then, they tend to explode. Some of the worst things I've ever seen have been done by sportsmen on tours. They're set up to be the idols of so many people and some of them don't handle it very well. Take John McEnroe, he's profiting by a system that has made him an incredibly rich young man and I can't see the justification for his behavior.

PLAYBOY: Is McEnroe an example of somebody being bigger than the sport?

GIBSON: I'm just waiting for the day when someone walks over and smacks his nose. Sooner or later somebody will, and I think they'll be cheered all round the world. Nobody can ever say it's just a part of McEnroe's nature and he can't help himself. He can stop it when he wants. He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A sure sign of a great holiday.
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usually does it to upset his opponent. That's why you never saw him do it to Borg.

PLAYBOY: Before he became Channel Nine's sports presenter, Ian Chappell was one sportsman who grappled with sport's code of behavior. How did he emerge?

GIBSON: Ian is totally inflexible. He's one of those guys with a terribly strong attitude. For instance, he has said he'd like to go to Russia but he doesn't know how he'd get on there when they would insist he drink vodka when he'd only want a beer.

PLAYBOY: That dogmatic nature obviously helped him as a cricketer.

GIBSON: Yes. And I admire him for that immensely. I find him one of the nicest blokes I've ever worked with. He's got a terrific sense of humor and he's very intelligent, but I can see why he sometimes got into trouble.

PLAYBOY: The English cricket press was rarely kind to Ian Chappell yet it has been very complimentary about Kim Hughes' style of leadership. In one of your columns you warned that Australians should always be wary when English cricket writers start saying nice things about them. What did you mean?

GIBSON: Nice guys finish last. Australians love hard leaders and they love larrikins. The most popular guys in Australia have been larrikins. Dennis Lillee and Bob Hawke are classic examples. Take a look at the media: Ron Saw and Larry Pickering are classic examples.

PLAYBOY: You feel Australians are more comfortable with those sorts of figureheads?

GIBSON: They like a headmaster like Menzies or Fraser occasionally but the rest of the time they prefer the larrikin.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that larrikinism with the discipline demanded by television?

GIBSON: Oh, we wear ties, and we hate it. I think you should be able to go into anybody's lounge-room whichever way you want. But I'm prepared to be guided by those who know more about television than I do.

PLAYBOY: Is that an important part of the Nine presentation?

GIBSON: What Nine does is humanise the people in sport. You can watch the ABC telecast a 400-metre race and they'll do a straight call after a brief introduction of the runners. What we'd do is a week before the race get a human interest story on the Australian runner: he lives out in the western suburbs of Sydney, he goes up to the park to train four afternoons a week and when he was a kid he worked at McDonalds to raise the money to compete. When he comes on to race, everybody knows a bit more about him and it adds to the excitement.

PLAYBOY: Australian television has worked hard at perfecting the live sports telecast. What have been the notable achievements?

GIBSON: World Series Cricket came up with some great innovations. Channel Seven had what was probably a world first by putting the camera in the car at Bathurst. Channel Nine's David Hill came up with the idea of taking a camera and mike into the water so you could film and interview surfers while they were actually competing in the Surfabout.

PLAYBOY: With cricket why did Packer choose a sport that presents tremendous logistical problems for televising?

GIBSON: Probably the dullest game ever devised. I used to hate cricket, but the way it was presented with the emphasis on the one-day game changed the whole focus. The night cricket, with the mob on the Hill yelling and roaring, added another dimension. You take this idea of a world rugby union circus — that will never work because the guys who watch rugby union are amateur diehards and they won't go and watch a circus.

PLAYBOY: Could not a switch to professionalism permit rugby union to plunder the professional league ranks as league has done to union?

GIBSON: Perhaps they could do that. But they've certainly got a lot more to do than just sign up the world's best players and call it professional union.

I used to hate cricket but the way it was presented with the emphasis on the one-day game changed the whole focus.

PLAYBOY: The conflicts and divisions between Australia's four football codes have been a real frustration for television networks keen to promote a national code in the major markets. Is there a solution?

GIBSON: I don't think so, and it's a pity. That's why there are no national columnists like Howard Cossell in Australia. You can only go so far because every time you mention rugby league in Melbourne, or Australian rules in Sydney, one or the other doesn't want to know. That's why the Victorian Football League is flogging a dead horse in Sydney. It's totally convinced Aussie rules will take over Sydney in the next 10 years. It hasn't got a hope in hell, even though rugby league is badly administered and is doing its best to help.

PLAYBOY: How self-destructionist has rugby league been in recent years?

GIBSON: I think rugby league is the greatest football game, other than soccer. Played well, soccer is the most beautiful game. But right now, league players are better than ever, the new rules are fabulous and have made the game faster. The only problem is that so many of the administrators are second class.

Awful things have happened but the worst is the lack of foresight by those responsible. To crow about the thrashing the Kangaroos handed out to England is dreadful. They should cry about it.

PLAYBOY: Naturally, that is reflected in falling attendances. Why then do Melbourne football fans produce such astonishing attendance figures for VFL matches?

GIBSON: Sydney is a great city of the world and Melbourne is simply another Australian city. Sydney has a countless variety of things to do: clubs, beaches, harbor, restaurants, attitudes, theatres. Melbourne people have grown up with nothing else but a few nice restaurants and their footie. In Sydney there are four football codes and when the Sydney bloke wakes up on Saturday, he can look at a whole variety of things to do. For the Melbourne fella, it's just the footie. And because they all go they believe it's a great game.

To me, it's just another football code. It's not a bad game, but not a patch on rugby league.

PLAYBOY: How long will the VFL maintain the Sydney Swans exercise?

GIBSON: That will continue for a while because it's just a transparent exercise in getting Sunday football televised in Melbourne. They're not allowed to play on Sundays because of their conservative attitudes down there, so the chance to play in Sydney and televise it in Melbourne makes it a good commercial exercise. But it's got nothing to do with them cracking Sydney. All it means is that they've gone to a park 600 miles away to play a match for the benefit of television.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel Sydney is largely sympathetic to the Swans?

GIBSON: Well, they've had to borrow a million dollars to get out of strife so I don't know how sympathetic that makes people. They've had the most massive media support in Sydney. They gladhand sports writers. I know guys who write a lot of Australian rules stuff because they're getting backhanders. They get free trips to Melbourne, and that's payola of the worst sort. It's totally hypocritical to claim they've cracked Sydney under those sorts of terms. I thought the closest thing they got to a good crowd was when they drew 15,000 on a weekend when all other football was washed out in Sydney. But a lot of them would have been members and a third would have been free passes.

They've got to hand out a lot of frees to fill the ground so it will look good on television.

PLAYBOY: Before Kerry Packer reappeared with his last lucrative offer, did you wonder if the workload would kill you?

GIBSON: I didn't think it would ever kill me, but it was diminishing the quality of what I was doing. You spread yourself too thinly and you end up not doing anything very well. But I enjoyed the radio; it's the most enjoyable thing I've ever done. It was

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different. I'd been writing since I was about 17 or 18 and had written a column a day for 15 years; I'd just about written myself out. I felt there wasn't much left to say, but once the radio work came along it was a whole new thing. Instead of having to write, I could get on there and talk. It's fantastic. I regard it as something like publicly masturbating: it's the greatest jerk-off you can possibly imagine.

PLAYBOY: Were you attracted by the room for imagination offered by radio's non-visual factor?

GIBSON: As a kid I used to *watch* the radio. We had one of those big radios as I suppose everybody did — twice as big as a television set and stuck in the corner of the lounge-room. You'd sit there and think that Jack Davey was in there, and if there was a cricket Test on, you'd wonder how they'd fit all those buggers in there. I used to get around the back of the set and take a look. It was such a magic thing. I think we were very privileged to grow up without television. When I was a kid we had lots of adventures and radio was one of those adventures. You'd go down the creek, fall out of a tree and break your leg. All the kids had unusual pets and you had to make your own fun. Nowadays you come home and ask the kids if they had any adventures and they'd tell you what the Brady Bunch did that day.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean the adventures kids have today come from sources other than their own?

GIBSON: Well, they do things, but they seem in a video world. Instead of going out busting your arse doing something, you sit around and watch some other family do it on TV.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that as a television personality you contribute to that video world?

GIBSON: Yeah, I guess so. I'm probably one of the greatest causes of it. When I was a kid, everybody had a tennis racquet, everybody went down the park and kicked a football, everybody *did* something. Now, I suppose the greatest sportsmen in Australia are the armchair Norms. Ian Chappell and I would play host to the greatest bunch of sedentary sportsmen that history has ever seen, and you wonder where it's all going to end. I go and play tennis — at least do something — and sometimes I feel a bit hypocritical telling people about sport when so many of them are just sitting on their arses watching television.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that audience, and the kind of money Nine is willing to pay you, say something about the demand for televised sport?

GIBSON: Years ago when I started on sport it was always at the back of the paper; sports writing wasn't encouraged. Nobody seemed to be very worried if there was a standard to be attained. I saw some figures when I worked on the *Daily Telegraph* that said 78 percent of male readers read the paper from the back. I used to be a sports nut and I thought, well, why can't you write sport properly. It is an adventure, a spectacle, a pageant; it's like a show. If you can be a good theatre critic, why can't you be a good sports writer? But there was always that snobbishness. Guys wanted to be political correspondents and finance writers. In recent years I saw figures that indicated only seven percent of people are interested in politics. So, I said to one of those guys: "Do you know that every time you say something, 93 percent of the people don't give a fuck?" I thought that maybe 50 to 60 percent of Australians have some sporting interest, so I stuck at it. Occasionally I'd freak out and get into other things, like radio, and I've done general columns but I keep coming back to sport because it's the great uniting factor in Australia.

PLAYBOY: How is it a uniting factor?

GIBSON: The Commonwealth Games last year did more to bring Australians together and make them feel proud again than anything I can remember. Sport can do that; nothing else can.

PLAYBOY: Does the Australian press do justice to sport?

The Commonwealth Games did more to bring Australians together than anything I can remember. Sport can do that; nothing else can.

GIBSON: In America and Britain there've been so many great writers who have written about sport. Michael Parkinson, for instance, is a far better sports writer than he is a television interviewer. I remember him talking about Hugh McIlvanney who writes for *The Observer*. Parkinson said, "McIlvanney is not just the best sports writer for *The Observer*, he's the best fucking *writer*." Overseas, sports writers are the pick of the crop and their work is the first thing people look for. I used to write a column for the *Daily Telegraph* for years and people would tell me that was the first thing they looked for. So I stuck with that concept. I think what's different now is that that sort of quality is starting to appear in television. Once upon a time, TV's idea of sport was a bunch of guys sitting around a table on Sunday with some kickback orange juice and shirts in front of them and they'd be talking about the game yesterday and who's a Palooka and so on. Nowadays, people won't cop that, they want action.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a conflict there because despite the public's fascination with sport, it still remains the poor relation of journalism. Why is that so?

GIBSON: It's the smugness that's existed among those who think they're going to get down to Canberra and bring down governments. They think that's all very important, and I suppose once every three years it is. But sport is with us all the time.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree you've been the exception to the sport-comes-last rule?

GIBSON: I remember once I signed a contract with old Sir Frank Packer and someone told me: "There's no doubt you're the highest-paid journalist in Australia today." That was in the early 1970s and I thought, "Well, that's terrific; as a sports writer I've proved that you don't have to be the big gun in Canberra." And now, with this latest contract, someone said I'm the highest-paid sports commentator in Australia. It's nice to be getting the money, but now I can say, "There you are fellas, you don't have to be an Oscar Madison who goes to the football in a funny hat and walks around eating hot dogs, you *can* be a very prominent and well-paid member of the profession."

PLAYBOY: The speed and apparent superficiality of the electronic media rankle many print journalists. Did it ever affect you that way?

GIBSON: Obviously, because of the time element, you are never going to use as many words as you do in the written article. If you're talking to a million people on the television news and you say that in your opinion Tony Mundine should give up boxing because he's had too many fights, and you say that in one sentence, who is to say it's superficial compared to the guy who writes a brilliant article about Tony's career and comes to the conclusion that Tony should give up boxing, and only gets to a quarter as many people.

PLAYBOY: Do some colleagues resent your success as an all-rounder?

GIBSON: I've seen both sides of it and can examine it more objectively; but I must admit there's a lot of resentment. For every journalist who comes up and says, "Good one, that's terrific," there's still those who think, "Shit, why should he be doing that?" I mean, I don't look like Robert Redford, I haven't got a good voice, so there's no real reason why they shouldn't be using me as an example that it can be done.

PLAYBOY: Is journalism a cynical profession?

GIBSON: Terribly. I love journalists and journalism and I think deep down that's what I am — more than a disc jockey or anything. But the thing that gets journalists in the end is the cynicism and the bitterness: the idea that nobody appreciates me and they cut my best story and they should have done this and that. They get down the pub and whinge and bitch. When I got into radio I learned that people don't want to hear that.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever in danger of becoming embittered?

GIBSON: Yeah, I think so. Now, I'm much more enthusiastic about everything. If I do something for television and I feel it's been butchered or whatever, I say, "That's bad luck, tomorrow will be better."

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

RWV0090CC494/80

PLAYBOY: Have you always tried to reveal that part of your personality in your work?

GIBSON: I'd never noticed it myself but I guess there must be some positive element. I find now I can't even tolerate the company of bored people. Bored people are boring people. I become very intolerant because I like enthusiastic people who can have a laugh.

PLAYBOY: When you were on Sydney radio station 2KY you said you enjoyed producing your own show, selecting your own records, and raving about whatever took your fancy. Do you find television's discipline restrictive compared to radio?

GIBSON: Yeah, it is. But there are counterbalances. In television you're working with a team and that's good for you. It's like football, you learn to appreciate the other guy's talents and problems and how to work with him. On television, you're very much part of a team whereas on radio you're the whole shooting match — you're the star, producer, director, music director plus bloke in charge of the commercials. You can see why guys live and die on radio — if you fail, you can't blame anybody but yourself.

PLAYBOY: How genuine is the personality cult rivalry in radio?

GIBSON: Amongst the newcomers it's very genuine. When George Moore and I started on 2SM's morning slot, nobody gave us much of a hope of succeeding. What chance did we have? Here was a journalist who'd never worked in radio with a dee-jay who'd never had much success. We were a million to one, and that's the sort of challenge I relish.

So I listened to John Laws and I thought about the people who listened to morning radio and what they wanted. I thought about how we should go about it; it was just like a military operation. We knew the market we wanted, we knew the things that Lawsy wasn't providing.

PLAYBOY: Did Mike Gibson know the market or were those answers provided by the SM market research team?

GIBSON: 2SM was very clever. Rod Muir, who was the boss, saw all those listeners, who were once teenagers, were growing up and going out and getting married and living in their red-brick houses in the suburbs. They were saying, "Hey, I still want to listen to your station while I'm stuck at home, but I don't want to listen to rock and roll music all day. You've got to give me a little bit more." So Rod said: "Sure we'll give them a little bit more." So, we gave them some chat and comment about contemporary things. We also had a very clever producer called John Brennan who fixed my voice up and got me sounding more enthusiastic.

PLAYBOY: How did he do that?

GIBSON: He never trained me but he would stand outside our studio like an American gridiron cheer leader, he was like a man conducting an orchestra. He'd say, "C'mon boys, get into it, look at that beautiful day out there, you can beat Lawsy." And strangely enough I was certain we would beat him. And we did.

PLAYBOY: Where was the parting of the ways between you and SM?

GIBSON: Boredom set in, 2SM just grew fat and smug. Rod had it worked out to cater for the next five years but when he left the organisation, the people who remained just sat on their success. It was like the fall of the Roman Empire — they just sat around in the baths, drinking the booze, playing the fiddle and out it went. That was real sad, because 2SM should never have crashed. It was number one in every shift 24 hours a day for seven days a week. That would be unparalleled in Sydney radio. It was probably the greatest exercise in Sydney media history of how to fuck something up.

PLAYBOY: Your parting was not without its bitterness. Was the SM management of the opinion that was the end of you in radio?

GIBSON: They were so smug and arrogant then. I could see the way the ship was going after sitting and working with George Moore every day for five years. We had very little in common, totally dissimilar. I don't see George any more. I'm not saying I don't admire him, but we're not friends. I went in to see the boss, Garvin Rutherford, and he said, "I thought you'd be in. I've got two bits of paper for you. One's your resignation and the other's a new 12-month contract. Which one do you want to sign?" I said, "I thought I'd sit down and have a talk to you about it." He said, "No need to talk, which one do you want to sign?" I said that I wanted to sign the resignation. He said, "Terrific." I thought we'd have a beer or something but he said, "We'll pick up the car in an hour or so." They came around that afternoon for the car. And that was the end of five years.

I can't even tolerate the company of bored people. Bored people are boring people. I like enthusiastic people who can have a laugh.

PLAYBOY: Despite having little in common with George Moore, the show still worked.

GIBSON: George appealed to one side of the market and I appealed to the other. I was the smart arse, the cynical knockabout bloke who went to the footy, had a drink, had the ocker accent. . . a lot of people related to me. On the other hand, a lot of people thought, "What a smart arse. Who does that little fat bastard think he is? He's suddenly bobbed up, he's always putting George down and I like George."

PLAYBOY: Were you the confrontationist while George provided the balm?

GIBSON: I used to write the scripts, but I also wrote them so George could put me down.

PLAYBOY: At what sort of pace were you working then?

GIBSON: I used to write a show for Mike Jeffreys on 2UE at six o'clock. Then I'd go to SM at nine and write the Gibson and Moore show when we were doing afternoons; and then I'd do the show. And then I'd go over to *The Sun* and write a column between four and six. I did that not out of greed but because I had no idea of what was going to happen to me. I thought the radio thing mightn't last so I had to keep the column going. That's when things were starting to diminish in quality.

PLAYBOY: Had that reached the point where your employers were starting to notice?

GIBSON: I don't think so. Whatever success I've had has come through being able to communicate, not necessarily by writing. I'm very lucky I write the way I talk.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted elsewhere that you've never been a technically-minded sort of bloke, so how did you operate in a radio studio?

GIBSON: For me it was just a matter of flicking a button on or off when I wanted to say something. Bob Rogers never understood gear, which is probably why he got sacked for saying "fuck" on air. He did it for 37 years and never understood it at all. I don't understand how my car starts, I don't understand anything about television.

PLAYBOY: So you took that very successful SM act to GB, but you knew the same formula wouldn't work twice.

GIBSON: I got together with a producer, and he said, "We're going to give them the biggest show they've ever known: we're going to give them an American television breakfast show on radio." I've never worked so hard in my life. We gave people the world. We'd ring Afghanistan; we had experts in on every subject. When they blew up the embassy in London, we rang Scotland Yard, a grocer shop down the road. . . it was good radio, but nobody was listening. Far too late I realised, and my wife Helen told me this, they only want you to talk about the things that interest *them*.

PLAYBOY: Did the problem partly stem from GB not having a strong listening base to provide the promotional impetus for the new format?

GIBSON: They had to get rid of their old audience. It was prehistoric. But the young listener didn't come over because the show was too boring. The old listener didn't like it because they thought I was a bit of an upstart, the pace of it all, my attitudes. . . I blew out both ways, but it was the only mistake I've made in my life, other than personal ones. It taught me I must always be myself.

PLAYBOY: So it was a lesson?

GIBSON: Yes, it showed you don't have to give people the world when all they want is their street.

(continued on page 130)

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ASIO: WHY IT DOESN'T WORK

when it comes to achievement, asio's file is empty

THE AUSTRALIAN Security Intelligence Organisation is, on any reckoning, a failed experiment. It just didn't work. Australia's long-standing attempt to join the big league and behave like a grown-up in the international community of nations just didn't come off. ASIO is a failure. The causes of ASIO's failure are a strange mix of factors in which virtually none of the groups involved can take much credit. The Australian Left has directed at ASIO a paranoia which is irrational, and has indulged bizarre conspiracy fantasies which have helped destroy the political consensus required in a democratic community to run an intelligence organisation. The Australian Right is equally to blame. By using the communist smear against people unjustly, by branding any radical opinion as subversive, by constantly seeking short-term political advantage from the security services, the Right has, as much as the Left, helped destroy political bipartisanism on questions of national security. Meanwhile ASIO, on the whole, has shown itself to be perennially incompetent, periodically paranoid and temperamentally schizophrenic. ASIO was founded in 1949, largely as a result of American urgings. The Americans were unhappy with the British for sharing secret information with Australia, especially information concerning atomic warfare, because they believed that the Russians were having great success getting high-level secret information from Australia. The Americans have believed for a long time that the Russians have run high level plants or "moles" in the Australian bureaucracy. They believe this has gone on certainly since the '40s, and continues to the present day. And so in 1949, a man who was to be one

article by greg sheridan

of Britain's most illustrious spooks came to Australia to set up ASIO. That man was the late Sir Roger Hollis, head of the British MI5 from 1956 to 1965. Sadly, at the time of ASIO's setting-up, the commanding heights of British intelligence were all held by Soviet spies. Chapman Pincher, in *Their Trade is Treachery,* makes out an extremely strong case that Hollis (and possibly his deputy Graham Mitchell) were Soviet spies.

If Hollis was a Russian agent (and it looks very much like he was), then it is almost certain that, in the setting-up of ASIO, he inserted one or more Russian moles. This may appear far-fetched but, given the operational pattern of the KGB, it is more far-fetched to imagine that they would have let such an opportunity pass. Australia, as an ally of Britain and the United States, was in possession of all kinds of information, much of it military, in which the KGB would be interested.

Not only this, but the planting of moles in ASIO would have been a magnificent future investment for the KGB, and one thing the KGB always does is take the long view of a situation. Many people in western intelligence communities, including people within ASIO itself, believe the Australian organisation has been compromised from the very first by the Russians. One of the major reasons this view has such wide currency is ASIO's absolutely abysmal counter-espionage record.

In *Their Trade is Treachery,* Pincher details operation after operation in which MI 5 mysteriously failed. The only possible explanation for so many failures over so many years is that the Russians had a highly-placed source inside MI 5. This is at the heart of the case against Hollis.

Their Trade is Treachery could just as easily have been written about Australia. ASIO's counter-espionage people have so often been on the brink of a breakthrough against the Russians, only to have operation after operation fall flat. Some people within ASIO have had the strongest feeling that someone on the inside has been able to wreck them, time and again. This has also been the belief of senior British and American intelligence men.

ASIO's record in its never-ending battle with the Russians is just about a dismal as it could be. It has had three "successes": Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov in 1954, Ivan Skripov in 1963 and Valeriy Ivanov in 1983.

Petrov, although a shambling drunkard, was a very significant catch. The cynical political exploitation of Petrov by the then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, has tended to obscure the extreme importance of Petrov, not so much for his activities in Australia, but for the enormous amount of information he was able to provide on the KGB throughout the world.

Mrs Petrov was also a senior KGB officer, steeped in the tradition and knowledge of the Russian secret service. The Petrovs even played an important role in fingering the Philby/Blunt ring. In his authoritative history of MI 5, *A Matter of Trust,* Nigel West comments: "Petrov was a singularly well-informed member of the MVD, the forerunner of the KGB, who was able to provide many of the missing details about the defection of Burgess and Maclean."

ASIO's next success against the Russians came in 1963, when it caught the Russian diplomat Ivan Skripov making "dead-letter drops", clandestinely meeting local agents, and so on. ASIO was even able to film a good deal of Skripov's undercover activities. Nonetheless, Skripov was largely handed to ASIO by the British. Furthermore, the most important part of the operation against Skripov was blown. In the course of its investigations of Skripov, ASIO discovered a high speed message transmitter, a radio device which can compress a long message into a fraction of a second's broadcast. A receiver, tuned to a prearranged frequency at a prearranged time, picks up the broadcast which is then decoded. This discovery was the best evidence uncovered that the Russians ran a network of "illegals" in Australia: old-fashioned spies with phoney identities, who may lie dormant for years and then be activated for any purpose the KGB desires.

The CIA has also concluded that part of the Russians' intense satellite activity above Australia was for the purpose of sending "quick burst" radio messages to Russian "illegals" located in Australia.

ASIO laid an elaborate trap for the "illegal" with whom Skripov was in contact, but he never showed up, and the conventional wisdom within ASIO ever since has been that the operation was blown at the critical stage.

After Skripov, the first operation against the Russians in which ASIO could take any credit was the bugging of Ivanov.

The blowing of the operation against Skripov at the crucial stage is but one of many such cases. But even if there were not a Russian mole within ASIO, the organisation faces a host of operational limitations which help to explain its lack of success in the past and which don't augur well for its future.

Take the prime field of counter-espionage. Almost no ASIO counter-espionage staff have Russian language training. This is an extreme handicap. The British and American intelligence agencies have numbers of people who, in the most

(continued on page 110)

"I don't like it!"

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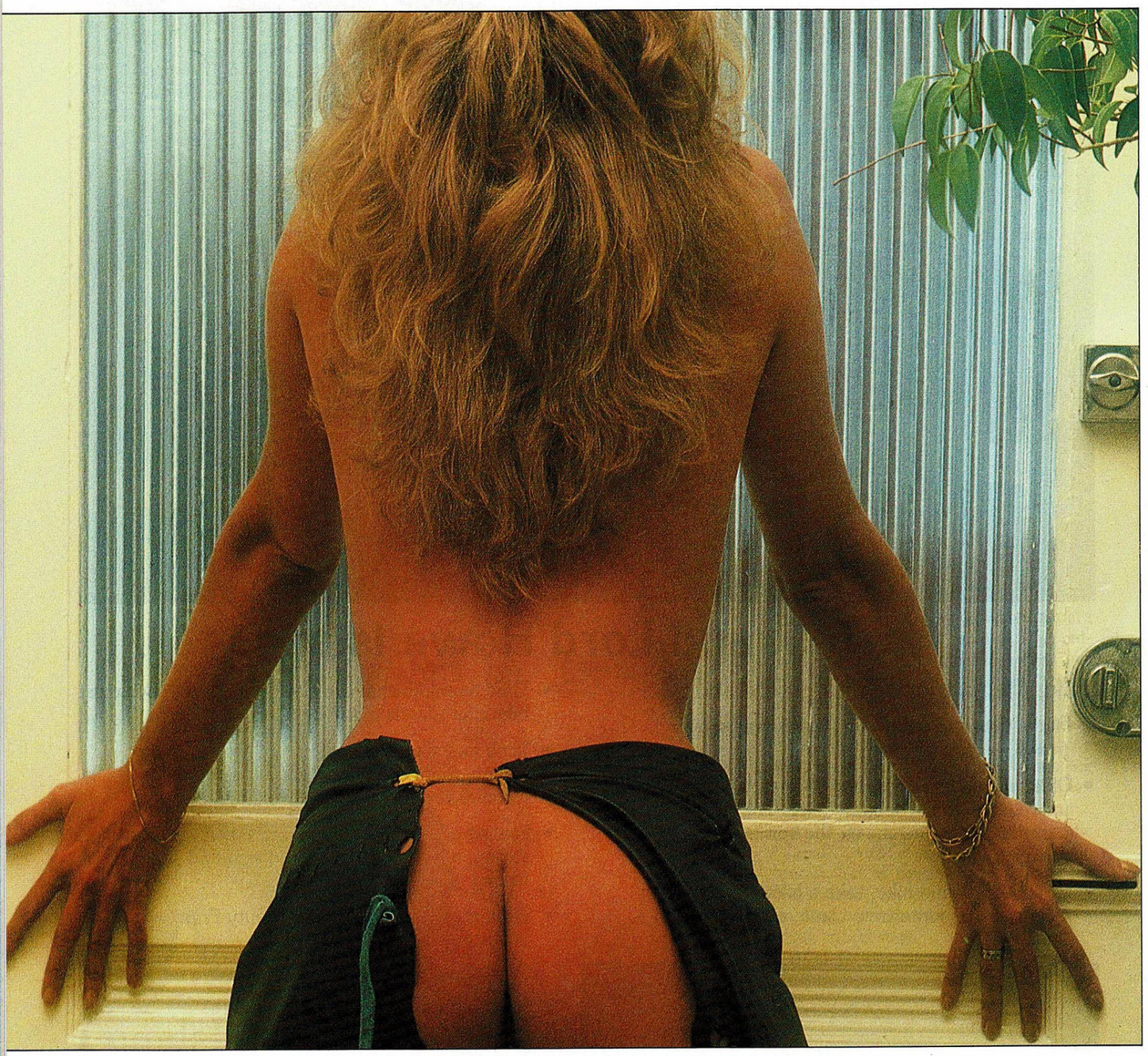


You can't keep secrets locked away forever, they say, and that's justification enough for us taking the wraps off sensuous Shelley Casey.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

The public Shelley is the girl guaranteed to light up any space she cares to park her lithesome form, and her personality is equally brilliant. But it is the private Shelley we were keen to know more about, so when an invitation arrived to join her behind closed doors, the ink hadn't dried on the RSVP before we were ringing her bell.

Stepping inside revealed a whole new world of Shelley. This was the domain where that outgoing personality gave way to the realm of fantasy. There's something sizzling under the griller but never mind that now, because Shelley's taking us on a guided tour of her own erotic landscape. In light-drenched corridors and airy rooms, she drapes her form like a sensual piece of Rodin sculpture — a sample of something fine.

when peter foster grows up, he wants to be really *rich*

IN OLIVIA'S MALT SHOP, waitresses on wheels glide impassively among vinyl booths dispensing tooth decay. With a flick or a slide or a twist, their bodies obey the rhythm of McCartney's Ebony and Ivory, but no hint of animation mars the inscrutability of their faces.

Except for an FJ Holden somehow jammed into the ceiling, the malt shop could be in Los Angeles, where a hundred just like it serve the needs of a world growing younger by the minute. Younger but smarter: a generation on roller skates with computers in their pockets, folded for speed like downhill skiers, impervious to precedent, given wings by their gift of belonging to the moment.

At Olivia's in Surfers Paradise, where we have arrived in a steel grey $50,000 Jaguar, Peter Foster, 20, slides a spoon deep into the chocolate and marshmallow core of his Daffy Delight. He tastes, and his eyes roll up and close with pleasure.

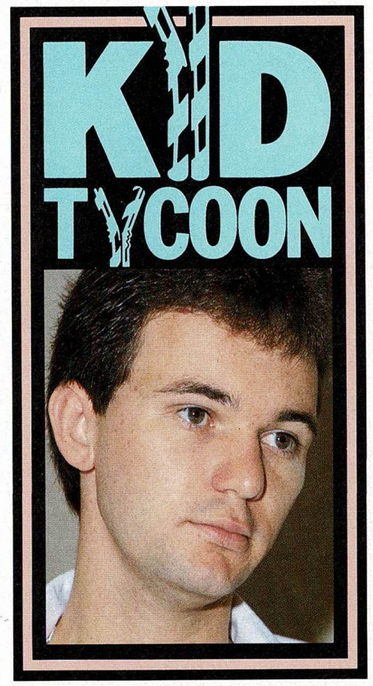
"Mmmm!" says Peter Foster. "Boyoboy! Isn't this just the GREATEST thing? For me, the best Sunday lunch is a Daffy Delight."

The thought makes me squeamish. . . especially now, at 10.30pm on a Wednesday, with a barramundi fillet and several bottles of wine aboard. Yet I nod and smile and spoon Daffy Delight into my mouth. So does Graham Furness, Foster's psychological minder, a man of 45 who has seen something of life, and who now chews slowly on pieces of Daffy Delight with his solitary bottom tooth.

Ten years ago in his first successful business venture, Peter Foster bought pig tusks in New Guinea and sold them in Surfers. Then he played the stock market, managed a disco, operated a travel agency, imported jewellery, ran a pinball parlor, promoted boxing, produced a TV series and devised a business scheme whereby his Fijian nanny could live happily ever after. At 20, he pays his high school economics teacher to do his books. At 20, he thinks Daffy Delight is perhaps the second best thing in the world.

And the best thing? Hold the smutty jokes, folks, the best thing in Peter Foster's world is perfectly timed, sweetly executed REVENGE! Above his desk in a Surfers high-rise, a framed quotation from W.C. Fields hits the right note: "I never hold a grudge. As soon as I get even with the son of a bitch, I forget it."

How did such a nice young man become



vindictive? Boxing made him mean. He was just minding his own business, being a financial prodigy, when boxing hit him a tremendous blow below the belt. At 17, Foster was worked over by some of the fight industry's hardest punchers.

To them he was a jumped-up brat. A whipper-snapper from a wealthy family, a gnat to be swatted before other gnats got similar grand notions. The mauling was prompted by Foster's determination to stage a fight between an elegant but ageing Jamaican called Bunny Johnson and our own Tony Mundine. At the time, Foster lived with his mother, as he does today, on the 18th level of a plush Surfers high-rise, the Golden Gate.

Ignoring the unspoken pecking order of the fistic establishment, Foster aimed to become a top promoter virtually overnight. Bunny Johnson, one-time British and Commonwealth light heavyweight champion, moved into the Fosters' apartment. He stayed 12 months, while boxing authorities and a rival promoter blocked every attempt by Foster to stage the fight.

It was fascinating. Here was this slight, serious, well-spoken kid and his middle-aged real estate tycoon mother, holed up for a year with the panther-like black boxer.

The fight to fight quickly grew ugly. Foster was cast as the "whipper-snapper" and Johnson, then 33, became the "has-been". After a promising start in business at 10, Foster lost a small fortune and gained a dangerous fondness for revenge before Johnson finally got to fight Mundine — only to be knocked out in the last round.

And a peculiar thing happened along the way. Peter Foster, a solitary kid who grew up prematurely, came to love the black fighter with the Hollywood moustache and the beautiful speaking voice. They became best friends and, because of Foster, Johnson now lives in Sydney and owns a security firm.

But we were talking about getting square. If there is an angel of revenge, it smiled on Foster earlier this year. Forget "smiled"! The angel BEAMED on young Peter in a way that his rival promoter, ex-cop Reg Layton, has yet to figure out.

There is a word everyone uses in Los Angeles. Foster employs it three times a minute; six times a minute when he's talking about Layton. It's hardly complimentary.

(continued on page 122)

profile by frank robson

ICEBREAKER

james bond is back, and the forces of evil have got him snowed under

Bond and his opposite numbers from the United States, the Soviet Union and Israel, have been brought together in a bizarre task force to rid the world of a rapidly expanding Nazi resurgent group, the National Socialist Action Army. After a series of breathtaking adventures in the desolate arctic wastes of Lapland, Bond and his beautiful Finnish partner in espionage, Paula Vacker, see the Nazi bunker destroyed in a devastating missile raid, then flee on a snowscooter across the Iron Curtain amid a hail of Russian bullets. But they are not safe yet, and they have not seen the last of Nazi chief von Gloda. Now read on. . .

WHILE PAULA AND BOND were making their desperate dash for the Finnish border, two men climbed from the rocks to the left of the flaming ruins of von Gloda's Ice Palace. There was no one to observe them in the gathering dusk. Since the horrors of that morning's attack, the men had worked frantically in the only tiny fragment of the bunker that had remained, miraculously, intact — one steel and concrete pen housing a small, grey Cessna 150 Commuter, with ski attachments on its tricycle undercarriage. As the light failed, so they finally managed to

fiction by john gardner

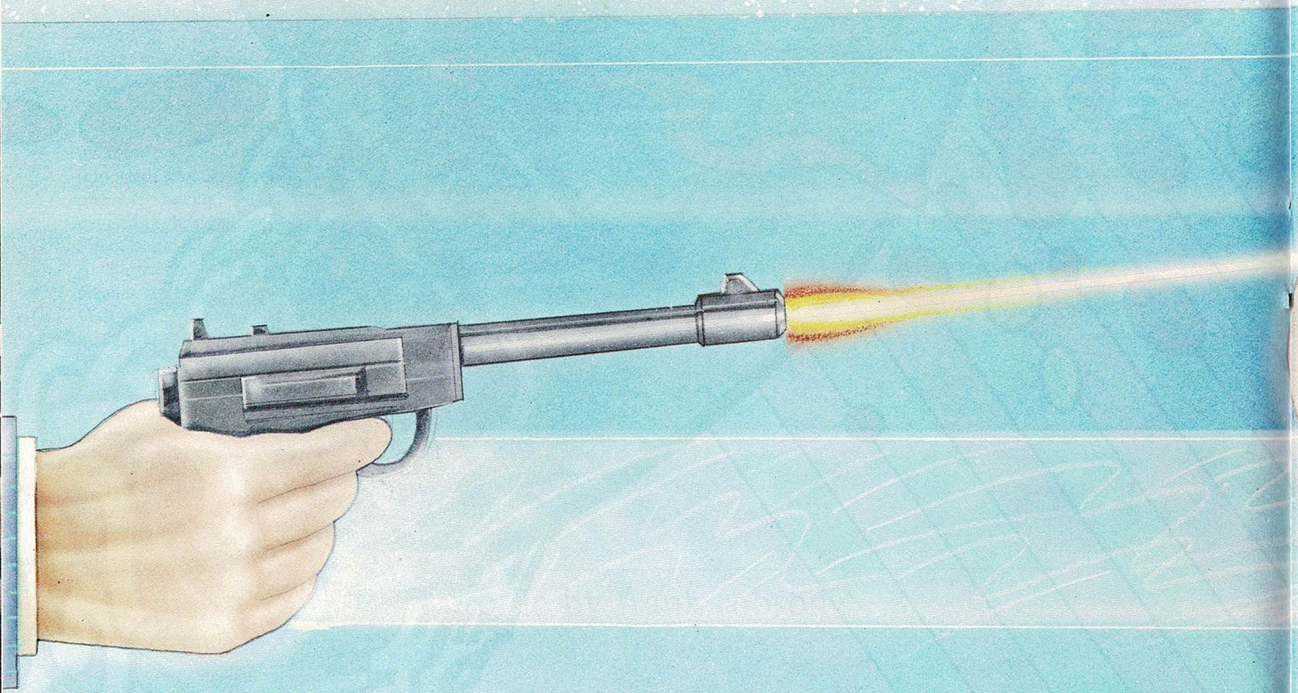


ILLUSTRATION BY MILES PARNELL

swing the buckled doors free. The aircraft seemed undamaged, though the runway ahead had been gutted and strewn with debris. The taller of the men gave a few friendly instructions to his companion, who had worked so hard.

Willingly, the man trudged out on to the runway, shifting what he could, clearing a few hundred yards of makeshift pathway in front of the Cessna.

The plane's engine started with a sporadic cough, then settled down to warm into its comfortable hum.

The other figure returned, climbed in beside the taller man, and the little aircraft gingerly moved forward, as though its pilot were testing the strength of the runway beneath him. Then the pilot turned to his companion, giving him the thumbs-up sign, and pushed down the flap control to give maximum lift. A second later, he gently opened the throttle. The engine rose to maximum revolutions, and the Cessna bumped forward, gathering speed, the pilot craning, slewing the aircraft from side to side to avoid the worst sections of the runway. With a bump, the Cessna hit a short, straight patch of ice, seemed to snatch at an extra few km/h of ground speed, and began to skim the rough surface.

Trees loomed ahead of them, growing taller by the second. The pilot felt that moment of response from his craft as the weight transferred safely to the wings. Gently he eased back on the yoke. The Cessna's nose came up. She seemed to hesitate for a second, then thrust forward, balanced only a short distance from the ground but gaining airspeed with every second. The pilot eased back a little more, his right hand pushing the throttle fully open, then winding back on the trim to give the aircraft a shade more weight in the tail. The propeller grabbed at the sky. The nose fell slightly, then the propeller grabbed again, clawed at the air and sent it barrelling back over the flying surfaces until the small plane was stable, nose up and climbing. They cleared the top of the fir trees by a matter of inches.

Count Konrad von Gloda smiled, set a course, and headed the Cessna towards his next goal. This day might have been a defeat, even a crushing one, but he was not through yet. There were men, legions of men, waiting to come under his command. But first, there was one score to be settled. Gratefully, he nodded at the craggy face of Hans Buchtman, whom Bond had known as "Bad" Brad Tirpitz.

Paula and Bond reached the Hotel Revontuli at two o'clock in the morning, and Bond went straight to the Saab to send a carefully worded cipher back to M. When he got to Reception there was a note waiting for him. It read:

We are in suite No 5, my darling James. Can we sleep in please, and not leave for Helsinki until the afternoon? All love, Paula. P.S. I'm not really all that tired at the moment, and have ordered champagne and some of this hotel's rather excellent smoked salmon.

With a certain amount of satisfaction, Bond remembered Paula's hidden delights and particular expertise. Spryly he walked to the lift.

●

James Bond dreamed. It was a dream he often experienced: sun, and a beach, which he recognised only too well as the seafront at Royale-les-Eaux. It was the five-mile promenade as it used to be, of course, not the garish package-tour resort it had since become. In Bond's dream, life and time stood still, and this was the place he remembered from both childhood and his younger years. A band played. The tricolor beds of salvia, alyssum and lobelia bloomed in a riot of color. And it was warm, and he was happy.

The dream often came when he was happy; and that night had certainly brought happiness. Together Bond and Paula had escaped from the clutches of Kolya Mosolov, made their way to Helsinki, and there — well, things had gone even better

With a certain amount of satisfaction, Bond remembered Paula's hidden delights and particular expertise. Spryly he walked to the lift.

than they themselves expected. Paula returned from the bathroom dressed only in a see-through nightdress, her body glowing and her scent as seductive as Bond had ever known it.

Before showering, Bond tapped out a call to London — a number reserved especially for taped messages from M. If there was anything new he would hear it now, in answer to the cipher sent from the Saab at Salla. Sure enough, M's voice was on the line: a brief double-talk message which came quite near to congratulating Bond, and also confirmed that Paula was known to be working for SUPO. There could, Bond thought, be no more surprises.

Paula had taken the initiative, making love to him as a kind of hors-d'oeuvre; then, after a short rest, during which Paula talked and laughed about their brush with disaster, Bond started where she had left off.

Now there was peace, safety and warmth. Warmth, except for a cold spot developing on his neck, behind his ear. Still half asleep, Bond brushed at the cold spot. His hand came into contact with something hard, and vaguely unpleasant. His eyes snapped open and he felt the cold object pressed against his neck. Gone was Royale-les-Eaux, replaced with uncompromising reality.

"Just sit up quietly, Mr Bond."

Bond turned his head to see Kolya Mosolov stepping away from him. A heavy Stetchkin — made even more bulky by a silencer fitted around the barrel — pointed, out of reach, at Bond's throat.

"How. . .?" Bond began. Then, thinking of Paula, he turned to see her sound asleep beside him.

Mosolov laughed — a chuckle, almost out of character; but Kolya was a man of so many voices. "Don't worry about Paula," he said, soft and confident. "You must have both been very tired. I managed to deal with the lock, administer a small injection, and move around without disturbing either of you."

Bond cursed silently. This was so unlike him, to drop his guard and allow sleep to take over completely. He had done everything else. He even recalled sweeping the room for electronics the moment they arrived.

"What kind of an injection?" Trying not to sound concerned.

"She'll sleep peacefully for six or seven hours. Enough time for us to do what has to be done."

"Which is?"

Mosolov made a motion with the Stetchkin. "Get dressed. There's a job I have to see completed. After that we're going on a little journey. I even have a brand new passport for you — just to be certain. We leave Helsinki by car, then helicopter, and later there'll be a jet waiting. By the time Paula can alert anyone, we'll be well on our way."

Bond shrugged. There was little he could do, though his hand moved unobtrusively to the pillow, under which he had placed the P7 before finally going to sleep. Kolya Mosolov reached inside his padded jacket, which he wore open, to show Bond the P7 tucked into his waistband. "I thought it safer — for me, that is."

Bond put his feet on the floor. He looked up at the Russian. "You don't give up easily, do you, Mosolov?"

"My future rests on taking you in."

"Dead or alive, it would seem." Bond got to his feet.

"Preferably alive. The business at the frontier was exceptionally worrying in that respect. But now I can finish what was started."

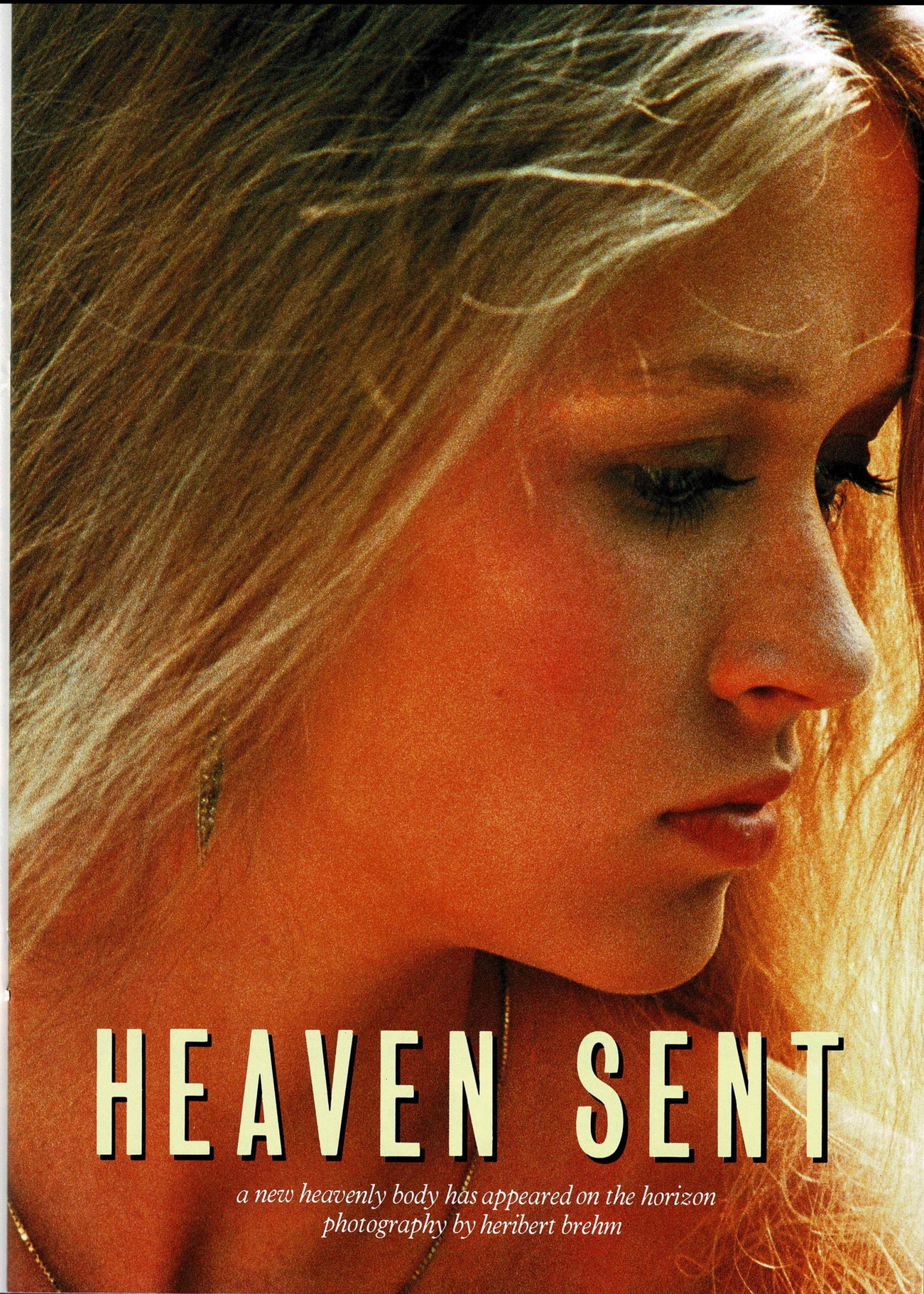
"I don't understand it." Bond began to move towards the chair on which his clothes were folded. "You people could have had me at any time in the past few years. Why now?"

"Just get dressed."

Bond began to do as he was told, but continued to talk. "Tell me why, Kolya. Tell me why now?"

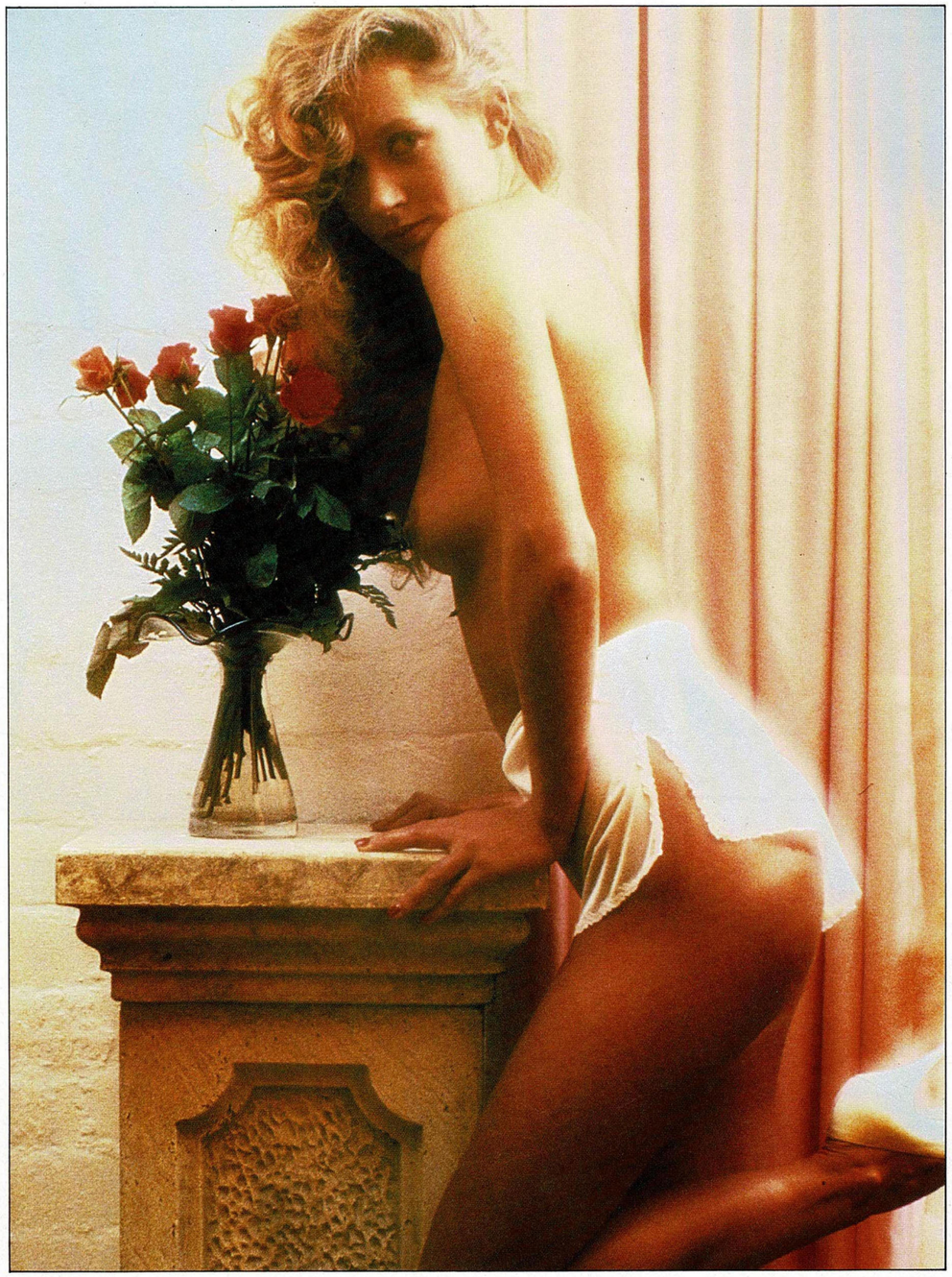
"Because the time is right. Moscow's wanted you for years. There was a period when they wanted you dead. Now, things have changed. I'm glad you survived. I admit to using bad judgement in letting our troops fire on you — the heat of the

(continued on page 104)



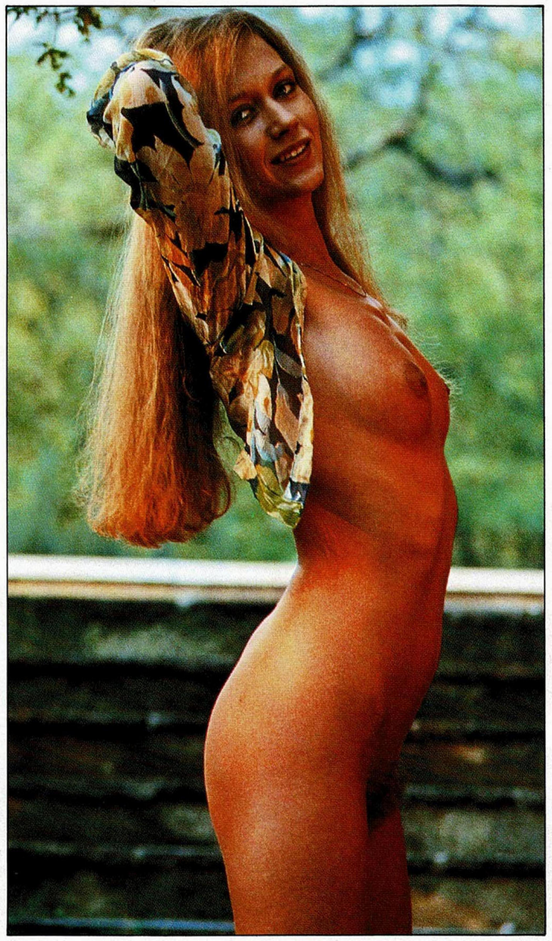
HEAVEN SENT

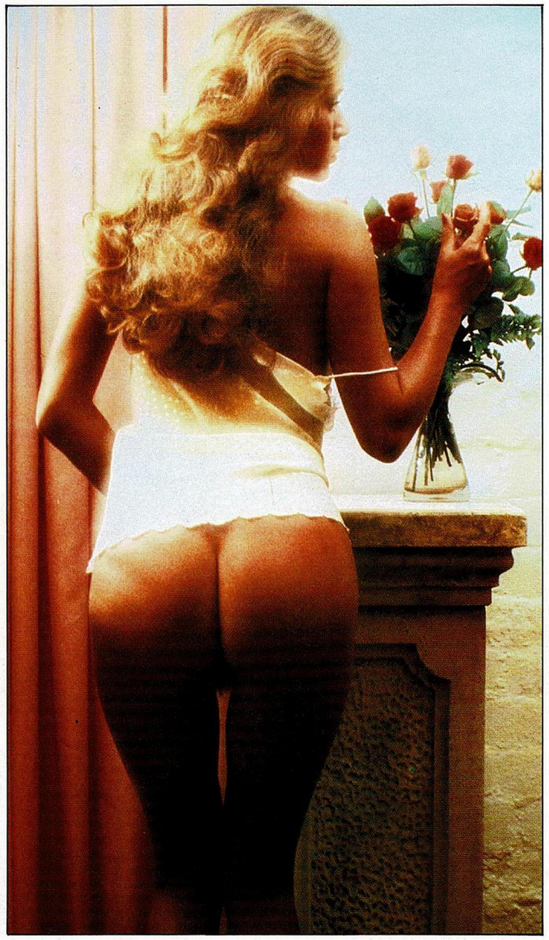
a new heavenly body has appeared on the horizon
photography by heribert brehm



She was made in Heaven say the friends of Joan-Beatrice Tichy. And they broke the mould when they finished the job. Yes, it's easy to believe beautiful Joan-Beatrice is one in 10 billion. Finding a girl with her sort of appeal is a truly unique experience, and if you can't believe your eyes, then try discovering exactly what fires this blonde's imagination. It'll shock you right out of your loafers, and that just might be the best news yet for anyone whose ideal woman is statuesque, sensual, sophisticated, stunningly sexy. . .

Our October Playmate is a girl who thrives on impulse and adventure. "My idea of doing something different is to go to the airport or rail station and pick a destination at random," says Joan-Beatrice. "As you can imagine, I've wound up in some pretty bizarre places, but that's all part of the adventure." She moves fast and travels light: a change of clothes and a copy of some classical literature by Hermann Hesse or Thomas Mann, and the girl is on her way. Who knows what new experience or man awaits at the end of the line.





When Joan-Beatrice applies the brakes for a second, she entertains thoughts of cracking it in television, preferably as a presenter or compere. With those looks it would certainly brighten up prime time. In the meantime, Joan-Beatrice's odyssey for her ideal man continues. "I know I'll never really find him," she says, "because I always shoot for the impossible. But I'm sure having a heap of fun trying." For this outgoing city girl, the random quest for thrills attracts her to the bright lights, night spots and partners with the spark to match her own. One lucky night you just might bump into Joan-Beatrice. . . meanwhile, enjoy her appearance here.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Joan-Beatrice
Tichy

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Joan-Beatrice Tichy.

BUST: 34" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 9st. SIGN: Taurus.

BIRTH DATE: 2|5|60. BIRTHPLACE: Hamburg, W. Germany.

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful; a career in television compering.

TURN-ONS: Classical music, fast cars, travel and hand-writing analysis.

TURN-OFFS: Immature men!

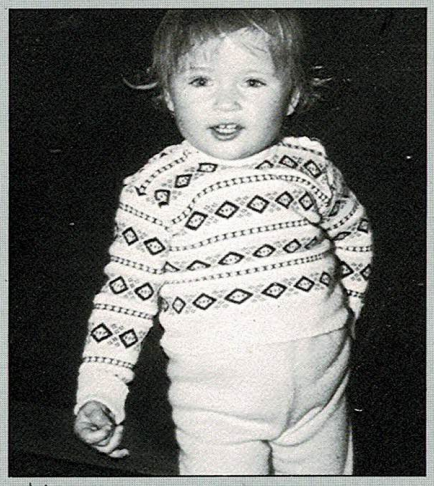
FAVORITE BOOKS: Anything by Hesse or Thomas Mann.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Klaus Kinski, Mick Jagger and David Bowie.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water sports and skiing.

IDEAL MAN: The ideal man does not exist for me!

SECRET FANTASY: To be a Playmate... now it's come true!



Here I am at 2 years old.

This is me at 20 with my dog, Pollino.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Pat and Mick, two Irish carpenters, were up on the scaffold working on a house. Pat noticed that Mick was throwing every second nail over his shoulder.

"What are you doing, Mick?" he inquired.

"Half of the nails are no good," his friend replied. "The points are on the wrong ends."

"No Mick, you silly bugger," laughed Pat. "They're for the other side of the house!"

The world-famous astrologer was very taken with the beautiful features of a baby boy and asked the infant's mother what sign her son was conceived under.

"Well," the mother replied, blushing furiously, "I think it said: SLIPPERY WHEN WET."

Jane was stunned to learn that Tarzan used a hole in a jungle tree to gain sexual satisfaction. She decided to offer her services instead and, when Tarzan agreed, she lay down and spread her legs.

Suddenly, he aimed a violent kick at her groin and she began screaming and writhing in agony.

"Why did you do that, you brute?" she moaned.

"There might've been squirrels in there!"

A nun runs into the Mother Superior's office, shrieking and waving her hands.

"Oh, Mother Superior, we seem to have a case of gonorrhoea!"

"Well my dear child," the head nun replies, "why don't you bring it in? I am so sick of this Bodega."

If the answer is Cock Robin, what's the question?

"What's that up my bum, Batman?"

Two elderly spinsters were wandering through the zoo and paused in front of the gorilla's cage. Suddenly, the gorilla burst through the bars, dragged the nearest old lady inside, ravaged and raped her.

A couple of months later, she was still recovering in hospital when her friend finally found the courage to visit and see how she was faring.

"How are you, Mabel dear?" her friend inquired.

"Whaddya mean, how am I?" Mabel replied, throwing up her hands in despair. "It's been nine weeks and three days and has he sent me a card, a letter, a bunch of flowers. . .?"

A man brought his car to the garage for repairs and was informed by the mechanic that the part needed to fix the machine wasn't available.

"It's a special cog, made only by Datsun," said the mechanic, "and none of the suppliers in town have the part."

Incredulous, the customer checked with all the Datsun dealers he could find, but none had the cog. Undeterred, he decided to fly to Japan and get the cog himself.

While in Japan, he got the bright idea of buying these parts in bulk, so he then could flog them to Datsun dealers at home for exorbitant prices. All went well until the return flight, when one of the aeroplane's engines faltered.

"We'll have to unload all excess weight," the pilot announced over the intercom. Out the door went the man's boxes and boxes of cogs.

Below, a Queensland farmer looked up at the sky and said to his wife, "Better get on inside the house. It's raining Datsun cogs out here."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *age* as the difference between a hold-up and a stick-up.

The foreman was called up by management and informed that, since times were hard, it would be necessary for two people on the factory floor to be made redundant. "It's up to you," said the manager, "we don't care who it is, but two people have to go."

The foreman racked his brain but realised with a heavy heart that in the end his choice must be completely arbitrary. "I'll simply sack the first two who come over to the water cooler during the break."

As luck would have it, Mary and Jack were the unfortunate pair. The foreman took Mary discreetly on one side and said, "Mary, I'm afraid I'm going to have to lay you and Jack off."

"I'm sorry, I've got a headache," answered Mary, "but you can jack off behind one of the machines."

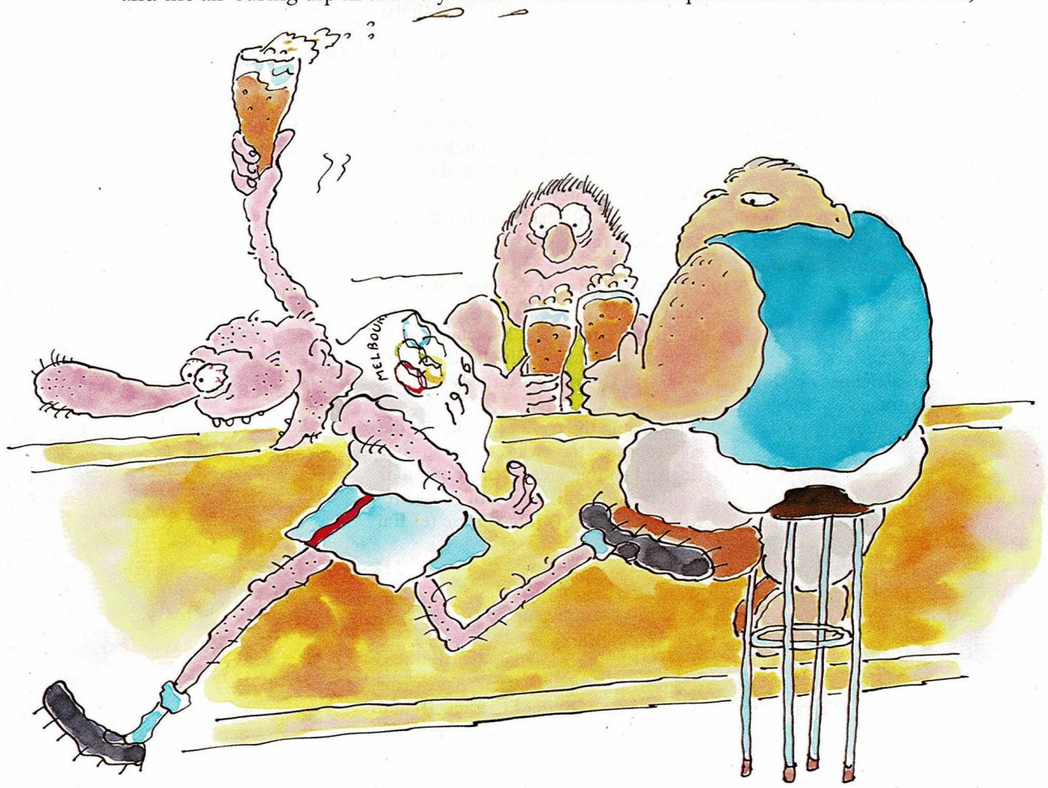
Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

pub sportsmen, here's a chance to back your knowledge against your thirst

THE GREAT AUSSIE SPORTS QUIZ

sport by wally deveraux

ON FEBRUARY 18, the smart European rail porter stays home in bed with hot water bottle and copy of *Le Monde* and thinks about anything but going to work. It's St Bernadette's Day and if you're guessing the good lady might be the patron saint of rail porters, forget it. It's not that the average Eurail porter is an uncharitable guy, but February 18 is the day that the afflicted board the Continental rail system and bee-line it for Lourdes and the all-curing dip in the holy water. This exercise requires more than a little faith,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN STOMANN

and the experienced rail porter has faith in the fact that if he has to on-load the hordes of handicapped just one more time, he'll be in need of a cure himself.

Once upon a career when this scrawler was masquerading as the Clayton's model of the overproof sports writer, there were a few days in every year that came with an unwritten health warning. They were football finals, Melbourne Cup eves, and the day before any world title fight. These occasions tripped something in the average sports fan's mind that pointed him towards a bar where he would get pissed and bet his beer ration that Phar Lap KO'd Lionel Rose on the 18th green of the Australian doubles final at the Melbourne Cricket Ground in 1956. For confirmation, the drunk would then ring the local paper.

In the interests of the newsmen who've had their health impaired by the onslaught of the saloon bar experts, we present the Great Australian Pub Sports Quiz. The answers are supplied, and in true drinking tradition, we've nominated the wager's worth in beers for each correct answer. A perfect score is 86 and if you should get anywhere near it, don't phone us. . . you'll be too drunk to make sense, anyway.

1. Only five Australians have won world boxing championships. Who is the odd man out?
(a) Johnny Famechon (b) Young Griffo (c) Frank Brooks (d) Lionel Rose (e) Rocky Mattioli

2. Which famous Australian poet rode three steeplechase winners on the same day at Flemington?

3. How many players captained the Australian Kangaroos rugby league team in the three-Test series against England in 1973?

4. Who skippered *Intrepid* to four straight wins over *Dame Pattie* in the 1967 America's Cup series?

5. The Buzzard was a record-breaking sire who included two Melbourne Cup winners among his progeny. What was his original racing name?

6. Andrew "Boy" Charlton was the greatest swimmer of his era and an Olympic champion acclaimed as the forerunner of Australia's stillwater tradition. How many national titles did he hold?

7. Who as teenagers were beaten in straight sets in the Victorian junior doubles final of 1949?

8. What was the biggest bream ever hooked in Australia?

9. Which Australian Rules football club is the oldest?
(a) Geelong (b) South Yarra (c) Richmond (d) Melbourne (e) Beech Forest

10. What was John Cootes' profession when he was selected to play for Australia in the rugby league series against New Zealand in 1969?

11. Where was Peter Pan born?
(a) Tasmania (b) in J.M. Barrie's mind (c) Singleton, NSW (d) London (e) Captain Hook's ship.

12. Who carried the Olympic torch into the Melbourne Cricket Ground at the opening ceremony of the Games in the year 1956?
(a) Betty Cuthbert (b) Murray Rose (c) John Cochrane (d) Dawn Fraser (e) Ron Clarke

13. What is Ron Barassi's middle name?
(a) Barry (d) Dale (c) Angelo (d) he doesn't have one (e) Sidney

14. How did W.G. Grace dismiss Australia's S.P. Jones in the one Test match of the 1882 English summer?

15. Who won a world title 147-nil in Johannesburg, November 1952?
(a) Walter Lindrum (b) Jim Watson (c) Jimmy Carruthers (d) Collingwood

16. How many first grade rugby league games did Jim Lisle play before he appeared in his first international for Australia?

17. Stan McCabe topscored for Australia in the Sydney Test of the infamous bodyline series. Who eventually captured his wicket?
(a) Voce (b) Jardine (c) Larwood (d) he was not out (e) Tyson

18. What dope was used to nobble Big Philou causing his scratching 39 minutes before the start of the 1968 Melbourne Cup?
(a) Cocaine (b) Danthron (c) Bex (d) belladonna (e) LSD

19. What is Brazilian soccer star Pele's full name?
(a) Edson Arantes de Nascimiento (b) Johnny Warren (c) Alfredo di Stefano (d) Garth Crooks (e) Harry Williams

20. Who among these cricket identities did *not* capture the wicket of all-time England batting great Denis Compton?
(a) Ray Lindwall (b) Keith Miller (c) Athol Watkins (d) John Cleese (e) Jim Laker

21. What was Sydney Stadium before it became a boxing venue?

22. Who scored the winning try that regained the rugby league "Ashes" for Australia at the Sydney Cricket Ground on July 22, 1950?
(a) Clive Churchill (b) Jack Holland (c) Kevin Schubert (d) Tommy Bishop (e) Ron Roberts

23. When did Good Friday fall on Easter Monday?

24. Who was the VFL's first Brownlow Medal winner?

25. How many wickets did Jeff Thomson capture in his first Test match?

26. What was Don Bradman's Test average?

27. How many Melbourne Cup winners did champion jockeys George Moore, Jack Thompson and Scobie Breasley ride during their long careers?

28. Who was the youngest Australian cricketer to capture 100 Test wickets?

29. How did Eddie Charlton earn a living before he became a snooker professional?

30. Who was voted Most Valuable Player during the basketball series of the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games?

31. Only one Australian has been admitted to the American Football Hall of Fame. Who is he?

32. Who promoted the Lionel Rose-Alan Rudkin world bantamweight title fight at Kooyong?
(a) Sir Frank Packer (b) Perce Galea (c) Reg Ansett (d) Peter Foster (e) Maurice Nathan

33. What did Geoff Boycott call umpire Don Weser in the England versus Western Australia match in 1978?
(a) a blind fool (b) a great Australian (c) a fucking cheat (d) a bloody idiot (e) a gentleman and a scholar

34. What was the nationality of the man who devised cricket's silly mid-on fielding position?
(a) Indian (b) West Indian (c) English (d) Australian (e) Dutch

35. How did Raelene Boyle fare in the 200-metre eliminations at the 1976 Montreal Games?

36. How much did Kerry Packer outlay in 1977 to launch World Series Cricket?

37. Which of these players were not among the 54 original WSC rebels?
(a) Peter Toohey (b) Mick Malone (c) Gary Gilmour (d) Wayne Prior (e) Richie Robinson

38. Who was the oldest player to appear in a Victorian Football League match?

39. Who topped the score in the inaugural Pipers Flat versus Molonglo cricket match?

40. How many full forwards have been Brownlow Medal winners?

(For answers and how you scored, turn to page 80.)

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

ALL QUIET IN SUBURBIA

out in the dark there's a guy with a knife and he thinks he's keeping the peace

THEY FOUND the boy with his throat cut so deeply the head had almost been parted from the body. Nothing else had been touched. He died where he fell, leaving a sticky maroon patch on the grass. His clothes had not been disturbed and there was no sign of sexual interference. He had been found late that sunny Friday morning by two little girls picking wildflowers in the ravine that gouged the corner tip off the north-eastern suburbs. Their screams had been heard 10 blocks away. Police learned his name was William Maurice Tyler, a red-haired boy of 14 from the State housing project a kilometre away. He was the eldest of five children and his mother collapsed when she was told. They only gave details of the murder to his father, but that afternoon the local tabloid came out with the full story under the headline "Schoolboy Butchered" and the whole world knew. Inspector Czuma noted the posters without expression as the sergeant drove to the ravine. Inspector Frank Czuma of the murder investigation squad had been assigned to the case only an hour before and he was anxious to inspect the murder scene. Czuma's odd surname came from his Polish father although his mother was English and had chosen the Christian

fiction by paul mann

name. At 38, he had never been known to lose his temper. His anger was the chilly spite of a man who could carry a grudge to the grave — but he would get even long before then. It was this inability to forgive or forget which made him such a good policeman.

The car pulled up gently in the cul-de-sac which halted the sweep of road skirting the southern side of the ravine. The body had long been removed to the morgue and Czuma would attend the post-mortem before dinner that evening, but he needed to pick through the area himself, talk to some of the locals while the incident stayed fresh.

As he and Sergeant Darling followed a dirt path down the side of the ravine, Czuma could see half a dozen uniformed policemen inside the roped-off area where the body had been found. A few spectators and kids on BMX bikes came and went, but it was clear the real drama had departed with the body.

"I want 50 police cadets here tomorrow morning at first light to form a line and go through the ravine one end to the other. I'll brief them myself," Czuma told Sergeant Darling.

The sergeant nodded and made a mental note. Sergeant Darling had taken 17 years to work his way up from cadet to three stripes. Inspector Czuma had retired young, a captain in the army, one successful career behind him already and, in Sergeant Darling's eyes, had won rank easily in the force.

While the sergeant did not particularly like his superior officer, he respected his intelligence and tenacity. And he knew Czuma was frighteningly fit. Czuma couldn't have cared less about Sergeant Darling's sentiments as long as he had instant obedience.

When they arrived near the bottom of the ravine and ducked under the rope barrier, Czuma spent a long time staring at the thickly congealed blood on the ground. Then, in a voice that seemed almost cheerful, he said: "I think we'll have this bastard." And Sergeant Darling thought he must be mistaken for a moment because there was just a hint of a smile on Czuma's lips.

•

Barely 200 metres away, the killer was smiling, too, as he watched Czuma through binoculars. Standing in the front room of his home, watching through the bay window, careful to avoid the sun's reflection, he put the glasses down and smiled to his wife.

"Now we're in trouble," he said. "The brass has arrived."

"God you're sick, Derek," said his wife without taking her eyes from the knitting pattern for a child's sweater she was following. "You haven't been away from the window since they found that poor boy. Why don't you go down and have a good look?"

"Don't want to be too obvious," said Derek and laughed. "Besides, we suburban types keep to ourselves. You're the one who had to go outside and find out what was going on."

"Well somebody didn't keep to himself last night," said his wife.

"How do you know it wasn't a woman?" Derek asked, still smiling.

"Women don't do things like that," she shrugged.

Her husband swung the binoculars back up to his eyes and murmured to no one in particular: "Now they're going to spend a fortune in taxpayers' money trying to find out who did it when they could have avoided all that with just a little bit of prevention. All that money just to track down whoever is responsible for ridding society of a miserable little germ whose parents didn't give a shit where he went at night as long as he didn't bother them. With luck that's the last we'll see of scum like that."

Derek and Val Wilton had lived in the north-eastern suburbs for 12 years: ever since Derek had come back from Vietnam. He had launched his own business as a home renovator and, because he was good, he had prospered. They had two children, Marjorie, 11 and Mark, 9.

It was more than a decade since he had been on a mission of murder at night but it surprised him how it all came back with a thrill.

His own home was a tribute to years of skilful, caring renovation. But it was worth less now than when they had bought it. Because of the ravine.

In the early days, the ravine had been an asset, a welcome swathe of bush greenery in a suburban wasteland of cream brick and terracotta. Of course teenage couples had always crept down there at night to play the carnal games played by teenagers all over the world, but they were usually quiet and rarely bothered anyone.

Then creeping urbanisation brought increased population density, the welfare housing tract went up and unemployment among the young became institutionalised. The whole tone of the ravine soured.

Instead of a haven for occasional nocturnal mischief, the odd stray wino or gaggle of kids with a joint, it became a nightly refuge for a new breed of teenager. Tough, cynical kids who embraced a nasty outlaw code. Every night, 20 or 30 would gather around campfires to pass the bottle, buy or sell dope and pursue a desperate kind of fun. The few park benches were scarred with obscene graffiti, smeared with excrement and swamped by piles of empty wine and beer bottles. Syringes began turning up among the debris.

After dark, raucous young voices would float up to the nearest houses on the warm night air carrying the kind of harsh language suburbanites would rather not hear in their living rooms. Weekends were a special nightmare when parties sometimes went on till dawn.

Theft, petty crime and assaults soared in the neighborhood and so did the sale of tranquillisers at local pharmacies. One middle-aged man recommended a certain brand of earplug to his neighbors. Some residents tried complaining to the kids, but shrank away from the torrent of threats and abuse. The council announced it was powerless and the police said they did not have the backing of the courts for the kind of consistent mass arrests of juveniles it would take to clean up the ravine.

The quality of life and property values declined dramatically. The first families began selling at a loss and moving away. Those who stayed could find no one at any level of government prepared to accept responsibility for cleaning up the ravine. There was talk to the papers of vigilante action in a bid to scare up official reaction, but it only came in the form of a brusque warning by the chief of police that he would come down hard on vigilantism.

One night, Derek Wilton decided to do something about it. He told no one. The thought had been forming in his mind for months and, if it were to succeed, it would depend on his nerve alone. His greatest asset would be that nothing or nobody could single him out of a community of thousands. . . unless he betrayed himself.

Hours after Val and the children had gone to sleep, he crept naked downstairs and out into his workshop in the back garden. In the blackness of the shed, he pulled on a pair of olive and brown camouflage pants, a thin knit sweater with long sleeves, black sandshoes and black woollen cap. He dabbed black shoe polish on his face and the backs of his hands.

Derek Wilton learned all about ambush patrol with the army in Vietnam and he knew precisely which knife to choose: a longish, slim-bladed cutter with an edge that could slice bone.

When he slipped out of the shed and flitted soundlessly down the footpath beside the house, he was almost invisible. His feet barely whispered along the cement and even the whiney Scots terrier next door didn't sense his presence. He hunched down among the shrubs in the front garden for a few minutes until he was sure no one could possibly know of his movements, then padded quickly across the road.

It was more than a decade since he had been on a mission of murder at night but it surprised him how it all came back with a thrill. He moved so expertly down through

(continued on page 118)

"Damn fool thing to do — asking a wood nymph for a little head."

ANSWERS

1. (c) **Frank Brooks.** However, he did hold a world "title" as the man on the receiving end of the fastest knockout. Ian Gordon knocked him out in seven seconds of a welterweight bout at Brisbane Stadium in 1951. The referee did not apply a count. The fifth man to complete the list of genuine champions is Jimmy Carruthers. (Score three beers.)

2. **Adam Lindsay Gordon,** whose flair for equestrian feats was reflected in his poetry. (Score two beers.)

3. **Three.** Graham Langlands led the party but was forced to withdraw from the last two Tests after breaking his index finger. Bob McCarthy skippered the team during the second Test but missed the third because of a dislocated shoulder. Tommy Raudonikis took on the job in the decider and led Australia to a series victory. (Score one beer.)

4. **Bus Mosbacher.** (Score two beers.)

5. The Buzzard was bred in England where he raced as **The Bastard.** On his arrival in Australia, local racing authorities, dreading what names might be applied to his offspring, had him renamed. He sired winners of all the big Cup races with Old Rowley and Rain Bird winning Melbourne Cups. (Score three beers.)

6. **None.** (Score one beer.)

7. **Lionel Brodie** and **Bert Tonkin** (where are they now?). They were beaten by a pair of 15-year-old upstarts: Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall. (Score one beer — we didn't expect the correct answer.)

8. (With a bit of phonetic licence) we can safely say Dave Sands (Australian middleweight) caught **Henry Brimm** (US) with a left hook in their bout in Sydney on August 16, 1950. (Score one beer.)

9. **Melbourne** was founded in 1858 making it one of the oldest established football clubs of any code in the world. Geelong was founded in 1859, with Richmond and the now defunct South Yarra in 1860. Beech Forest earned its sporting fame not for football, but as the home patch for heroic distance runner Cliff Young. (Score one beer.)

10. He was a **priest** and taught at the St Pius X High School, Newcastle. After retiring as a player, Cootes left the priesthood, married and became a singer and entertainer. An accomplished all-rounder, he later turned his hand to TV sports journalism. (Score one beer.)

11. This is a sports quiz not a kindergarten riddle, so we must be talking about the dual Melbourne Cup winner. The answer is **Singleton NSW.** (Score two beers.)

12. While Cuthbert, Rose and Fraser were significant contributors to Australia's gold medal tally in '56, it was a young **Ron Clarke** who carried the flame. (Score two beers. Anyone who said John Cochrane should deduct three beers. He was a judge struck by an errant missile during the ladies' rolling pin throwing contest at the 1967 Waterside Workers' Picnic, Frankston, Victoria.)

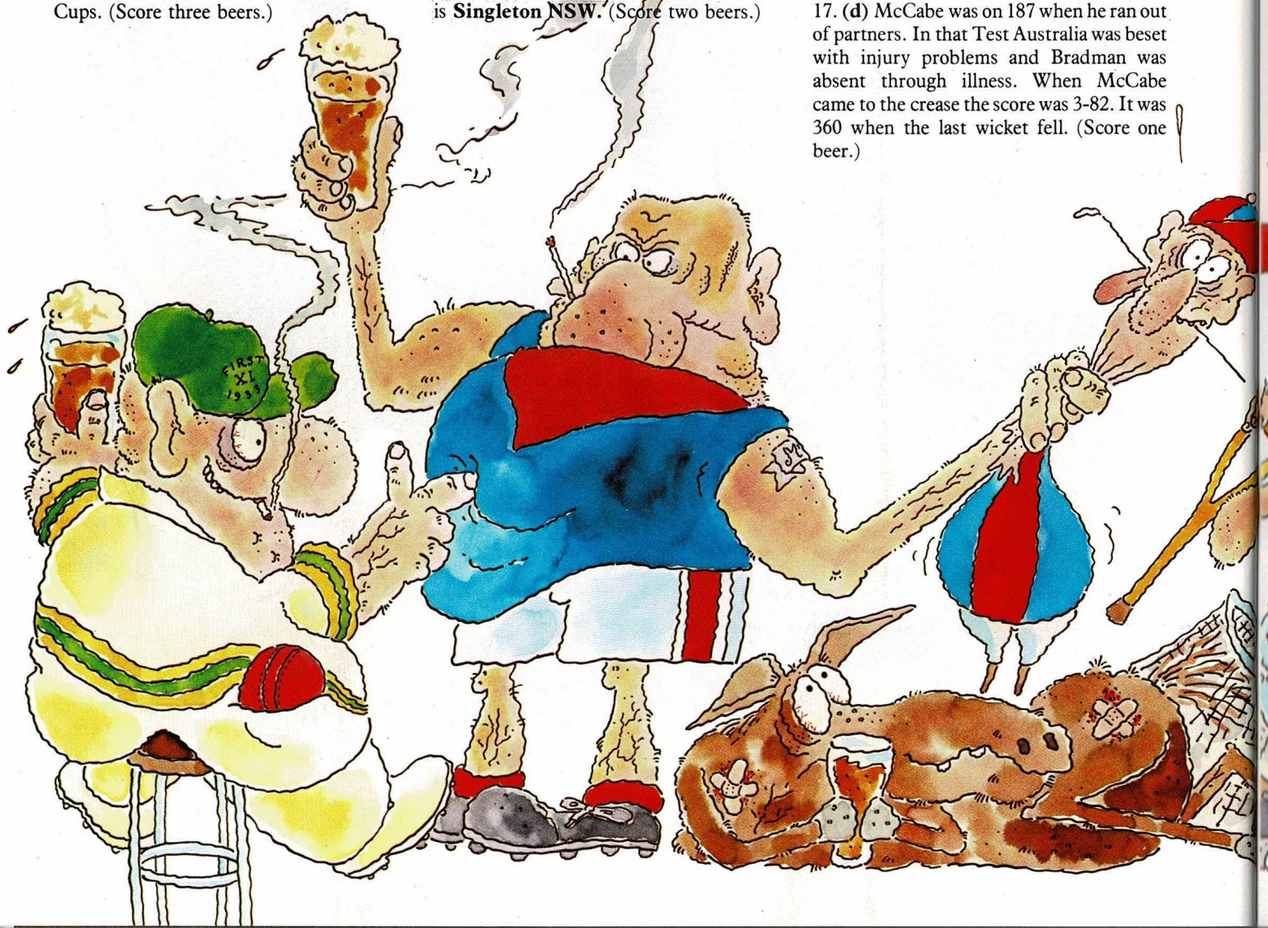
13. (b) **Dale.** (Score one beer.)

14. As Jones advanced from his crease to pad down the wicket, Grace moved in from point with the ball hidden under his beard and removed the bails. The appeal for **run out** was upheld. Australia justifiably won the match with Fred "The Demon" Spofforth taking 14-90. (Score three beers.)

15. (d) Australian bantamweight **Jimmy Carruthers** landed 147 blows in 137 seconds to beat defending world champion Vic Toweel (South Africa) in the first round. Toweel threw one punch. It missed. For anyone wondering about Jim Watson, he was an Australian roller skating champ during the 1930s. (Score two beers.)

16. The South Sydney five-eighth made only **one** first grade appearance for his club before pulling on an Australian jersey. (Score one beer.)

17. **(d)** McCabe was on 187 when he ran out of partners. In that Test Australia was beset with injury problems and Bradman was absent through illness. When McCabe came to the crease the score was 3-82. It was 360 when the last wicket fell. (Score one beer.)



18. (b) **Danthron,** a powerful purgative was used to give Big Philou, the early favorite, and his backers a bad dose of the shits. The culprits were never caught and Rain Lover romped away with his second Melbourne Cup. (Score three beers.)

19. (a) **Edson Arantes de Nascimiento.** (Score one beer.)

20. (c) **Athol Watkins.** He's the SCG curator. For those who said (d) John Cleese, the lanky comic did in fact dismiss Compton in 1958 when the great batsman visited Cleese's school for an exhibition match. Cleese, a slow off-spinner, had Compton caught in the outfield and the *Bristol Evening Post* later recorded: Compton D.C.S. c White b Cheese. (Score two beers.)

21. **A Chinese market garden.** Sydney newspaper tycoon Hugh D. McIntosh converted the Rushcutters Bay site and promoted the Tommy Burns versus Jack Johnson world heavyweight contest in 1906 to recoup the outlay. The event drew 60,000 fans who watched Johnson claim the crown after knocking Burns down five times in 14 rounds. (Score two beers.)

22. (e) **Ron Roberts.** (Score one beer but deduct one if you guessed Bishop. He played for England some years later.)

23. Between 1935 and 1938, a horse called Good Friday raced over the jumps and on the flat in South Australia. **At an Oakbank meeting** on Easter Monday, Good Friday failed to finish when he fell at a hurdle. (Score two beers.)

24. **E.G. "Cargie" Greeves of Geelong.** The medal was named after his club's ex-secretary. (Score two beers.)

25. **None.** In his only Test of the 1972-73 Pakistan tour of Australia, Thommo finished with 0-110 after playing with a foot injury. (Score one beer.)

26. **99.94.** He was denied an average of 100 or more when dismissed for a duck in his last Test appearance. (Score one beer.)

27. **None.** Moore and Thompson both had 19 starts without success. Breasley rode five Caulfield Cup winners but had no luck in the Flemington two-miler. (Score one beer.)

28. **Graham MacKenzie,** age 23. (Score one beer.)

29. He was a **coalminer.** (Score one beer.)

30. Australia's **Eddie Palubinskas.** He averaged 30 points a game and later won the Helm's award as Oceania's top amateur sportsman of the year. (Score two beers.)

31. Melbourne footballer **Pat O'Dea.** He was a prodigious drop-kicker who took the craft to Wisconsin University where he proved a match-winner in the American gridiron game. (Score one beer.)

32. (c) Airline and TV magnate **Reg Ansett.** (Score one beer but deduct one if you guessed Peter Foster. The Gold Coast *wunderkind* was just out of nappies when Rose was ruling the ring in the mid-'60s.)

33. **(c) a fucking cheat.** Weser apparently asked Boycott to repeat the remark, which he did. The transgression almost earned him an early trip home. (Score three beers.)

34. **(d) Australian,** of course. The position was also known as Boyley's mid-on, named after Harry Boyle, an Australian Test player from the 1870s-80s era. (Score one beer.)

35. Raelene Boyle (it's not known whether she is related to Harry) was **disqualified.** At the first attempt, a starter ruled she was unsteady while in the "set" position. Raelene broke at the second attempt and was automatically disqualified, much to the disappointment of Norman May, and many other Australians. (Score three beers.)

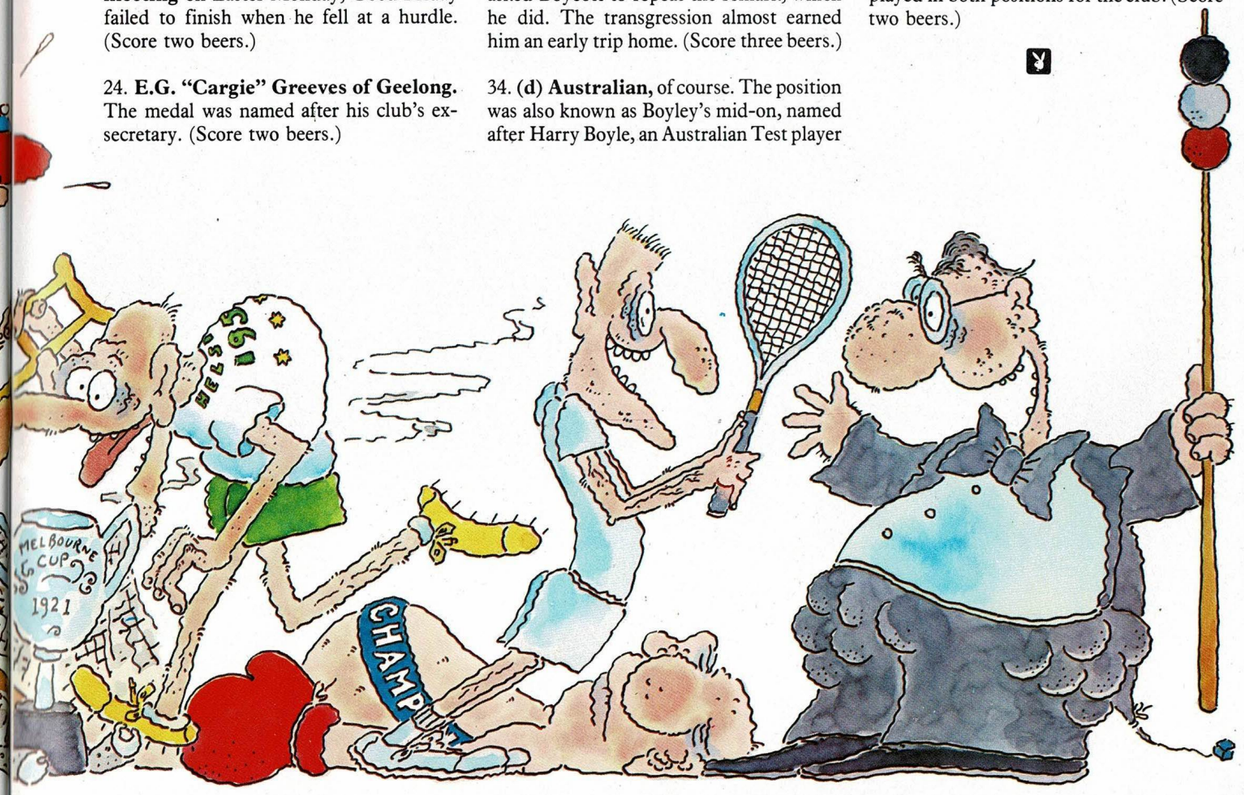
36. **$6 million.** He reputedly coughed up another $12 million to see the exercise through to its conclusion. The revenue gleaned from television advertising and licensing rights went some of the way towards accounting for the outlay. (Score two beers.)

37. (a) **Peter Toohey.** (Score one beer.)

38. **Vic Cumberland.** He was 43 in 1920 when he played his last game for St Kilda. (Score one beer.)

39. As related in Thomas E. Spencer's poem *How McDougal Topped The Score,* Pipers Flat won the match when McDougal's dog fielded the ball and refused to drop it until McDougal gave the order. By that time **McDougal** had run the 50 required to win. (Score three beers.)

40. **None.** Kelvin Templeton has played a good share of his football at full forward but when he won the 1980 Brownlow, he was playing at centre-half forward for Footscray. Since moving to Melbourne he has played in both positions for the club. (Score two beers.)



Sybil

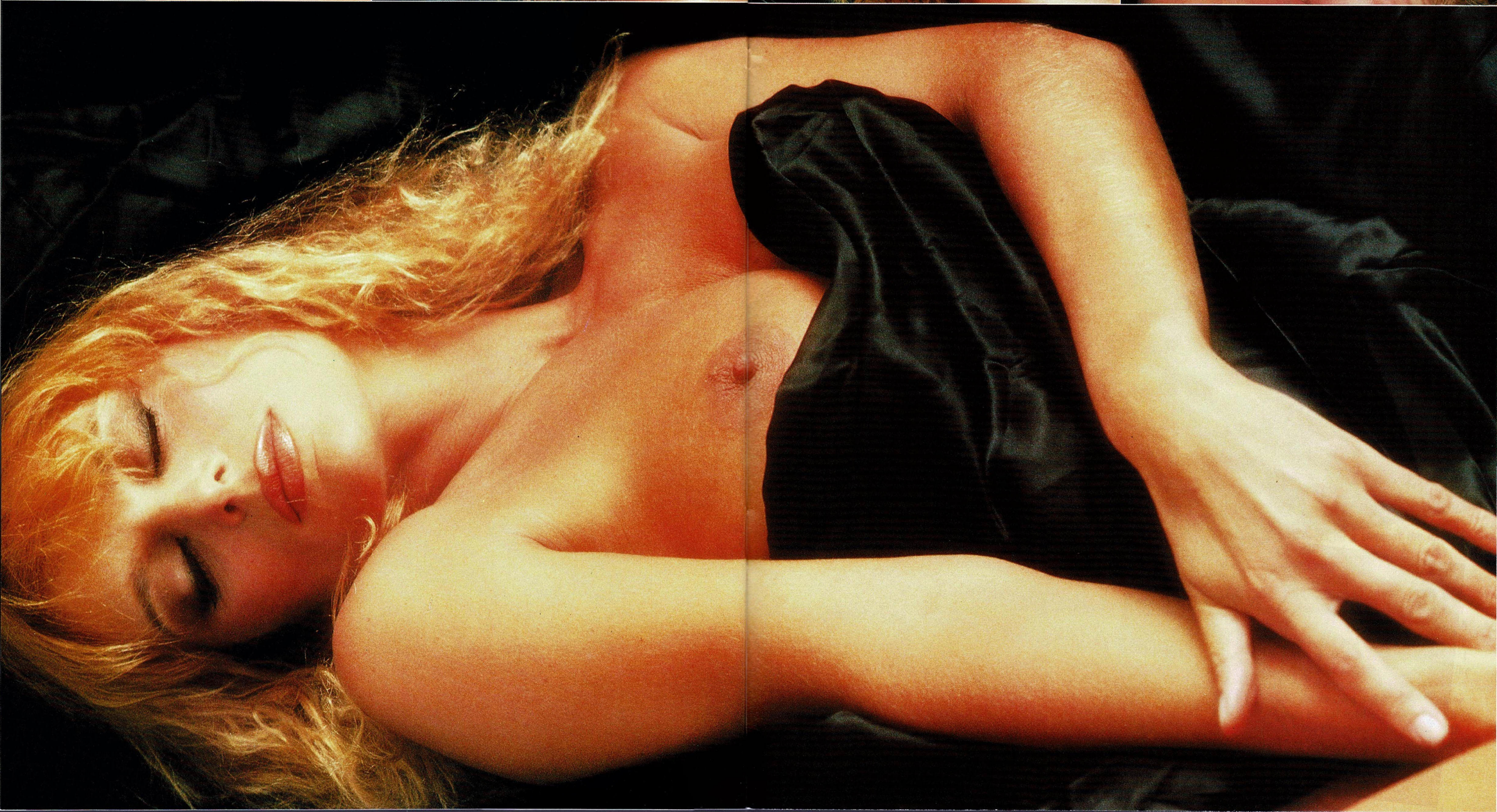
meet miss danning, femme fatale of the action flicks and hollywood's most uninhibited warrior woman. . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KEN MARCUS

She's referred to in movieland as a female Clint Eastwood and her action-packed private life seems to emulate the tough roles she plays on the screen. She's independent, adventurous and candid, and she likes to call the shots. "Those bones around my house aren't from my dog," she winks, playing with the zipper on her black leather pant suit. "They're my ex-lovers!"

But Sybil has a soft and sensual side, too, and admits that sex is a very important part of her life. "When producers hire me to do a sexy role, they don't think I'll need a coach or any kind of extra training. I'm not saying the most important thing is sex, but I don't think I'd have a relationship with someone I wasn't comfortable with in bed or on the floor or wherever."

"I've always been attracted to men who have something to say for themselves," explains Sybil. "I like a man who has a mind of his own and isn't just a puppy dog who does everything I want." And a pretty strong guy, too, we suspect. Someone to out-swashbuckle a lady who slips easily into such screen roles as an Amazonian princess, galactic warrior, tough woman prisoner in Chained Heat, *hell-raising secret agent and formidable co-star to Hercules in the movie of the same name. As the lady said, puppy dogs need not apply. . .*

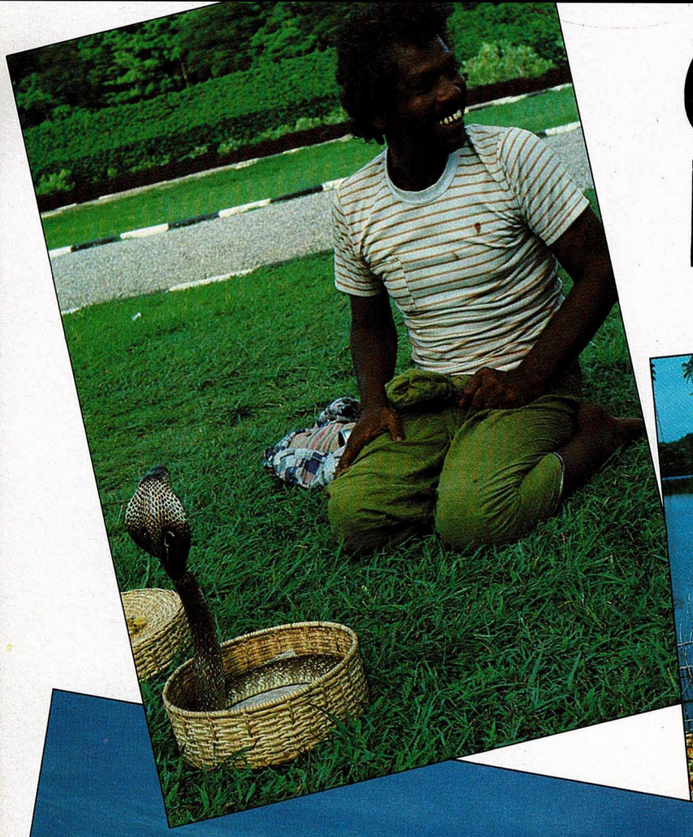


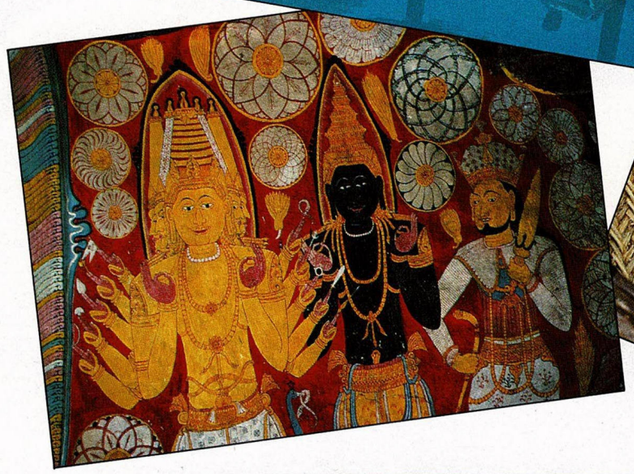
SRI LANKA

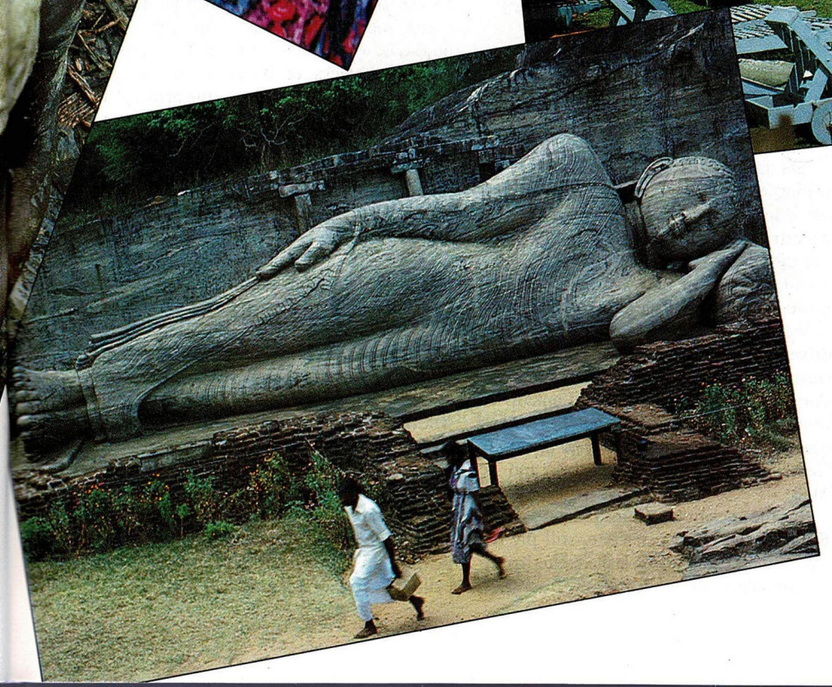
variety is the spice of this "resplendent land"

words and photos by steve bunk

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Sri Lankans weren't allowed in the Hill Club, a pseudo Tudor mansion on a knoll above the crowded lanes of Nuwara Eliya. Now it's run by a Lankan, but male guests still have to wear a tie for dinner. The room-boy requests $7 for the brown striped yoke he brings me. "I don't want to buy it, I just want to rent it." "Red?" he replies. "The brown color is perhaps ratshit, sir?" "Hire," I explain, and manage to get an assurance that $5 will be refunded on







Photos, from top left to right: cobra charmer puts on a show at the park in Colombo; coir, or fibre from the coconut's outer husk, is used to make matting, brooms, rope, etc; one of countless stalls at the pettah, Colombo's chaotic marketplace; the Neptune Hotel and (second row) the Catamaran Beach Hotel are two among many comfortable places to stay on Sri Lanka's west coast; near Ratnapura, a miner sifts gravel like a gold-panner, in search of rubies, quartz, tourmaline and a host of other stones; one of four giant statues all hewn from the same rock in the 12th century AD at Pollonaruwa; ancient frescoes painted in caves at Dambulla.

Top: a typical market scene, in Nuwara Eliya. Above: traditional dancers in Kandy, the capital.

safe return of the thing. In the drawing room the women come and go, talking of a plan to put toilets in the guest rooms. An Englishman with a gin and tonic in one hand and a goatee in the other, declaims among a coterie of deeply polite Lankans on the good old days, when women were only allowed in the club by a side door. "The baggage came in the front door," he concludes, and my companion Nirmala de Mel, a genteel travel agent, winces.

In ever louder tones, the Englishman, a long-time Sri Lanka resident, recites an anecdote about a Canadian who rebuked him for mistreating a Sinhalese national. "Who are *you?*" the Englishman says he retorted. "*I'm* Jack So and So from Ceylon."

Even 35 years after the end of British rule, this is the sort of legacy Sri Lanka still must erase. A country civilised for 25 centuries, yet occupied successively by the Moors, Portuguese, Dutch and British, Sri Lanka is now working to attain self-sufficiency under a non-aligned, social democracy. Evidence of this struggle is everywhere.

Not far from Katunayake Airport, the fishing village of Negombo is a cultural pastiche. Bullock carts, rickshaws, pedestrians, a husband, wife and child sharing a one-speed bicycle, dodge the occasional 15-year-old Morris that weaves through the busy village square. This area is called "Little Rome", says Arthur, my driver and guide for the journey. His surname, Silva, is another legacy of the Portuguese, who encouraged Lankans to change their names and adopt Roman Catholicism. Negombo today is primarily Catholic and replete with Silvas and de Mels.

But the ancient traditions remain as well. Karavas, the fishermen caste, still ply the seas in their catamarans, lashed together (as the Sinhala word implies) by the fibre from the plentiful coconut, with the aid of no more than half a dozen bolts. At the seashore, I take a snapshot of a couple of young fishermen and am badgered into the first of many promises to send a copy of the photo.

We cross the turgid Kelani River and head inland, past huts made of coconut poles and thatched with "kagans", the leaves of that versatile tree. Yet another use of coconut: sap from the flower is used to make toddy, which when distilled, becomes arrack. These, plus tea and the water inside the king coconut, are the most popular Sri Lankan drinks.

In the hamlet of Minwongoda, traffic is blocked by a funeral procession. Hundreds of mourners, cordoned off the street by armed soldiers, are throwing flowers on the upraised casket. Though the widow's wails of grief are drowned in the tumult, Arthur explains to me in the car that the dead man was a young air force soldier killed in Jaffna, homeland of the Tamils in the far north. His body has been brought home for the funeral.

The casket, raised high by the pall-bearers, will remain closed. The body was truncated in the style of killings done by Tamils. The Tiger Movement, a radical fringe of the Tamil United Liberation Front (TULF) — the government's second largest political party — had been at work. In the past several years, the Tigers allegedly have murdered about 40 soldiers and policemen in the Jaffna area, to protest what they see as tardiness on the part of the TULF in forcing the issue of secession of the isle's northern section.

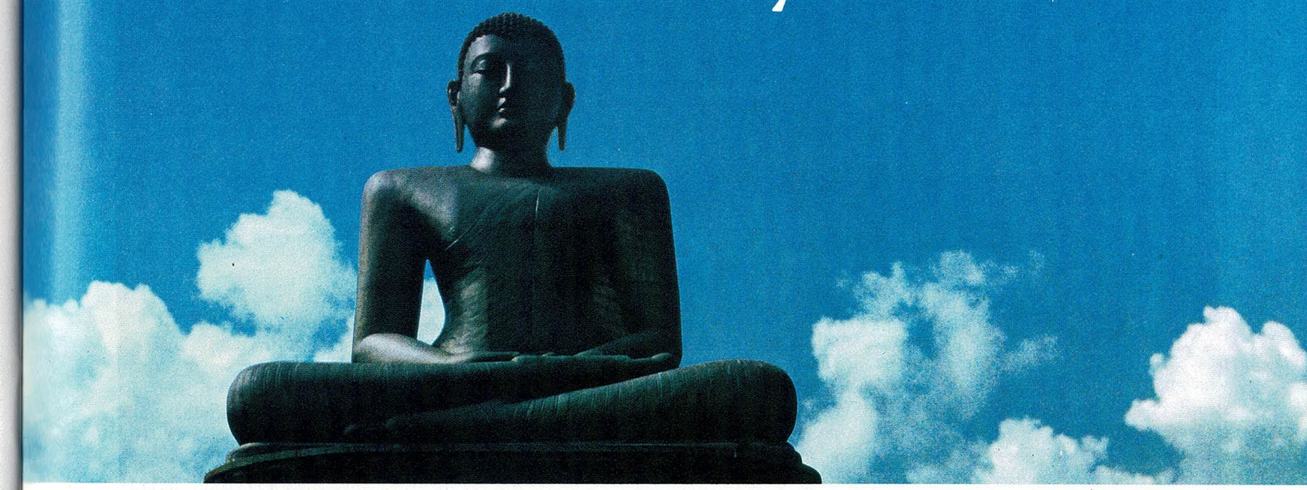
We leave the funeral and move on to Kadduganawa, where the main street is typical: wall-to-wall shopfronts of clap-board or cement, unpainted or peeling, with bits of bunting fringe dangling under a jumble of signs in English and Sinhala. Inside, the shops are no more than tin or thatch-roofed "carports", in the dim bowels of which furnaces are stoked or rolls of hemp, stacks of buckets, hand-made brooms and metal objects — the armory of the Third World — are displayed among the mangoes and green bananas.

Beyond the gates of the exotic hotels, of which there are many, this is the everyday Sri Lanka: women and children peddling needlework on country roadsides, farmers up to their knees in muck hoeing rice paddies with implements that haven't changed in 1500 years, ramshackle village centres crammed with shops offering the unglamorous stuff of life, people breaking stone with hammers under kagan lean-tos, kids waving bunches of raw tea and wildflowers as you drive by and running straight up the hill to sell you again at the road's next switchback.

The squeamish needn't worry: you can avoid discomfort if you don't stop often between resorts. But those who miss the people, miss much of the terrible, compelling beauty of Sri Lanka — for this is a

"I always wanted to ride an elephant in Sri Lanka."

"How about a KLM Jumbo on the way?"



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These Sigiriya frescoes are arguably the island's finest.

land that sticks into you like a rare personality. After enduring the pronouncements of Jack the Mouth at the Hill Club, Nirmala and I go with two of her associates to Nuwara Eliya's Grand Hotel. This is the heart of the tea country, in the "city of light" and a tiara of stars gleams.

In tourist season (August through February), the best hotels throughout the country are booked full but my visit is in the off-season, and the Grand is almost deserted. A staff of eight attends our one table on the edge of a vast, empty dining hall. Although the talk rebounds from women's rights to history to folk art, an unspoken dialogue makes the strongest impression on me. It is a dialogue of deference, which dominates so completely that we constantly seem to have trouble getting through doorways, ordering drinks, making minor group decisions. In a perverse way, the night almost calls for a loud and brazen Jack to shove us along. Instead, the waiters hover uncomfortably close, their eyes opaque, teeth alight.

Later in the evening, talking about tourism, Nirmala sums it up brutally: "Westerners still like to have a small brown man at their beck and call — especially one who's being polite about it." Is the curved sword of the Sinhalese warrior atwitch underneath the sarong? The only clear reaction I could see to this latest invasion — the most insidious one, of us tourists bearing gifts — was a tremendous amount of hovering and sweeping up.

Perhaps it's all too new still. The culture shocks of Western ways are only beginning to cause reverberations of alarm. Nudity, for example, is strictly prohibited in this largely Buddhist nation, and foreign sunbathers have been prosecuted for pursuing a well-rounded tan. Despite the concern of some Lankans about erosion of their ancient values, the tourist represents a "cash crop" that serves as a vital element in Sri Lanka's drive toward self-reliance.

In Kandy, the hill capital at the centre of Sri Lanka, I visit the Temple of the Tooth, wherein lies a 2000-year-old molar that reputedly belonged to Buddha and is the most precious relic in a land rife with relics. The tooth, locked under seven caskets, guarded by three priests, is allowed to be seen by the people for 10 days every fifth year — and that was last year. I go past flute and drum players who perform for an hour, three times every day, in a vaulted anteroom containing a large, meditating Buddha. Then I queue to enter the tiny cubicle for a glimpse of a casket, hurriedly stuff money into a collection box, and am out. My temple guide says 10,000 people pass through here daily and it's not impossible to believe. Aside from the many tourists who visit, 69 percent of the country's 15 million people are Buddhist.

At night, I see traditional Kandyan Dancing at the Hotel Capricorn. It's athletic, with lots of flute playing, drum thumping, spangled costumes and not a few suggestive looks exchanged between the striking young girls and the male musicians. Though the room full of wooden chairs is unair-conditioned and stuffy, the event itself is highly recommended.

From Kandy, we travel north to Matale, famous as a spice-growing district. The Paradise Spice Garden, founded in 1971, is the first and among the best spice farms in the area. It cultivates 24 varieties of plant, including marijuana and cocaine under special permit. Spices are one of several "non-traditional" industries the government is now trying to promote, as supplements to the rubber, coconut and tea triad. The same applies to tourism as well as the gem trade, headquartered near the magnificent rain forest country at Ratnapura in south-central Sri Lanka.

North of Matale we cross the Mahaweli River again and enter the Dry Zone. The countryside is still mostly green and varietal but it has a bleached rather than a lush look here. Much of the heat's humidity has dissipated. In the fields, the walls of the mud huts are cracked and the petals of the wildflowers droop. The sun burns white.

We are at Dambulla, on the edge of the Cultural Triangle, where the ancient Sri Lankan civilisation was born and is being resurrected now, with the help of UNESCO funds. Five caves in a rock ledge 350 feet high served as refuge for deposed King Valagamba, who later built temples to Buddha as symbols of the king's gratitude for recapturing his throne.

Just to the north, Sigiriya, the "Hill of the Lion", is a 600-foot-high slab of rock atop which the usurping brother of King Valagamba built his palace: 1500 years later, only the foundations and some brilliant frescoes remain, but the panorama is worth the 1000-step climb, to all except the chronic smoker or otherwise faint-hearted.

Sigiriya Village, a resort hotel with a well-stocked bar, hot running water in the bungalows and a swimming pool ringed by frangipani under the shadow of the hill, makes recuperation a delight.

The Cultural Triangle is a sprawling oasis of giant statues and temples, sacred moonstones, palatial ruins and image houses. Dagobas (the "relic in the stomach"), the equivalents of pyramids in Egypt and South America, are each believed to contain a relic of Buddha concealed under the ancient brickwork. At the time it was built, one dagoba was reputed to be the third largest structure in the world.

In 240 BC, a sapling of the Bo tree under which Buddha received enlightenment was brought to Anuradhapura. We went to the temple where it still grows, thought to be the oldest documented living tree. We listened to an old woman explain to a monk that she had promised in her prayers to make a pilgrimage to the Bo tree if her sickness passed. And here she was. The monk nodded gravely; he had heard this story many times.

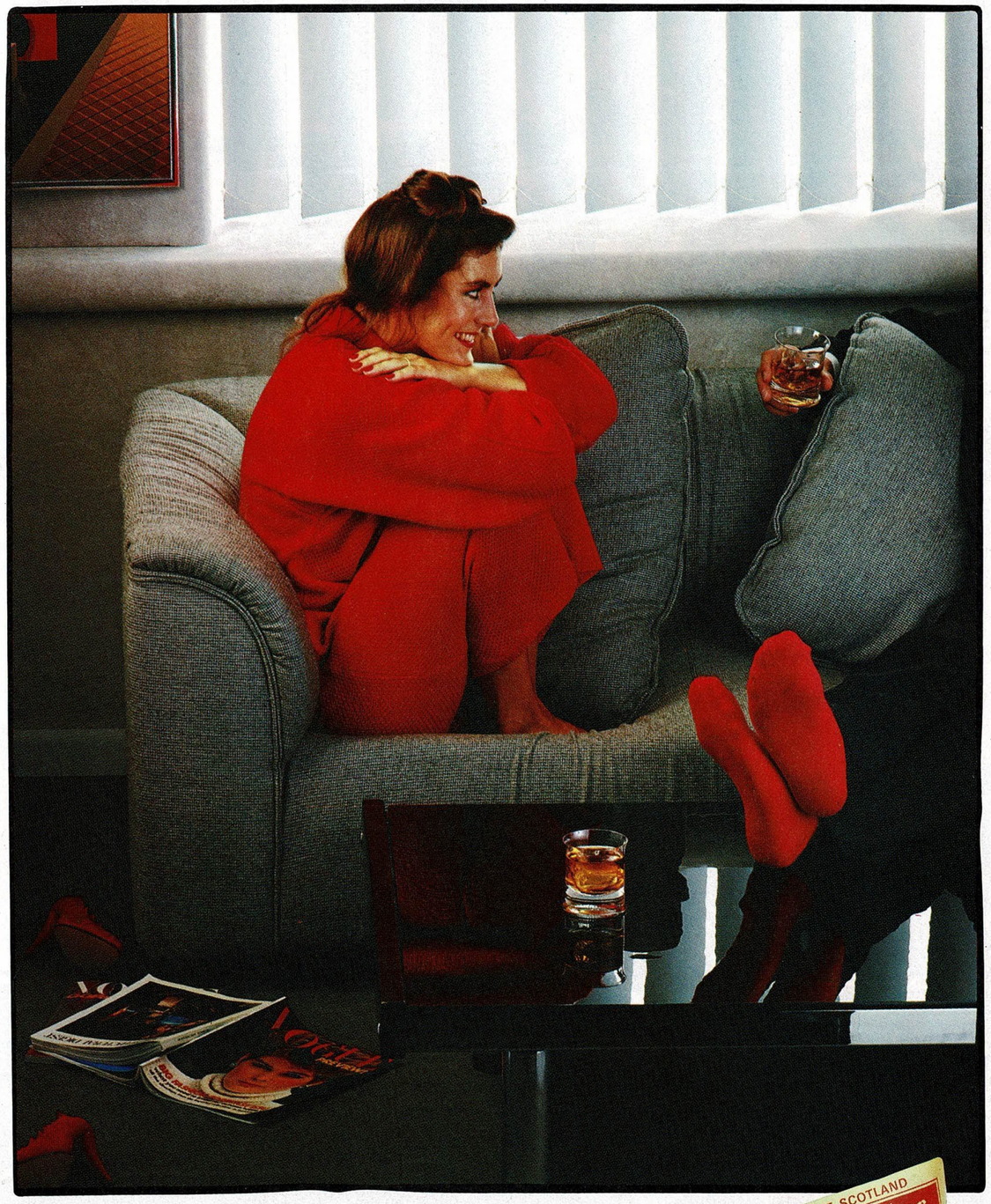
After anthropology comes wildlife. Wilpattu, in north-western Sri Lanka, is a wilderness park renowned for its leopards. In the south-east, Yala is best known for the elephant herds. Both parks offer a multitude of deer, antelope, water buffalo, some of the 400 species of birds in the country, the odd iguana or crocodile; you'll be certain to find something to shoot, with the long lens.

Wilpattu entertained 133 visitors in 1951 and 30,000 three decades later. Get there well before the morning trip departure time at 6.30. It's a three-hour jeep ride, cheap at 150 rps ($7.50) per person.

Although Colombo is a noisy and unclean metropolis, it offers at least two attractions that shouldn't be missed. The National Museum is an excellent introduction to this many-sided culture, and the pettah is a market-place with color and excitement, bargains and cheats, sheer energy probably unsurpassed anywhere. The sadness and

(continued on page 136)

Our scotch? Take it as Red.



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motoring by rob luck

of the Honda City Turbo, the wind-cheating wedge of the March 1000 and the miserly economy of the Daihatsu 1100 diesel.

But there's a hitch: not one of these cars is actually available here yet. All of them should be, soon, but they are so new that most of the local car cowboys haven't heard of these and other metallic microbes that are making up the fastest-growing sector of the passenger car market.

Consider these possibilities. . .

Possibility One: A new range of small, super-specified three and five-door sedans and wagons ("vans") floor-planned with Holden badges. More than a possibility, this is one very real thrust of GM-H's radical new model development program. The cars will be from Suzuki's yet-to-be-announced M-car range, scheduled for release in Australia with Holden badges in van form (1984) followed by multiple sedan variants (1985). These cars will swell out the burgeoning ranks of Suzuki models currently marketed here as light commercial vehicles and sedan "hatch" variants. GM-H has secured financial interest in Suzuki.

Possibility Two: Honda will introduce the City range of vehicles, (dropped on the Japanese market in 1981), in a number of versions in 1984. The ambivalent two and four-wheeler manufacturer has steadfastly stood aside from the micro market as it pursued sales success in the small and small-sporty market areas in Australia. But it is increasingly difficult to ignore a market that will most likely exceed 25,000 vehicles this year (total of the light commercial and passenger car derivatives), especially when Honda has one of the finest cars available in the sector. And a Turbo topliner using a state-of-the-miniature-art IHI compact turbo.

Possibility Three: The March, alias Nissan 1000, sized in the same package as the Honda City, will be launched early in 1984.

Possibility Four: Daihatsu will introduce the 1100cc diesel and turbo diesel to puff up its current range of Charades (sedan versions), Duet (sedan variant of van) and Handi (just add "van" and you get the picture). And this is not just a possibility: Daihatsu will introduce one of the diesel versions either late this year or early next.

Not that the action so far has lacked pace. The pipsqueaks have created enough noise in their lowly market slot to attract the attention of both the bloated multi-nationals and government authorities. The former have constantly squealed that the dinky toys threaten their very market existence (really boys, with less than four percent of the total vehicle market?) while secretly laying plans to introduce brats of their own (as with GM-H). The federal government has been quick to capitalise on the controversy by hiking the duty rate on the "suspect" sedan derivatives of the commercial mini vans from 35 to 45 percent. This ensures that any prolonged debate will have to at least acknowledge exchange income value as against lost local sales. End of argument, but not the end of controversy, for many of these microbes occupy a sector of the market that theoretically doesn't exist. This is how it works. . .

The importer introduces a small panel van featuring two front seats and rear loading tray and enters it in the light commercial import sector where it attracts a duty rate of only 35 percent, doesn't require import licence, isn't subject to import quota (or restriction on number of vehicles) and doesn't have to meet certain twisty (and costly) Australian Design Rule requirements laid down for passenger vehicles. Importer is happy, because he can land them in swarms for chicken shit. Buyer is happy because he can buy one for as little as $4500 on the road. Other guys already in business are not happy because (a) they didn't think of it first or (b) didn't have something like that to import. So they scream "foul" and complain to the ref. Ref applies normal procedure and slaps on a fine (in this case by bumping the duty up to 45 percent). Ref has noticed that rear van area is unusually structured so that it can be converted to rear seat. Ref notices this because some cheeky importers even market this conversion and rear window pop-ins (through their dealers of course). Importers are obliged to take duty hike on the chin, and the dobbers on the other side are momentarily placated by the fine. Or are they just busy shouldering their way into the overseas terminal to be sure to be the first to sign up some Japanese runt for themselves?

There's already a whole army of these automotive adolescents buzzing about on these shores. Suzuki got the run on the rails and cornered the market with the Hatch which it cunningly markets in two three-cylinder engine formats (550cc and 800cc) ranging from $4995 to $5790. It sold almost 2300 of these in the first quarter of this year and is likely to turn over around 9000 Australia-wide for 1983, grabbing as much as 13 percent of the total light commercial market in the process.

Subaru, which launched its Sherpa on the back of Sir Edmund Hilary's famed achievements with these sturdy mountain folk, got almost three percent of the market at its first attempt in the final quarter of last year. It has held that figure into 1983 with a likely sales achievement by year's end of about 1800 vehicles nationally.

Daihatsu, in retaliation, has launched a three-cylinder light commercial version of its Charade which it calls the Duet (very coy considering its main purpose in life is to be instantly convertible to a four-seater). This is also where the whole deal gets a bit tricky, since Daihatsu is well established in the market sector with the Handi or Handivan, which it has long marketed in two-cylinder form at a noted disadvantage against the Hatch and, more recently, the Sherpa.

Its new model gives it a nice price and

Mitsubishi's Colt (top left) is a shopping trolley from the small car class, but competes head-on with Daihatsu Charade (left) which is the top local in the micro car class. Suzuki's Hatch (above) is imported under the light commercial category, a dodge to beat higher import duties. It's the smallest schoolbus on the block.

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Lawrence Harop Vartan / Ar83 / Sc / C

specification straddle of the micro market from $5313 (for the three-door, two-cylinder Handi) to $6195 (for the three-door, three-cylinder Duet). More for auto variants of course. Daihatsu already had a good lump of this market (more than 3.5 percent) and should fare better on the 1983 sales charts since the Duet is due in the new year.

But Daihatsu has another great strength in the Charade. Launched here in 1979 following acclaim as the 1978 Japanese Car of the Year, it immediately swamped the 1980 Total Economy Run with a miserly 5.4 litres/100km (52.7mpg) and followed up with a winning vote in the NSW consumer motorist organisation (NRMA) award as the undisputed leader in owner satisfaction (3000 members surveyed).

By the end of 1982, sales figures for the Charade exceeded 3000 per annum. But that was not achieved without cost. The Charade could only land in this country under the "car plan", which demanded ADR compliance, carried a 57.5 percent duty rate (effective 98 percent when combined with sales tax) and required a licence since it had no quota of existing licences (only available to vehicles with proven track record in sales). Daihatsu's executives set the daily press headlines alight as they outbid every other automotive outfit in the country to buy licences at punitive rates at the infamous "licence auctions". The cost of these licences, and others bought privately, was sufficient to scare off most of the other bidders. Yet Daihatsu coughed up and still lobbed its little cars on to the market-place at miniature prices — $6895 to $7295 for the current manual model range. This bedrock price structuring earned Daihatsu a reputation of "loss leading" its sedans by spreading the load over the rest of its light commercial range.

The contestants in the Micro Carwars display very little new technology. Compare for example, the following dimensions of the latest Daihatsus and that pint-sized blast from the past, the British Leyland Mini. . .

Duet/ Handi	w-base	length	width	wt.
	215cm	319cm	139cm	570kg
Mini	204cm	305cm	141cm	630kg

Both have 10-inch wheels, run rack and pinion steering, fundamental suspension layouts (the Mini used hydrolastic), front-drive engine placement of less than 1000cc (one is four-cylinder, one is three-cylinder); performance and economy of purchase are similar. There are, however, some important differences. The Daihatsu (as with the other newies) offers a little more performance and a good deal more economy (despite more severe pollution requirements). Some of the worst mechanical bugbears of the first-generation fwd Minis seem to have been conquered — most notably, wear of the front constant velocity joints (CVs). General reliability is higher, finish is better and equipment levels have been sharply upgraded.

All this is particularly highlighted on the upmarket Charade which has full instrumentation, luxury refinements, five-speed manual transmission, disc brakes (front) and five-link rear coil-sprung suspension. The topline Charade can be put in your garage for less than $8000 complete with metallic paint, air-conditioning and AM-FM radio, registered, ready to rort. And if ecological considerations are more your bag, you can even have an electric one with a 75/75 performance rating (75km range and a maximum 75 km/h) at a slight premium. Just $18,957; plug it into the power point for eight hours and you are mobile again.

The regular version is quite spectacular to drive, running standing 400 metres in under 20 seconds and reaching to 160km/h top speeds. Light and nimble, it goes, stops and handles with reasonable aplomb. Comfort is fair, equipment generous, noise levels tolerable. For something with the capacity of your average daily milk order, the torque and response of the engine are quite remarkable for those steep hills and queasy overtaking manoeuvres. The same can be said for the bigger Hatch (the 800) and the Subaru Sherpa. Even more could be said of the Turbo Honda City and the Daihatsu Turbo Diesel when they come here, plus the Suzuki-Holden M-Car.

Besides warring with each other over the midget market, the micro car manufacturers have had to come to terms with an invasion of their market territory from the small car class which is chocka with hyper-competitive babies vying for a fast-growing sector. It includes local-builts (Gemini, Corolla, Pulsar, Laser, etc) and full imports like the Honda Civic and Mazda 323. And the sales action has become so hot in this sector that price tags have plunged down into the micro car range.

Mitsubishi has been a leading aggressor in this thrust, offering a packaged version of the Colt for a zippy $6666 ticket — around 700 bucks under the proper mark. One Sydney dealer even offered a discount on that!

With superior interiors and appointments, more "regular car" features, better performance and a slightly bulkier package, this is stiff competition for the twerps. Front-drive like the other midget boxes, the Colt offers a choice of "real" engines — 1400-1600cc four-cylinders — and an "eight-speed" gearbox which gives the power of the big motor *or* the economy of one half the size. No need to make eight shifts per block either — the Colt has one cog-swapper and a second lever to select "power" or "economy".

Aiming for around 2000 vehicles a month this year, Mitsubishi is using fleet sales to leapfrog it up to a 16 percent market share with sufficient sales volume clout to enable the company to knock on the low-price door of the micro market. Colts have Mitsubishi's 12 months/unlimited mileage warranty which also helps.

Nissan is in there, kicking, scratching and biting with sacrifice deals on its Pulsar — armed with 1.5 litre engine, five-speed gearbox, and good economy from a claimed 0.38 drag coefficient. Nissan also has the monster-micro called the Prairie which still sells within the scale of the top model super-minis.

Earlier this year, Ford offered a base-model, local-built Laser five-door for the same money as a three-door Suzuki Hatch. The Laser, rebuilt for local conditions from the Mazda 323, is among the best of the local small car offerings and will handle the worst Australian tracks better than most. Suzuki, conscious of developing its tough image, has embarked on a round-Australia run with a Hatch driven by radio commentator Hank Luff.

In the year of its seven millionth front-drive car, Honda is on the pricing rails — having suffered a 15 percent nailback due to the devaluation of the Australian dollar. The brilliant Civic is hardly under siege yet, since most units are imported to paid-up orders, but it's getting tougher.

Mazda is in the same camp, fighting the Australian dollar to retain its gold-plated share of the market. Meanwhile, sneaky little units like the Sherpa continue to slip under the wire at price tags starting below the $5500 mark. And this against a claim for more space, more equipment and more sophistication than its immediate rivals.

How do they do it? The answer is that they compromise.

While the micro manufacturers might rack up different equipment and specification claims for their charges, they all show evidence of budget building. The two worst areas of scrimping are in seating (some are orthopaedically dangerous) and ventilation (a lot of saunas have better circulation). Trim quality, small wheels (most run tiny 10s) and lack of torque are other minuses.

Amazingly, they are all well-finished, mostly well-equipped (including stuff like arm-rests, courtesy lights, intermittent wipers, radios, steel radials, laminate screens, rear demisters) and go like the clappers around town. They are reliable and free from major warranty hassles. The only other big question mark is vehicle life. And most new car buyers just don't care.

The new breed of micros provides the driver with suitable insulation from any feelings of inferiority. . . until the first big dog ranges up alongside the window. But so what if you can park in a bike rack and drive all week on a dribble of fuel? On any main arterial, it's impossible to ignore the fact that you are only knee-high to a Volvo truck, about level with council bus exhaust.

So what? At least you can still talk to your bank manager!

When you see how they perform, you'll know how they got their names. And why they've just won an international design award. Both the Targa and Le Mans have pure nickel shaving heads — the Targa with specially designed twin shaving foil. Both have ***telescopic retractable trimmers*** *and dual voltage selection for worldwide use. And both are in cases as sleekly designed as the shavers themselves. Test drive them. If you're not convinced they're the best shavers you've ever handled,* ***return them within 14 days, and we'll refund your money.***

SUN 5968

ICEBREAKER

(continued from page 60)

One move from Bond and the Stetchkin would make its muffled pop, leaving 007 with a hole in his guts.

moment, you understand." Bond grunted.

"Now, as I said, things have changed," Mosolov continued. "We wish simply to verify certain information. First we'll do a chemical interrogation to clean you out. Then we'll have a nice little asset to exchange. You've got a couple of our people who've done sterling work at General Communications Headquarters in Cheltenham.

"In due course an exchange will be arranged, I'm sure."

"Is that why Moscow went along with all this in the first place? The games played with von Gloda and his crazies?"

"Oh, partly." Kolya Mosolov jerked his pistol. "Look, just get on with it. There's another job to be done before we leave Helsinki."

Bond climbed into his ski pants. "*Partly,* Kolya? *Partly?* Bit of an expensive operation, wasn't it? Just to get me — and you damned near killed me doing it."

"Playing along with von Gloda's wild schemes helped get rid of other small embarrassments."

"Like Blue Hare?"

"Blue Hare, and other things. Von Gloda's death is a foregone conclusion."

"*Is?*" Bond looked up sharply.

Kolya Mosolov nodded. "Amazing, really. Wasn't that some display our ground attack boys gave? You wouldn't have thought anybody could survive. Yet von Gloda managed to get out."

Bond found it difficult to believe. Certainly M had not known. He asked where the would-be leader of the Fourth Reich was now hiding.

"He's here." Mosolov spoke as though the information were obvious. "In Helsinki. Regrouping, as he would say. Reorganising. Ready to start all over again, unless he is stopped. I have to do the stopping. It would be embarrassing, to say the least, if von Gloda were allowed to continue his operations."

Bond was now almost dressed. "You're taking me out — back to Russia. You also intend to deal with von Gloda?" He adjusted the collar of his rollneck.

"Oh yes. You're part of my plan, Mr Bond. I have as well to get rid of friend von Gloda, or Aarne Tudeer, or whatever he wishes to call himself on his tombstone. The timing is good. . ."

"What is the time?" Bond asked.

Kolya, always the professional, did not even glance at his watch. "About 7.45 in the morning. As I was saying, the timing is good. You see, von Gloda has some of his own people here, in Helsinki. He leaves for London, via Paris, this morning. I gather the madman imagines he can stage some kind of rally in London. There's also the question of an NSAA agent being held by your Service, I think. Naturally, he wants too to take his revenge on you, Bond. So, I consider it best to offer you as a target. He cannot resist that."

"Hardly," Bond answered crisply. Already he had felt a tidal wave of depression sluice over him at the thought of von Gloda being still alive. Now he was to be used as bait — not for the first time since all this began. Bond's whole spirit revolted against the idea. There had to be a way. If anyone was going to get von Gloda, it would be Bond.

Mosolov was still speaking. "Von Gloda's flight leaves at nine. It would be a nice touch if James Bond were to be seated in his own car, outside Vantaa Airport. That very fact should lure Comrade von Gloda from the departure building. He will not know that I have my own ways — old-fashioned perhaps — of making certain that you will sit quietly in the car: handcuffs, another small injection, a little different to the one I gave Paula." He nodded towards the bed where Paula still slept soundly.

"You're mad." Though he said it, Bond knew he was the one person whose presence could lure von Gloda. "How would you do it."

Mosolov's smile was sly now. "Your motor car, Mr Bond. It's fitted with a rather special telephone, I believe?"

"Not many people know about that." Bond was genuinely annoyed that Mosolov had found out about the telephone. He wondered what else the Russian knew.

"Well, I do, and I have the details. The base unit for your car telephone needs to go through an ordinary phone, linking the system to that of the country in which you operate. For instance, the base unit can be fitted to the phone in this room. All we do is wire in your base unit here, and drive out to the airport. By the time we get there you will be handcuffed, and unable to move. But, just before we arrive, I use the car phone, call the information desk, and ask them to page von Gloda. He will receive a message — that Mr James Bond is outside, in the car park, alone and incapacitated. I think I could even leave the message in Paula's name; she wouldn't mind. When von Gloda comes out, I shall be near him." He patted the silenced Stetchkin. "With a weapon like this, people will think it's a heart attack — at least to begin with. By the time they get to the truth we shall be well away. I already have another car standing by. It will all be very quick."

"No chance. You'll never get away with it," Bond said aloud, though he knew there was every possibility of Mosolov getting away with it. This was the cool, audacious act which so often works. But Bond grasped at a straw. Mosolov had made one error — that of believing the Saab's telephone required a base unit fitted to the main phone system. This would be a local call, and the electronics in the car had an operating range of around twenty-five miles. An error like this one was just what Bond needed.

"So," Kolya hefted the Stetchkin in his hand, "just give me the car keys. We'll go together. You can tell me how to get at the base unit."

Bond pretended to think for a full minute. Mosolov repeated.

"You have no alternative."

"You're right," Bond said at last, "I have no alternative. I resent coming to Moscow with you, Mosolov, but I am also anxious to see von Gloda out of the way. Getting the base unit's a tricky business. There are various routines I have to go through with the locks to the hiding place, but you can have me covered all the time. I'm ready. Why don't we do it now, straight away?"

Kolya nodded, glanced at the prostrate Paula, then thrust the Stetchkin inside his jacket. He gestured for Bond to take out the car keys and the key to the room, then to go on ahead of him.

All the way down the corridor, Mosolov stayed a good three paces behind Bond. In the lift, he remained in one corner — as far away as possible. The Russian was well-trained, no doubt about that. One move from Bond and the Stetchkin would make its muffled pop, leaving 007 with a gaping hole in his guts. They went down to the car park, heading for the Saab. About three paces from the car Bond turned.

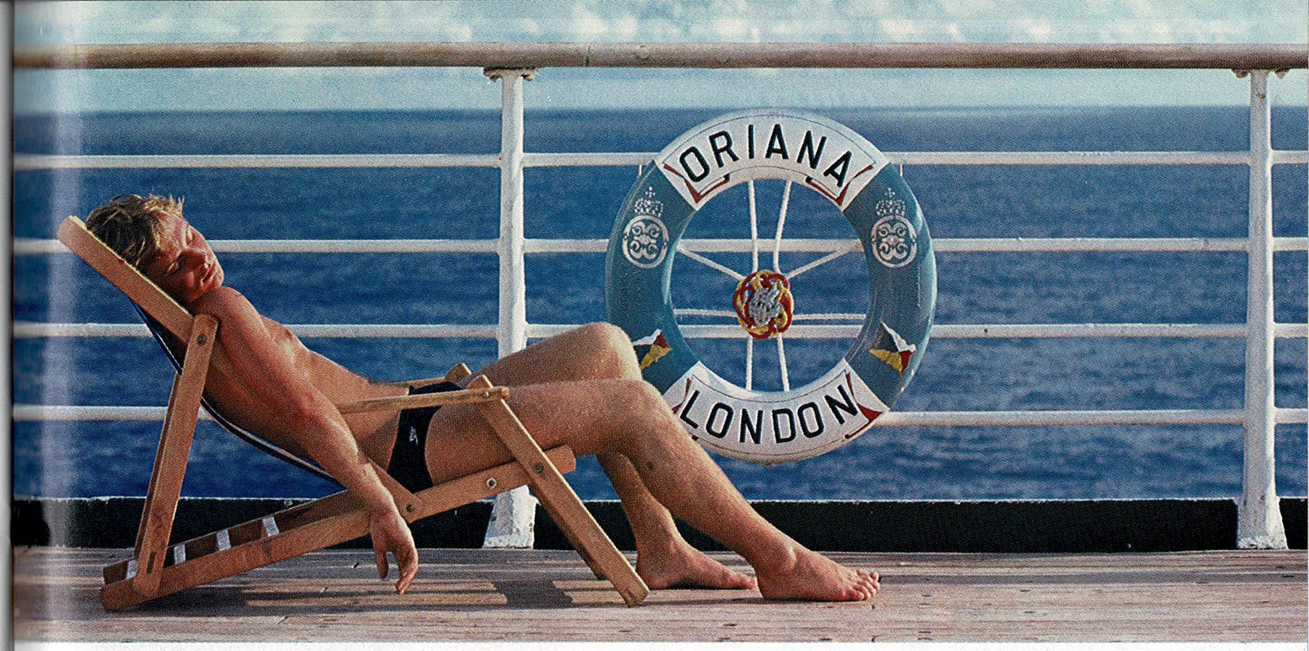
"I have to take the keys from my pocket. Okay?"

Kolya said nothing, just nodded, moving the big pistol inside his coat to remind Bond it was there. Bond took the keys, his eyes darting around. Nobody else was in the car park, not a soul in sight. Ice crunched under his feet, and he felt the sweat trickle down from his armpits inside the warm clothing. It was fully light.

They reached the car. Bond unlocked the driver's door, then turned back to Kolya. "I have to switch the ignition on — not fire the engine, just put on the electrics to operate the lock," he said.

Again Kolya nodded and Bond leaned across the driver's seat, inserted the key into the ignition, and told Kolya he would have to sit in the driver's seat to open the telephone compartment. Once more Kolya nodded. Bond felt the eye of the automatic pistol boring through the Russian's jacket, and knew that surprise and speed were his only allies now.

Almost casually, Bond pressed the square black button on the dashboard, while his left hand dropped to the right position. There was a tiny hiss of gas, as the hydraulics opened the hidden compart-



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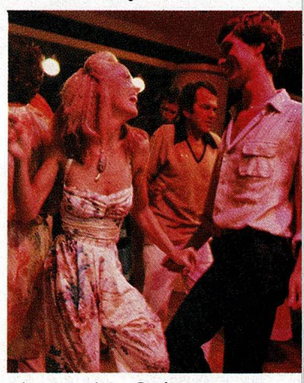

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ment. A second later the big Ruger Redhawk dropped into his left hand.

Trained to use weapons with both hands, urged on by speed, Bond's body turned only slightly, the flash of the Magnum cartridge burning his trousers and jacket as he fired almost before the big revolver was clear of its hiding place.

Kolya Mosolov knew nothing. One minute he was ready to squeeze the trigger of the silenced Stetchkin, hidden under his coat; the next moment a blinding flash, a fractional pain, then darkness and the long oblivion.

The bullet lifted the Russian from his feet, catching him just below the throat, almost ripping head from body. His heels scraped the ice as he slid back, turning as he hit the ground, and sliding a good one and a half metres after he had fallen.

But Bond saw none of that. The moment he fired, so his right hand slammed the door closed. The Redhawk went back into its compartment, and the key was fully twisted in the ignition. The Saab burst into life, and Bond's hand moved with calm, expert confidence — pushing the button to close the compartment housing the Redhawk. He slid the gear lever into first, clipped on his inertia reel seatbelt, released the brake, and smoothly moved away as his fingers adjusted the hot air controls and the rear window heater. As he pulled away, Bond got the merest glimpse of what remained of the Russian: a small huddle on the ice, and a swelling pool of crimson. He swerved the car on to the Mannerheimintie, joining the sparse traffic heading for the Vantaa Airport road.

Once settled into the road pattern, Bond reached down and activated the radio telephone — which had proved to be Kolya Mosolov's fatal mistake. This was a simple local call, needing no base unit, for the resident agent, under whose control Bond officially worked, should be at a number situated less than 10 miles from where the Saab sped towards the airport.

Bond punched out the number, by feel rather than looking down, for his eyes had to be everywhere now. In the handset he heard the number buzz at the far end. The buzzing continued, unanswered. In some ways Bond was pleased. The resident was away from his phone, but at least Bond had gone through the official motions.

He drove with care, watching his speed, for the Finnish police are extremely vigilant when it comes to the breaking of the speed limit. The clock on Bond's dashboard, which had been adjusted to Helsinki time, said 8.05. He would be at Vantaa by 8.30 all right — possibly just in time to catch up with von Gloda.

•

The airport was crowded, like any other international terminal, when Bond entered. He had parked the Saab in an easily accessible place, and now carried the awkward Ruger Redhawk inside his jacket, the long barrel pushed into the waistband of his trousers and twisted sideways. Never, the training school taught, imitate the movies and shove a gun barrel straight down inside your trouser leg; always turn it to one side. If there should be an accident, straight down would mean losing part of your foot, if you were lucky. An unlucky man would lose what one instructor insisted on calling his "wedding tackle" — a term Bond thought oddly vulgar. Twist the weapon sideways, by the butt, and you would get a burn, though the unfortunate person beside you would catch the bullet.

The big clock in International Departures stood at two minutes to 8.30.

Moving very fast, elbowing through the throng, Bond made the information desk and asked about the nine o'clock flight to Paris. The girl hardly looked up. The nine o'clock was Flight AY 873 via Brussels. They would not be calling it for another 15 minutes as there was a catering delay.

As yet there was no need to put out a call for von Gloda, Bond decided. If the man's colleagues were around to see him off, there would still be a chance to corner him on this side of the terminal. If not, then Bond would simply have to bluff to get him back from the air-side.

Keeping behind as much cover as possible, Bond edged his way past the kiosks, trying to position himself near the passage on the extreme left of the complex which led to passport control and the air-side lounges.

At the far end of this section of the departure area, set in front of high windows, was a coffee shop — separated from the main complex by a low, flimsy trellis barrier covered with imitation flowers. To the left of it, very close to where Bond now stood, was the passport control section, each of its little booths occupied by an official.

Bond started to look at faces, searching through the crowds for von Gloda. Departing passengers were constantly passing through passport control, while the coffee shop was crowded with travellers, mainly seated at low, round tables. Then quite unexpectedly — almost out of the corner of his eye — Bond saw his quarry: von Gloda rising from one of the coffee shop tables.

The would-be heir to Adolf Hitler's ruined empire appeared to be just as well-organised in Helsinki as he had been at the Ice Palace. His clothes were immaculate, and even in the grey civilian greatcoat, the man had a military look about him — a straightness of back and a bearing that singled him out from the ordinary. No wonder, Bond thought momentarily, that Tudeer imagined the world was his destiny.

He was surrounded by six men, all smartly dessed — each one of them looking like an ex-soldier. Mercenaries, perhaps? Von Gloda spoke to them in a low voice, punctuating his words with quick movements of the hands. It took Bond a second or two to realise the movements were similar to those of the late Adolf Hitler himself.

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TOWNSVILLE, Horn & Petersen; Diamond Design.
NORTHERN TERRITORY
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TASMANIA
HOBART, Precision Jewellers, 60a Murray Street also at Fitzgeralds.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
ADELAIDE, Wendts Jewellers.
PORT AUGUSTA, Milhinch Jewellers.
PORT PIRIE, Evans Jewellery.
WHYALLA NORRIE, Westland Jewellers.

The radio announcement system clicked and played its little warning jingle. They were about to announce the Paris flight, Bond was certain. Von Gloda cocked his head to listen, but he'd also apparently decided, before the jingle finished, that it was his flight.

Solemnly he shook hands with each of his men in turn and looked around for his hand baggage.

Bond moved closer to the trelliswork. There were too many people in the coffee shop to risk taking von Gloda there, he decided. The best place would be as the man walked clear of the coffee shop towards passport control.

Still maintaining cover among the constantly changing throng, Bond edged to the left.

Von Gloda appeared to be looking around him, as if alerted to some danger.

The jingle died away, and the voice of the announcer came from the myriad speakers — unusually loud and clear, almost unbearably so. Bond felt his stomach churn. He stopped in his tracks, eyes never leaving von Gloda, who also stiffened, his face changing at the words:

Bond couldn't understand why he was on the ground. Vaguely he caught sight of a passport control officer diving for shelter behind his booth.

"Would Mr James Bond please come to the Information Desk on the second floor?"

They were on the second floor. Bond quickly looked around, eyes searching for the Information Desk, aware that von Gloda was also turning. The voice repeated, "Mr James Bond, please go to the Information Desk."

Von Gloda turned fully. Both he and Bond must have spotted the figure, standing by the Information Desk, at roughly the same moment — Hans Buchtman, whom Bond had first known as Brad Tirpitz. As their eyes met, so Buchtman moved towards Bond, his mouth opening, words floating, lost in the general noise and bustle.

For an instant, von Gloda stared at Buchtman, scowling, incredulous. Then, at last, he saw Bond.

The whole scene appeared to be frozen for a split second. Then von Gloda said something to his companions. They began to scatter as von Gloda grabbed his cabin baggage and started to move quickly from the coffee shop.

Bond stepped into the open in an attempt to cut him off, aware of Buchtman elbowing his way through the crowd. Bond's hand touched the Redhawk's butt as Buchtman's words finally reached his ears:: "No! No, Bond! No, we want him alive!"

I'll bet you do, Bond thought, as he hauled on the Redhawk, closing towards von Gloda who was crossing in front of him, moving rapidly. There was no stopping Bond now.

"Halt, Tudeer!" he shouted. "You'll never make the flight. Stop now!"

People began to scream, and Bond — only a few paces from von Gloda — realised that the leader of the National Socialist Action Army held a Luger pistol low in his right hand, half screened by the small case in his left. Bond still hauled on the Redhawk, which would not come free from his waistband. Again he shouted, glancing back to see that Buchtman was bearing down on him from behind, thrusting people out of his path. In the midst of the panic erupting around him, Bond heard von Gloda shouting hysterically as he turned full on towards Bond.

"They didn't get me yesterday," von Gloda yelled. "This is proof of my mission. Proof of my destiny."

As though in answer, the barrel of the Redhawk came free. Von Gloda's hand rose, the Luger pointing towards Bond, who dropped to one knee, extending his arm and the Redhawk. Von Gloda's hand and the Luger filled Bond's vision as he called again, "It's over, von Gloda. Don't be a fool."

Then the spurt of flame from the Luger's barrel, and Bond's own finger squeezing twice on the Redhawk's trigger. The explosions were simultaneous, and a great hand seemed to fling Bond sideways. The passport control booths spun in front of him and he sprawled across the floor while von Gloda twisted and reared like a wounded stag, still screaming, "Destiny. . . destiny. . . destiny. . ."

Bond couldn't understand why he was on the ground. Vaguely he caught sight of a passport control officer diving for shelter behind his booth. Then, still sprawling, he had the Redhawk zeroed in on von Gloda, who seemed to be trying to aim again with his Luger. Bond squeezed off another shot, and von Gloda dropped the Luger, then took one step back and his head disappeared in a thick mist.

It was only now that pain began to overtake Bond. He felt very tired. Someone held his shoulders. There was a lot of noise. Then a voice: "Couldn't be helped, Jimmy. You got the bastard. All over now. They've sent for an ambulance. You'll be okay."

The voice was saying more than that, but the light ebbed away from Bond's eyes, and all sound disappeared, as though someone had deliberately turned down the volume.

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ASIO

(continued from page 46)

In counter-terrorism most of ASIO's effectiveness comes from its liaison with friendly nations.

profound sense, are experts on Russian language and culture, and on the unique Russian political and intelligence culture which produces the extraordinary phenomenon of the KGB.

ASIO has only two desk officers devoted to counter-Soviet subversion. In general, ASIO is under-manned for the tasks it is required to carry out. ASIO's entire establishment numbers between 700 and 800, which is quite small for a national security and intelligence organisation. Some 10 percent or so of the ASIO establishment works in personnel or related areas — "keeping the troops happy". Some of ASIO's old hands believe that ASIO has become over-bureaucratised, and spends too much of its resources on internal bureaucratic business.

ASIO is significantly over-matched when it comes to taking on the KGB in Canberra. As a matter of course, ASIO carries out operational activity against Soviet and other East European diplomatic personnel in Canberra and other parts of Australia, and of course it uses the standard intelligence techniques: it keeps people under surveillance, it bugs phones, it runs agents and it intercepts mail.

But ASIO just doesn't have the resources for ongoing comprehensive surveillance. It might keep the entrance to the Soviet embassy under constant surveillance, but it is impossible to keep any of the diplomats under constant surveillance for very long. Such surveillance is just too labor intensive an operation: it needs six people spread through three cars, it needs radio operators and it needs three shifts a day.

Occasional surveillance isn't really good enough — the KGB doesn't just work nine to five, after all.

Further, KGB agents have vastly superior training to ASIO people. A career KGB man might spend as much as four years in full-time training before his first assignment. The KGB is the dominant, all-powerful organisation within the Soviet Union and its empire, as the elevation of former KGB chief Yuri Andropov to the Soviet presidency illustrates. Its personnel, especially those sent to western countries, are highly competent. ASIO officers, on the other hand, might be involved in operational activities, running agents etc, after a six-week tradecraft course.

In intelligence agencies, of course, the best training occurs on-the-job. Nonetheless, formal training programs are important. The best formal training any ASIO people do get is as a result of exchange programs with the services of allied countries, in particular the British services, and very occasionally the Canadians and Americans.

The British services have, in the past, certainly been the victims of devastating penetrations, but there is no doubt that the average quality of their personnel is significantly higher than that of ASIO's. In terms of acquiring a sense of purpose, and professionalism in methodology and behavior, ASIO officers can only benefit from a British sojourn.

The bureaucratic nature of ASIO can also make it rather inflexible. Although some public servants transfer to ASIO and can later transfer back to the public service, people who are recruited directly into ASIO cannot later transfer to the public service. What, then, is an ASIO officer to do for a crust if he gets sick of being a spook? Where does he go? Twenty years in intelligence does not naturally fit you out for gainful employment in a wide variety of industries.

These career restrictions have been one, but just one, contributing factor to the widespread factionalism within ASIO. ASIO staff have even formed their own staff association, for a time known as the ANZAC Club, to press various grievances. The staff association has tended to have little industrial function. Some ASIO staff have even joined the major public service union, the Administrative and Clerical Officers Association, although it is believed that this union has not actually represented an ASIO officer in an industrial dispute. The ASIO staff association has tended therefore to act as just an avenue for expression of discontent within the organisation.

There are other operational practices which give cause for concern. ASIO's records, for example, are still not computerised. One of ASIO's most important functions is "vetting" people who, because of their jobs, need security clearances. The first step in the vetting procedure is to check the person's name in the ASIO card file, to see if the person has been adversely recorded.

If a public servant misses out on promotion because of an adverse ASIO report, he has the opportunity to appeal against the decision.

One group of people vetted by ASIO is federal government ministers' personal staffs. These vettings are of questionable thoroughness and value, and in any event ministers have been believed in the past to give access to confidential material to staffers long before those staffers' security clearances come through.

ASIO's vetting of its own people is also of questionable thoroughness. ASIO has a minuscule counter-intelligence staff. Counter-intelligence is devoted to rooting out any foreign penetration of the security agency itself. As the British experience has shown, any western intelligence organisation is liable to be penetrated by the Russians at any level.

The Americans have found one of the most valuable tools in counter-intelligence to be positive vetting using the polygraph, or lie detector. But the Australian service, like the British, has a deeply ingrained cultural prejudice against the polygraph. It is a prejudice which ASIO, again like the British, can ill afford.

In the field of counter-terrorism most of ASIO's effectiveness comes from its liaison with the intelligence agencies of friendly nations, in particular the British and the Israeli. The Israeli service, the Mossad, is rated as man-for-man the most competent intelligence agency in the world. It, of course, is only a fraction of the size of the KGB, but the Russians are reputed to regard the Mossad as their most formidable adversary.

Western intelligence agencies track the movements of known terrorists all round the world, and ASIO is informed if any known terrorist comes to Australia. Similarly ASIO will be informed if information is gained overseas on any terrorist operations planned for Australia. ASIO is also alerted to specific dates which particular groups are likely to celebrate by terrorist activities.

ASIO's local counter-terrorism efforts, however, are patchy. The avoidance of politically motivated violence is ASIO's top priority, but again it lacks the resources and expertise to do very much toward that noble end. For example, ASIO has concluded that the most likely sources of terrorism in Australia are certain fringe elements of the Arab community. Nonetheless, ASIO has faced for a long time a shortage of manpower in the Arab area. ASIO cannot even maintain a full monitoring of Arab language newspapers in Australia as it does not employ enough translators. Similarly, ASIO has great difficulty recruiting people who can understand Australian Arab communities. It finds it very difficult to run operations in such communities.

One of the greatest problems ASIO faces is the perpetual leaking of its documents. The publication of ASIO's annual reports in the Australian press is not something designed to enhance ASIO's reputation either with the intelligence agencies of friendly governments, or with others who may provide information to ASIO.

The line ASIO takes on this is that the documents are not leaked from within ASIO, but from somewhere else, presumably from some section of the public service to whom ASIO's documents are circulated. There is probably considerable substance in this view, but even so, it is a fairly lame excuse.

One area in which ASIO can report

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consistent high level expertise is the use of technical equipment. The ASIO people who are essentially professional burglars, who break into places to search them, or to plant listening devices, are generally good at their job. This is one area where ASIO has traditionally performed well. However, when it comes to technical espionage expertise, ASIO is no match for the Russians.

There is no doubt that the Russians run extensive operations in Australia. Petrov, Skripov, Ivanov, Koshliakov — they are just a tiny proportion of the KGB agents ASIO has identified in Australia over the years.

It is difficult for the Western mind to come to grips with the KGB, to understand the scope and long-range planning of its operations. In some ways, the KGB is less a classic espionage organisation than a tightly controlled political movement. Espionage in the traditional sense — that is the gaining of secrets — is certainly an important part of the KGB's work, and it has had, via Philby, Prime and others, spectacular successes in this field. But many Western intelligence agents believe the KGB's prime aims are far more active, that the KGB's priority is "active measures" — the spreading of disinformation, influencing the course of Western politics and so on.

ASIO has always believed, and has occasionally had operational evidence to support its belief, that the Russians finance sections of the Australian communist movement. Certainly this is standard KGB practice in other Western countries. The kind of money the KGB traditionally throws around could have an important influence on, say, a tight trade union ballot.

The Russians are also masters of the art of patronage. If an Australian academic, politician, trade unionist or whoever, shows the Russians that he or she is an asset (in other words pushes for policies which they want Australia to adopt), then he or she is likely to be offered many free trips to the Eastern bloc, as well as numerous other inducements. There is often a fine line between accepting gifts with no strings attached, and performing in a certain way in order to attract the gifts.

The Russians in Australia undoubtedly use sophisticated telephone intercept equipment to listen in on important telephones, especially in Canberra. There is no doubt an amount of on-the-ground espionage, involving ideological converts, the "illegals" network, and others, bureaucrats and diplomats whom the Russians have suborned or blackmailed.

The KGB undoubtedly runs some operations among the East European refugee communities, both to limit anti-Soviet activities and because such communities often have interesting information about what is going on among dissident groups back home.

Possibly, however, the Russians are less active among East European refugees than are other East European diplomats. As well as the Russians, ASIO has to keep an eye on the activities of diplomats from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, East Germany and Hungary. (Apart from the East Europeans there are other embassies that ASIO would like to keep a watch on, if they had the resources. These include the embassies of Cuba, China, Iraq, Libya, Iran and Vietnam.)

A number of East European embassies have a record of running operations against their emigre communities in Australia. The Yugoslav service, the UDBA, had a long tradition of murdering anti-Tito activists in Western countries. There is no record of such events in Australia, and the practice seems to have been abandoned by the Yugoslavs anyway. But the Yugoslavs have run operations in Australia, particularly among the Croatian community.

When Lionel Murphy was Attorney-General, ASIO, the Commonwealth Police and anyone else concerned with terrorism, were dead keen to produce a Croatian terrorist, to show that they did not direct all their energies against Left-wing terrorists, but were just as tough on Right-wing terrorists.

The Yugoslav embassy, at the time, supplied information to the Australian security services which they could only have obtained through running agents in the secret Croatian organisations.

It is impossible to know the exact shape of KGB operations in Australia. The Czech general, Jan Sejna, the most senior East European ever to defect to the West, has claimed that Australia is a vital target for the KGB. Its role as a member of the Western alliance and its geographical position at the southern apex of Asia make Australia important to the KGB. Sejna has suggested that Australia could be a base for KGB operations against other countries in South-East Asia.

The legendary former head of CIA Counter-Intelligence, James Jesus Angleton, one of the most gifted intelligence officers the Americans have ever produced, but with at least as many enemies as friends, has also said that Australia is a key KGB target.

All of the Russians' and their allies' activities are just too much for ASIO to cope with in any significant way, and many foreign intelligence agencies have a virtual free hand in Australia. When the foreign agencies get involved with local groups, the situation starts to get a little sticky for ASIO. It has mostly been ASIO's actions aimed against Australian citizens that have attracted the greatest political flak for ASIO.

ASIO has always had a counter-subversion role, and this has caused much of its problems, for all the old certainties are gone, and today ASIO has enormous difficulty coming to grips with the question: what is subversion and what is legitimate politics.

When Mr Justice A.E. Woodward was director-general of ASIO, a directive was issued instructing ASIO officers to distinguish between "genuine subversion" and legitimate "citizen dissent". At the time, ASIO was having an internal debate over whether to retain the Communist Party of Australia as a target.

The three elements of subversion have traditionally been a foreign involvement, a clandestine side, and a nature to circumvent or destabilise democratic procedures. Overseas intelligence agencies often define terrorism as simply armed subversion.

Generally speaking, if a local group espouses or is likely to engage in violent activity, it is reasonable for ASIO to take an interest in it; similarly if it is funded by a foreign government, ASIO has a role. But should ASIO have a role in monitoring local radical groups which, in the course of demonstrations and so on may break the law in a minor way, but are not revolutionary, or committed to violence or funded by an overseas power?

This provides ASIO with some of its stickiest political problems, and is an area in which the finest judgement is required. ASIO may *suspect* a group is financed from overseas, or is prone to serious violence, but it may not know. In order to find out, ASIO must run agents, intercept mail etc, in other words engage in clandestine activity. If the organisation turns out to be innocent, then ASIO has run operations against law-abiding citizens, and this can cause it much political embarrassment.

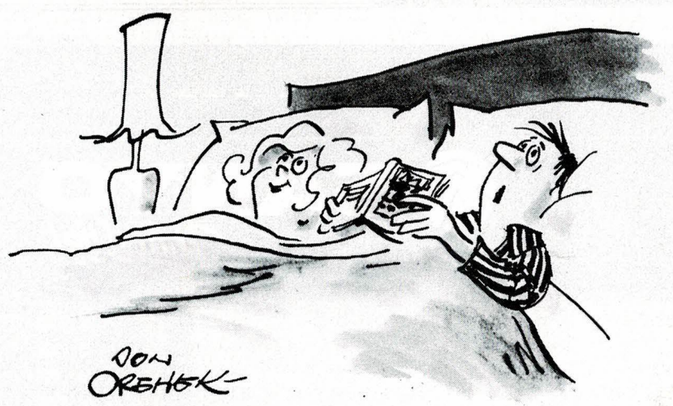
There is no doubt that in the '50s and '60s ASIO made serious misjudgements. Under the leadership of Sir Charles Spry, many ASIO personnel were simply arch-conservatives who regarded anyone on the Left as subversive. This is a fatal attitude for an intelligence agent to have. Apart from the injustice involved in the attitude towards people on the Left, it sets the scene for the destruction of what should be a community consensus on intelligence and security.

There is no doubt that the revolutionary Left should be monitored by ASIO. They are always prone to foreign involvement, violence and substantial illegality, but under Spry, many ASIO personnel regarded all trade union militancy as subversive. Similarly, ASIO provided information against Left-wing ALP politicians. Too many innocent people were bugged, harassed or placed under surveillance simply because they were on the radical side of politics.

The Liberals, needless to say, were happy to exploit the situation. ASIO discredited itself by casting its net far too widely. Nonetheless, there is little evidence that ASIO was guilty of all the things the Left has alleged. It would have been impossible for ASIO to have bugged all the people who thought they were bugged. ASIO did routinely run agents in almost all radical organisations, it did provide information about politicians it didn't like to their political enemies, it did break into the headquarters of many radical organisations and photograph membership lists, and so on. The accusation that it broke into various politicians' homes looking for information simply remains unproved.

Inevitably a reaction set in. The reaction was caused first by the election of the Whitlam government which was not sympathetic to much of ASIO's previous activities. The Hope Royal Commission also set up various guidelines about what ASIO could and could not do. But probably the more profound change was simply a sociological change. The Spry leadership grew old and retired. The director-general of ASIO, the deputy director-general, the assistant directors-general and all the regional directors have been promoted since 1972. ASIO started recruiting young graduates into its ranks, people who didn't share all the assumptions of the old ASIO brigade.

ASIO has been criticised for recruiting staff by placing slightly enigmatic advertisements in newspapers for graduates to



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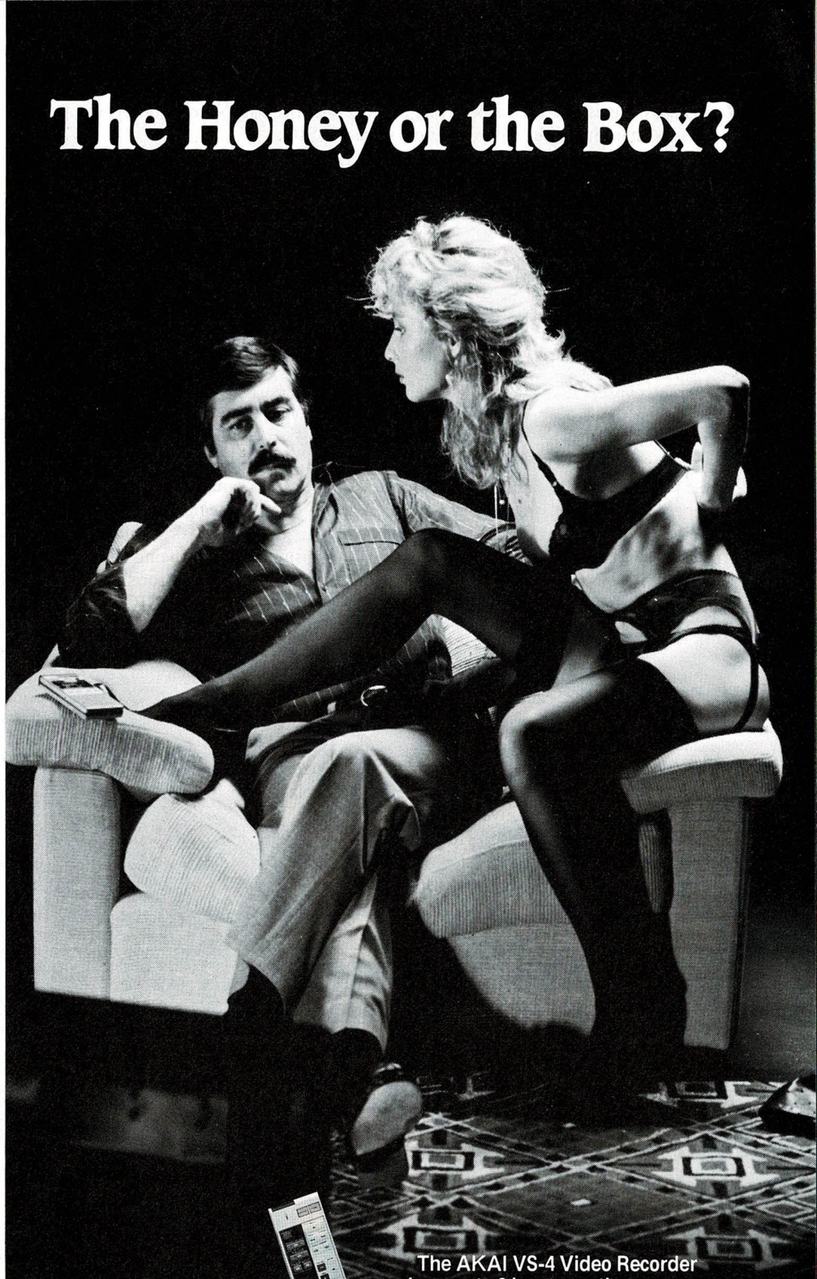

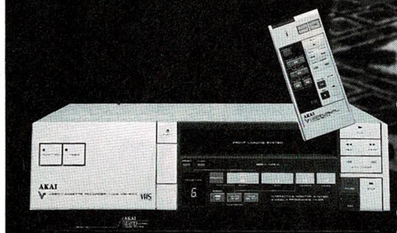

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apply for unspecified government jobs, but perhaps this is not such a bad thing. After all, the majority of the British traitors were recruited under an old boy network operating at the prestigious universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Placing advertisements could not possibly produce people worse than they turned out to be.

The new problem for ASIO however was to find a sense of purpose. With the passing of the leadership associated with Spry, there also passed away ASIO's old ethic. As with so many organisations which have been deeply conservative and then attempt to modernise, the changes were too many, too fast and too late. Not only was the old paranoid anti-radicalism discredited within ASIO, but anti-communism generally was regarded as either psychological paranoia or a Right-wing smear of trade unions. Yet the plain and inescapable fact is that in any Western democratic society, intelligence agencies must be primarily concerned with countering the activities of the KGB, and their local agents, who are mostly communists or influenced by communists.

Contemporary, calm and rational anti-communism needs to occupy an important place in ASIO. A security agency needs morale and a sense of purpose. This is not to suggest that the Russians and their surrogates are ASIO's only target. Since the fatal bombing at the Hilton Hotel in 1977, and the then Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser's rage and embarrassment at the incident, the avoidance of political violence has been absolutely number one priority for ASIO.

When terrorism first showed up as a major phenomenon of the late '60s and early '70s, there was some debate within ASIO over whether the organisation should not leave the matter of terrorism to the police. Those arguing that ASIO should be deeply involved in counter-terrorism won the day, and ASIO was able to convince the government that it should play a pivotal role.

Terrorism has, in fact, proved a major growth industry for ASIO. Whenever a foreign government leader visits Australia, ASIO prepares endless "threat assessments". Reams of paper circulate on anti-terrorist strategies, and inter-agency and inter-departmental conferences on terrorism are always being held.

In many ways terrorism has also been a *political* savior for ASIO. That is because there is a widespread community consensus about the desirability of combatting terrorism, in a way that there isn't a consensus about subversion. Everyone opposes terrorism. If ASIO can present itself as the guardian of Australia's safety against terrorist depredations, it is unlikely to be abolished, or have its budget or functions cut.

At the last ALP federal conference in 1982, a motion moved by Joan Coxsedge which called for the virtual abolition of ASIO was defeated by the narrow margin of 58 votes to 44. This motion and the debate surrounding it worried the life out of ASIO. Interestingly, the two main arguments used to support the retention of ASIO were that electorally it would damage the ALP to be proposing the scrapping of ASIO, and that ASIO had a legitimate task to perform in combatting terrorism.

The sad thing about ASIO's failure is that Australia really does need a clean and effective intelligence service. It is needed to combat terrorism — as normal police forces lack the political knowledge and intellectual depth; it is needed to combat espionage; and it is needed to monitor genuine subversion.

In a democratic society, an intelligence agency must use clandestine means to be effective. It needs to be closely accountable to the Attorney-General and the Prime Minister so that the use of those clandestine means against Australian citizens only occurs when necessary. It should be politically unbiased among all mainstream political views, but committed in its opposition to totalitarian or violent ideologies.

Most of all, the government needs to take decisions which reconcile the occasionally conflicting imperatives of intelligence organisations in democratic societies: that they be clean on the one hand, and ruthlessly effective on the other.

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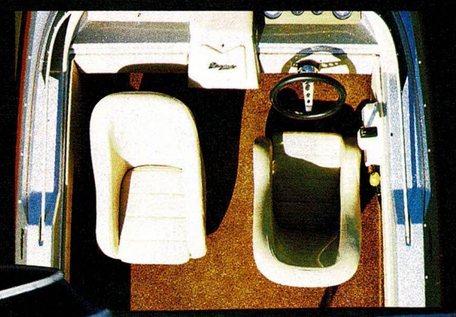

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SUBURBIA (continued from page 78)

The ex-army killer moved with grace and speed. His left arm snaked around the boy's face from behind.

the heavy scrub even the noisy cicadas didn't stop their chattering for his passing. The exotic night sounds and smells seemed to tease all his senses and stimulate him to a higher, keener consciousness.

The closer he drew to the campfire, the louder the music and the voices became. Kiss music was playing from a tinny sound system. Perhaps a dozen youngsters sprawled around the fire in squalor of their own making, smoking and passing a half-empty flagon of cheap riesling from hand to hand. He recognised some of the kids, especially a tough looking boy of perhaps 17 with a tattoo on his left cheek, a black T-shirt, metal studded jeans and heavy work boots. A couple of girls had spiky, dyed hair. One of them was cradled, apparently asleep, in the arms of her boyfriend, a boy with bad skin who dressed like a bikie.

The others Wilton didn't recognise. It didn't matter. He would pick off the first who left alone. He settled beside a lantana thicket, barely 20 metres away, and waited. As he watched, he found himself wondering why he could not find a scrap of pity in his heart for any of these kids. White, under-privileged Australian kids. But he couldn't.

To him they were dregs. Scum bred by scum. An eyesore fouling the gutters of society. Genetic rubbish to be flushed away. They would create nothing but pain and trouble for others and cost the taxpayers a fortune in the process. Wilton could have gassed them all and gone home happily to breakfast knowing he had done the world a favor. He stopped wondering why he felt no guilt.

The skinny red-haired kid uncoiled himself first and mooched off into the darkness without saying a word. No one seemed to notice or care that he had left. Wilton backed away, then moved around in a wide arc until he spotted the youth moving up the northern face of the ravine. When he came to a patch of bushes, he lowered his trousers and squatted. Wilton caught a gust of the foul, warm smell on the air and grimaced slightly as it caught in his throat.

He waited while the youth wiped himself, hitched up his trousers then started back down towards the campfire. The boy passed within two metres of where Wilton waited and a second later it was all over.

The ex-army killer moved with grace and speed. His left arm snaked around the boy's face from behind, stifling the mouth and yanking the head back so his right hand could slice the knife right through the exposed throat. Wilton plunged the blade in so deeply its point scraped the boy's spine. It cut through jugular, sinew and vocal cords like warm butter. Wilton let the body fall like a dirty rag, blood pouring onto the grass. By the fire, no one looked up.

Wilton was home in 10 minutes, not a spot of blood on him. He rinsed and cleaned everything in the shed sink, careful not to make any noise. He removed most of the polish, then back in the house had a shower to get rid of the last traces. If his wife woke up, he would tell her he had been hot. She didn't.

Before going to bed, he looked in at the innocent faces of his sleeping children and felt a spontaneous surge of protection for them. He climbed between the sheets beside his wife's warm body feeling he had somehow made the world a cleaner, better place for his children. He was asleep in minutes.

The next morning he awoke refreshed and relaxed, took the kids to school and did a little work around the house. When word of the boy's murder swept down the street like a bushfire, he was able to treat it with the cool detachment he would any news event.

●

The next day, 50 police cadets combed the ravine and other police teams began doorknocking every house for miles.

Inspector Czuma knew from his own army experience that the killing was brutally efficient and probably ruled out any of the kids who went to the ravine. But he would talk to them all. No one had forgotten the threats of vigilantism and while that did not necessarily guarantee it was one of the locals who had gone off the deep end, Czuma was not about to rule them out, either.

Incredibly, the kids came back to the ravine that night. More than 50 of them. Czuma was summoned, on his own orders, by the two officers he had told to stay by the ravine with a police cruiser. When he and Sergeant Darling arrived, they were greeted by the spectacle of a juvenile mob partying around a huge bonfire at the bottom of the ravine.

"It looks like they're having a bit of a wake, sir," said one of the officers by the police cruiser.

Czuma, Darling and the two uniformed men drove down to the ravine mouth and walked in towards the big fire where all the youngsters were gathered. The crowd fell quiet as the policemen appeared. Czuma first noticed the big kid with the tattoo of a spider on his cheek. He couldn't help but notice the ugly machete stuffed in the youth's belt.

"Give me that," he snapped at the youngster.

The lad didn't move.

"Give me that or I'll arrest you for carrying an illegal weapon."

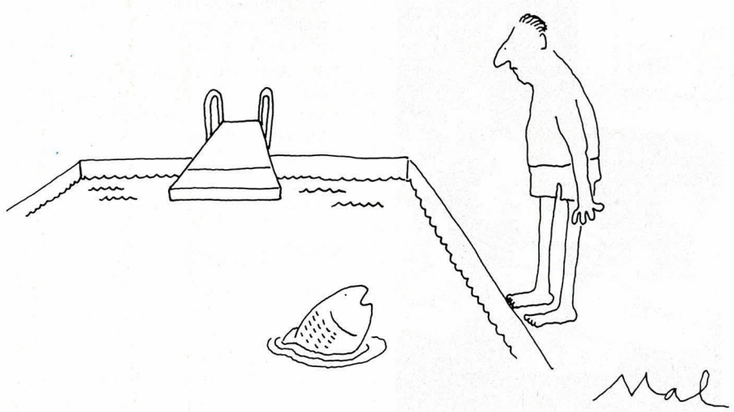
Still the youth didn't move. Czuma stepped forward and reached for the machete. The boy stepped back and put a hand on the handle, the whole crowd bristled and behind him, Czuma heard Darling's sharp intake of breath.

"We're going to get that cunt if he comes back," the youth said. "We're going to do to him what he did to us."

"No you're not," said Czuma and this time he moved so quickly he caught everyone by surprise. He snatched the wicked looking machete away from the youth's hand as though he were taking lollies from a naughty child.

"You must be old enough for jail now," he said. "Are you sure you want to go?"

There was no mistaking the hate in the youngster's eyes but he kept his mouth shut. Czuma looked around at all the other sullen, prematurely hard young faces, their



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TOYOTA

"Oh what a feeling!"

Dancer TT/075

eyes, too, shining with loathing in the firelight.

He could have used their help but knew it was pointless to ask. And he didn't have the men with him to control the crowd or keep all of them there while he took names. Besides, he did not believe these kids were the real problem anymore.

"Try not to burn your fingers, Einstein," Czuma said to the youth, then turned away.

"Fat lot of fucking good you've done," the voice screamed behind him and the tide of jeers swelled up as they walked away.

Up on the lip of the ravine, Czuma could see the night silhouettes of a few bystanders from the nearby homes and he wondered if his man was among them.

"Why don't we radio for reinforcements and arrest the bloody lot of them?" asked Darling.

"Because most of them are juveniles and they'll be back tomorrow night or the night after or the night after that," said Czuma. "And so will our friend if I'm not mistaken. And he's the bastard we're supposed to lock up, remember?"

"Let's not try too hard," Darling grunted. "He might be doing us a favor."

"I'll tell you what I will do," Czuma said dryly. "I'd like to see the local council about their open fire by-laws."

The following night, a unit from the metropolitan fire service, escorted by two dozen uniformed police officers, doused another big bonfire while the same mob of kids stood by in silent fury.

Afterward, they returned to permitted barbecue size. But still the kids kept coming back to the ravine.

And two weeks later, with interviews still in progress and frequent police patrols of the area, a second boy was murdered. He was 15 years old, had just left school and apparently had been on his way to meet friends at the ravine when he died. His throat had been cut to the bone.

Czuma decided there was only one way to stop his man before he struck a third time. While the drudgery of day to day investigations proceeded, someone would have to infiltrate the ravine at night. Someone with skills developed far beyond those of normal police work, someone with the same lethal cunning as the man he sought. And Czuma knew the only person who could do that was him. Not even members of the elite police special weapons and tactics squad had the kind of deadly finesse required for this kind of assignment.

As a former officer in the SAS, Czuma could squat in one ambush position for three days and nights, then kill in a moment if circumstances required it. And there was another reason, though he would never admit it to anyone, not even himself. He would enjoy doing it this way.

●

Shortly before midnight, 15 days after the first murder, Sergeant Darling dropped off his inspector near the ravine at a point furthest away from the houses. Sergeant Darling thought it all a trifle melodramatic but if Inspector Czuma was prepared to spend night after night crouching in the bush waiting for some psychopath with a straight razor to slip by, then he was not about to argue.

The inspector was dressed entirely in black with a black silk hood covering his head. He carried a .357 magnum in a special holster on his left side.

Darling opened the passenger door of the unmarked police car and whispered: "Good luck, sir," but Czuma was already gone and lost to sight. Darling drove to a pre-arranged point on the southern side where he would spend the night in the car. Czuma had warned his sergeant that the morning he did not return before dawn, something would have gone badly wrong.

The inspector reached the ravine floor in a few minutes. He had already memorised the terrain and knew where he would spend his first night. He moved along the bottom on the north wall, then began climbing back up until he found a rocky outcrop from where he could see most of the ravine. The following night it would be somewhere different.

Every night he had gone into the ravine, not one of them had discerned his presence. All they suspected was that someone was out there waiting.

He could see the glow of the campfire perhaps 150 metres away and noticed there were not 50 youngsters around it this night. The number had fallen back to about a dozen and he could see most of them were the bigger youths: the hard cases determined not to be driven out. He thought of the tough kid with the tattoo and wondered what he had brought to replace the machete.

When Czuma moulded himself into the rocks, it would have been impossible for anyone to see him unless they actually stepped on him. He stayed there for the next six hours without moving, only his eyes and ears tuned to the night, filtering, screening out the natural sounds from the unnatural.

Shortly before dawn, he left the outcrop, circled back through the scrub and almost frightened his sergeant to death when he tapped on the window and Darling awoke to be confronted by the menacing black hood only inches away.

Every night for the next 11 nights, they went through a similar ritual but always following a different route. Darling marvelled at Czuma's stamina. The inspector never seemed to get tired: he didn't show any signs of fatigue at all and instead of feeling the strain, he actually seemed to be enjoying himself. Darling was growing just a little afraid of Inspector Czuma.

This night in particular, Czuma decided to add a new twist. Every other night he had held a fixed position but that was because he had a feeling about his man and he had not expected him to strike so soon after the last killing. Czuma had used the time to familiarise himself with the ravine at night. This time he would make a couple of careful sweeps. If the killer was going to strike again, Czuma had a nagging suspicion it would be soon. After Darling dropped him off, he took yet another path down the ravine but before reaching the bottom, struck silently off along the southern slope toward the ravine mouth.

He passed the campfire and noted there were still only a dozen youngsters there. Despite their music and bravura, Czuma observed that they never strayed far from the light of the fire or out of each other's view. He couldn't help but feel sorry for them in their pathetic vulnerability. Every night he had gone into the ravine, not one of them had discerned his presence or his movement. All they suspected was that someone was out there waiting. He had resisted the temptation to toy with them, though he had flirted briefly with the idea.

He found the clump of bushes he was looking for and eased gently between the branches and that was when he heard an ominous rustle. He froze and it was near inhuman control which stopped him from lashing out when a blue-tongued lizard slithered across his right foot.

The knife across his throat took him without any warning. He was amazed how immediately the life and strength poured from his body, his complete inability to speak or act. One moment he was a dangerous human being, the next a nerveless dying heap. And the last thought which passed through his brain was: "This bastard is good."

When Darling was awakened by bright sunlight, he knew something was wrong all right. He radioed for help, then went down into the ravine and it was he who found Czuma.

The ravine stayed quiet after that.

●

Six months after Czuma's killing, Derek and Val Wilton and their two children moved. The ravine had become a much quieter place but the stigma of the killings lingered and it was unlikely that property values would recover for a long time.

They moved to a nice leafy suburb on the other side of the city where it seemed unlikely that housing values would ever be threatened.

Shortly after they moved in Derek couldn't help remarking to Val that there were a few too many rowdy teenagers with noisy, high-powered cars hanging around the big shopping centre late at night.

They bothered him.

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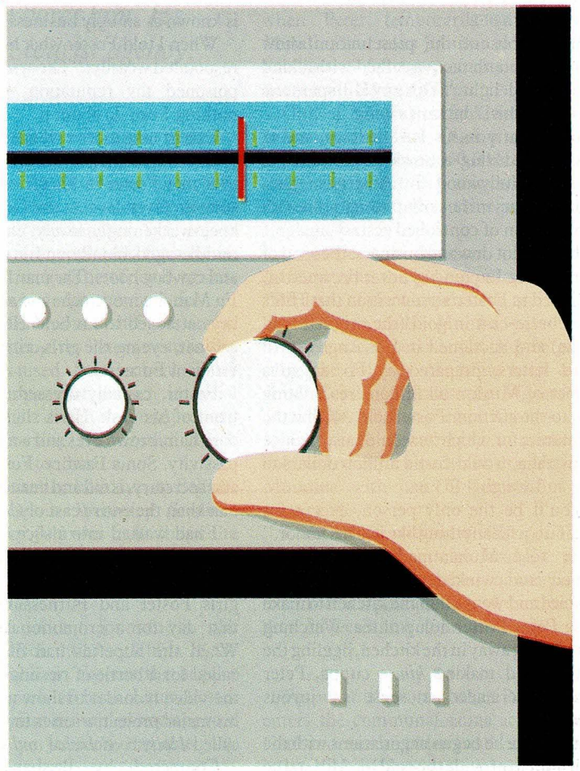

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KID TYCOON (continued from page 56)

Beneath the tailored composure is another Peter Foster: an ordinary kid with ordinary fears and inhibitions.

Layton won't comment directly about Foster, but he's been known to describe him as "a bag of bullshit". Biff, bam, slam. When the sweat and gore settled and Foster retired from promoting, Layton was well ahead on points. And then, a year later, an Aboriginal sculptor called John Hill tried to interest Reg Layton in a statue he'd made of Muhammad Ali in fighting stance. The thing weighed 50kg and took Hill two years to create.

Layton, by his own admission, didn't want to even see the statue. "Not interested," he told Hill in the office of his Brisbane car dealership. Then he had an idea. "Take it to Peter Foster," Layton said, trying to keep a straight face. When Hill lugged the statue into Foster's office and repeated this, it made Foster seethe. Like Layton, he had an idea: he would take the statue to Los Angeles and present it to Muhammad Ali.

At a packed press conference in Ali's Beverly Hills mansion, he handed over Hill's work to the visibly moved former champion. Ali read aloud Hill's inscription: TO BROTHER EAGLE, FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, STING LIKE A BEE.

Photographs of the presentation show Ali's big, smooth face wreathed with a kind of innocent delight. "This guy Hill spent *two years* doin' this!" he kept saying.

Foster, natty in his LA gladrags, and at Ali's home during a break in producing a series on Hollywood for Australian television, appears in the same photographs with an expression of controlled ecstasy.

Then he got down to business: the kind of business Reg Layton has never dreamed of. Ali agreed to Foster's proposition that Hill's statue be re-cast in gold (the original is in bronze) and auctioned in Los Angeles. Ali signed letters, prepared by Foster, to a number of Muslim oil billionaires inviting them to the auction. Foster told Ali that the gold statue, for which he would raise finance in Australia, would cost a million dollars to make and weigh 1463 oz.

"You'll be the only person, except for King Tut, with anything like it in his honor," Foster told Muhammad Ali. And Ali grinned and winked at his lovely wife Veronice and went off to the kitchen to make young Peter Foster a cup of tea. Watching Ali whistling away in the kitchen, jiggling the tea bags and making *him* a cuppa, Peter Foster experienced a sense of joyous unreality.

Back home he began negotiations with the Perth mint to provide the gold for Ali's statue on the basis of return of investment, plus considerable profit, after the auction. When the statue is ready, Foster has arranged that Ali will come to Australia to meet John Hill and all of them will return to LA for the auction. That, if it comes off, is fairly high grade revenge. Not to mention a lucrative deal for the young entrepreneur. . . what Foster might call "eight out of 10 Brownie points."

Alas, subtle revenge can be wasted. When I phoned Layton about all this, he had a completely arse-about notion of what Foster was up to with the statue, and believed *he* had had the last laugh. He refused to give an opinion of Foster, giving me instead the number of a Queensland boxing official who "has the whole story".

In confidential tones, the official described Foster as a compulsive liar desperate to become influential. He said Foster had been charged with fraud and would appear in court any day. And naturally he was pleased to be of assistance. Foster has not been charged with fraud, or anything else of a criminal nature. The court appearance referred to involved an action *by* Foster against an insurance company with which Bunny Johnson held a policy. It was first-hand confirmation of why the fight industry is known as an ugly business.

When I told Foster what had been said, he responded wearily: "The arseholes. They've poisoned my reputation — and there's nothing I can do about it."

Except take more revenge.

But that seemed far from his mind when I first met Foster in his office — a freehold suite on foyer-level at the Golden Gate. Six knee-weakeningly lovely girls sat facing a middle-aged blonde and a man in denims and cowboy boots. The man had a skull cut, a Fu Manchu moustache and a heavy bunch of keys attached to his belt. He sat on a filing cabinet, eyeing the girls critically. This was Graham Furness.

Foster, casually dressed, leaned on the front of his desk. He is slight with prickly dark hair, brown eyes and a misleading air of passivity. Sonia Fawdry, Foster's girlfriend and secretary, is tall and beautiful, with more hair than the entire cast of *Charlie's Angels.*

I had walked into a slice of the action in Foster's new role as an entertainment entrepreneur. This was the third group of girls Foster and Furness had auditioned that day for a promotional TV segment. When the hopefuls had filed out, Foster called for a bottle of riesling and turned on the video recorder to show me a segment of his major project, a series for Australian TV called *Hollywood Inside and Out.*

Compered by Brisbane-based Earle Bailey, it opens with a segment from *The News According to PLAYBOY,* in which Hugh Hefner's cable TV staff visit a condom factory. A factory executive demonstrates condom stress capacities, which are considerable. He drags a condom down over a broom handle, stretching it to more than a metre before it explodes. We laugh nervously.

"LA is a beautiful town," says Foster. "Just beautiful. Australia is nice, but LA is where the money is." I ask how much money he wants. Foster responds with a spiel I will hear several times over the next few days: "Money tells us what we can do, right? What sort of house we live in, what type of car we drive, where we take holidays, how much we eat and drink. Everything comes back to money. EVERYTHING. I want to rule money. I'm going to tell money: 'Listen, money, I'm going to do what I want!' "

In America, where silicon chip teeny millionaires lay plans for commercial charter flights to the moon, Foster would be less of a curiosity. Here, he's in the front line of a new breed of tycoon: the Malt Shop Mogul. Four years after leaving high school, he's travelled the world extensively and can raise large sums of money for any project his financiers deem viable.

He drives a status car, wears elegant clothes and swanky jewellery. His girlfriend is (pardon the repetition) beautiful, and his taste in wine and food is expensive. His image to the world is that of a supremely confident young go-getter. "A strutter in a sable coat," says his sister Jilly, not unkindly. And it's all true, just as it's all fantasy.

Like the "fabulous" Gold Coast which shaped his life, Foster's image is partly skin deep. Beneath the tailored composure is another Peter Foster: an ordinary kid with ordinary fears and inhibitions. But casual acquaintances see little of this persona. The Foster you meet and read about has been bound for fiscal glory, through emulating his elders, for at least a decade.

Jilly Foster, seven years his senior, was old enough to be caught up in the tail-end of the drug-and-love decade. She renounced the family wealth and the Coast's phoney glitter, put on a sarong and went bush to live in a tent. Jilly toyed with fringe religions and searched earnestly for her "identity". Now, apart from a predilection for apricot and rice baby food, and a certain vagueness of manner, Jilly Foster seems to have effectively rejoined the mainstream.

Jilly admits ironically that she has hitched her wagon to Peter's star. And get this: Jilly, a world-weary 27, is writing a script for a feature film Foster is producing about teenage love. He wants it to hit just the right note among kids and he *knows* what teenagers want: a few months ago, he *was* one. He and Jilly fight about how the story should go. They were born on the same minute of the same day and yet grew up totally unalike. Jilly defers to Peter over the teenage love script. He might be a strutter in a sable coat but when it comes to making money, she has to admit he's brilliant.

MAKING OF A MALT SHOP MOGUL

Peter is born in Mackay and spends the first two years of his life on Hayman Island, then managed by his parents. His maternal grandfather stamped his mark on the state by arriving from Tarino in northern Italy with nothing and ending his life owning half of Ingham, a coastal town where the grandfather grew sugar cane.

Foster's mother, Louise, is divorced from his father, Clarrie, when Peter is six. At the same time she becomes the first woman real estate agent in Surfers, proving herself by outselling the top male agent on his own turf. Like her father and Peter, she is fervently ambitious and is often so busy when the children tell her things that she doesn't listen. She knows, for example, that Peter spends a lot of time in his room at the age of nine, tapping away on a typewriter. But it's months later before Louise Foster realises what he is doing: producing a "newspaper" of gossip about family happenings and selling it to her friends and colleagues for 20 cents a copy. The newspaper is called *The Midshipman's News Gazette.*

When Peter is 10, he goes with the family for a holiday in New Guinea. He meets a tribesman selling a commodity familiar to any Gold Coast kid: pig tusks. In 1973, any stud worth his chest hair in Surfers wears a pig tusk around his neck. Peter buys 60 tusks, has them silver-capped and sells them all at Gold Coast flea markets. He makes 400 percent profit. This is good, thinks Peter, alone in his room. This is *easy.*

Guided by an economics teacher at college (the one who now does his books), Peter, at 13, begins playing the stock market. He has good luck and makes enough to buy a swag of opals to take to Europe on the next family holiday.

The opals sell furiously in Italy, where Peter buys gold and silver. In Hong Kong, heading home, he buys watches. Back in Australia, the Fosters move into the just-completed Golden Gate, a 33-level apartment building at the northern entrance to Surfers.

Here, in a sumptuous 18th-level unit with views across tinsel town and the surf-fringed Pacific, Peter starts International Jewellery. He is 15.

With letterheads and business cards, Peter feels he can no longer be ignored. As far back as he can remember, his mother and others around him have been swinging business deals. Even at dinner they talk investments, rezoning, and town plans, development potential and tax concessions. When the phone rings, it's usually more of the same.

Peter has all this jumping about in his head before anyone realises he's old enough to understand it. He spends a lot of time alone, hatching business schemes, just like the grown-ups. He even uses the same phrases as his mother, and still does.

International Jewellery imports watches from Hong Kong as commercial samples and resells them in Australia, with an across-the-board mark-up of 100 percent. When the sales tax people sniff the operation, Peter whines that he's just a kid. It seems to work. He makes enough to sink a hefty investment in pinball machines, hire the games room at Golden Gate and start an even more profitable business.

In grade II, Peter is earning a clear $600 per week (more than the school principal). But school bores him, and no wonder. He quits and opens a tourist agency in the Golden Gate, hires a girl to operate it and spends the next 12 months loafing on the beach and surfing with his best pal, Phillip Lynch Jnr.

Sir Phillip Lynch (then plain Phil) and his wife have become friendly with Louise Foster after she sells them a unit in Golden Gate. Peter and Phil Jnr often share a bedroom in the Foster apartment. They fight over girls and enjoy dodging reporters who are always snooping about trying to ask the Lynches compromising questions about real estate tax dodges and family trusts.

In grade 11, Peter is earning a clear $600 per week (more than the school principal). But school bores him. He opens a tourist agency.

Boxing is part of Peter's curious make-up since, at the age of 12, he is given a boxing ring and stages bouts among his school friends on the front lawn of the family home. Peter is matchmaker and enjoys selecting the puniest opponents for himself. He also enjoys matching best friends against one another, to see what they will do.

Whenever Muhammad Ali fights are on TV, Louise Foster gives Peter a note asking that he be excused from school. Peter prefers the company of women in social situations, yet he's drawn to the supremely macho sport of boxing. No one can figure it out. No one tries too hard.

On another family holiday, in Britain, Peter sits alone in Wembley Stadium watching Bunny Johnson fight the white hope, Richard Dunn, in an elimination bout to select a challenger for Ali and the world heavyweight title.

Behind on points, Johnson is the underdog. Peter identifies with him. In the tenth round, Johnson flattens the heavier Dunn with a superb left hook. Later, Foster will say: "The giant crumbled and the roof fell in! Bunny Johnson became my superman."

Nine months later, Peter is moping unhappily about his mother's real estate office on the Gold Coast (he is supposed to learn and take over the family empire, but lasts just three months) when he hears that Dunn, not Johnson, will get to fight Muhammad Ali.

Outraged, he rushes off a letter to Johnson, sympathising and asking if Johnson wants to come to Australia to fight Tony Mundine. Johnson agrees. A few weeks later, when Louise Foster phones her son from another holiday in London, he is too busy to talk. "I have to catch a Sydney flight and appear on the Willesee Show," he explains.

Louise is dumbfounded. Her son, 17, a boxing promoter! Why isn't he selling real estate? Then she remembers Peter had told her he wanted to be a fight promoter. She thought he was joking — she hadn't listened.

Then Bunny arrives and the boxing establishment closes ranks. Newspapers are suddenly full of angry boxers, outraged promoters, frustrated "boy wonders" and surly trainers. Armed guards for boxers display their enormous pistols on the 6pm news. Death threats are gleefully reported.

Prevented from staging the fight with Mundine at Milton in Brisbane, Peter sends Layton a message via the evening news: "Round one to you, sir — but round two has just begun!"

After years of thinking like an adult, and being treated like a kid, heady stuff for the emerging Malt Shop Mogul. Some of it, anyway. But not what happened in Sydney, when Peter temporarily gives up on Mundine and takes Johnson to the Hordern Pavilion to fight a paunchy and punchy American , Mike Quarry.

Only a handful of fans turn up to see Johnson demolish Quarry over seven rounds. Foster loses $30,000, and Quarry, staggering about the ring with his eyes crossed, thanks "all you fine people here in England".

Comrades in disaster, Foster and Johnson take the glass-fronted lift to the 18th level of the Golden Gate and retire to lick their wounds. Months pass before, through sheer persistence, Foster gets to stage the Johnson-Mundine bout on the Gold Coast. It draws the biggest fight crowd Australia has seen in 12 years. . . but Johnson the gentleman, unmarked, is knocked out by a bloody and dripping Tony Mundine with just 17 seconds of fight remaining.

Later Foster will say of that period: "It was hell. . . but it also brought me in contact with the man who is now my closest friend. If it's possible to love another man, then I love Bunny Johnson."

●

For what it's worth, when Peter is 15, he enters the communal sauna at the Golden Gate and sees an older youth, the son of an influential businessman who deals with Louise Foster, kissing the breasts of a teenage girl. Peter knows the girl is naive

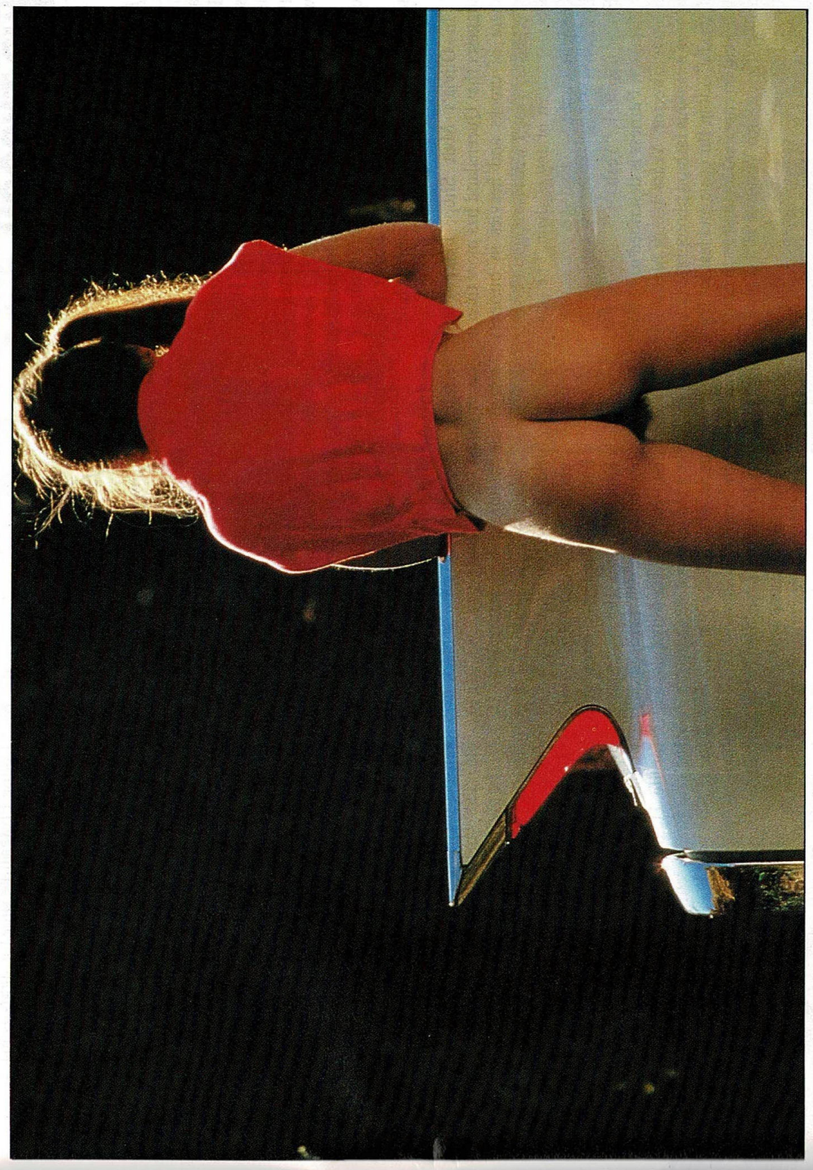
(continued on page 128)

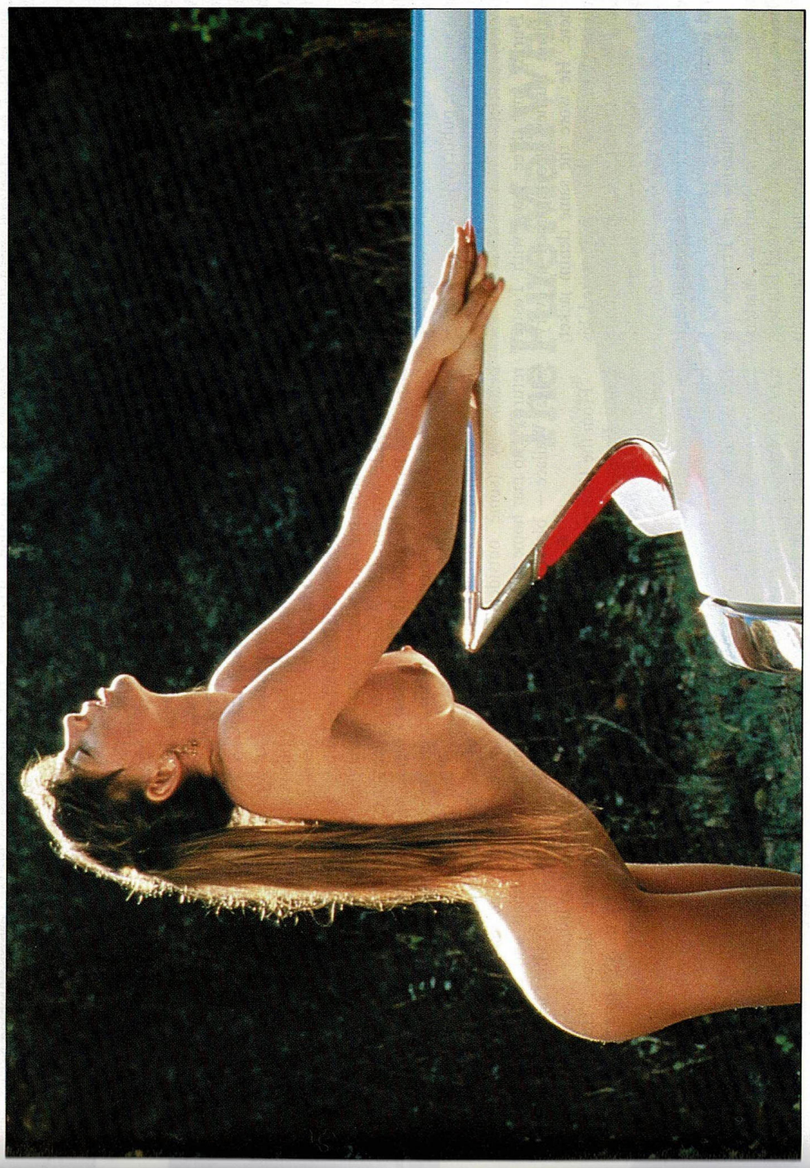
ENCORE

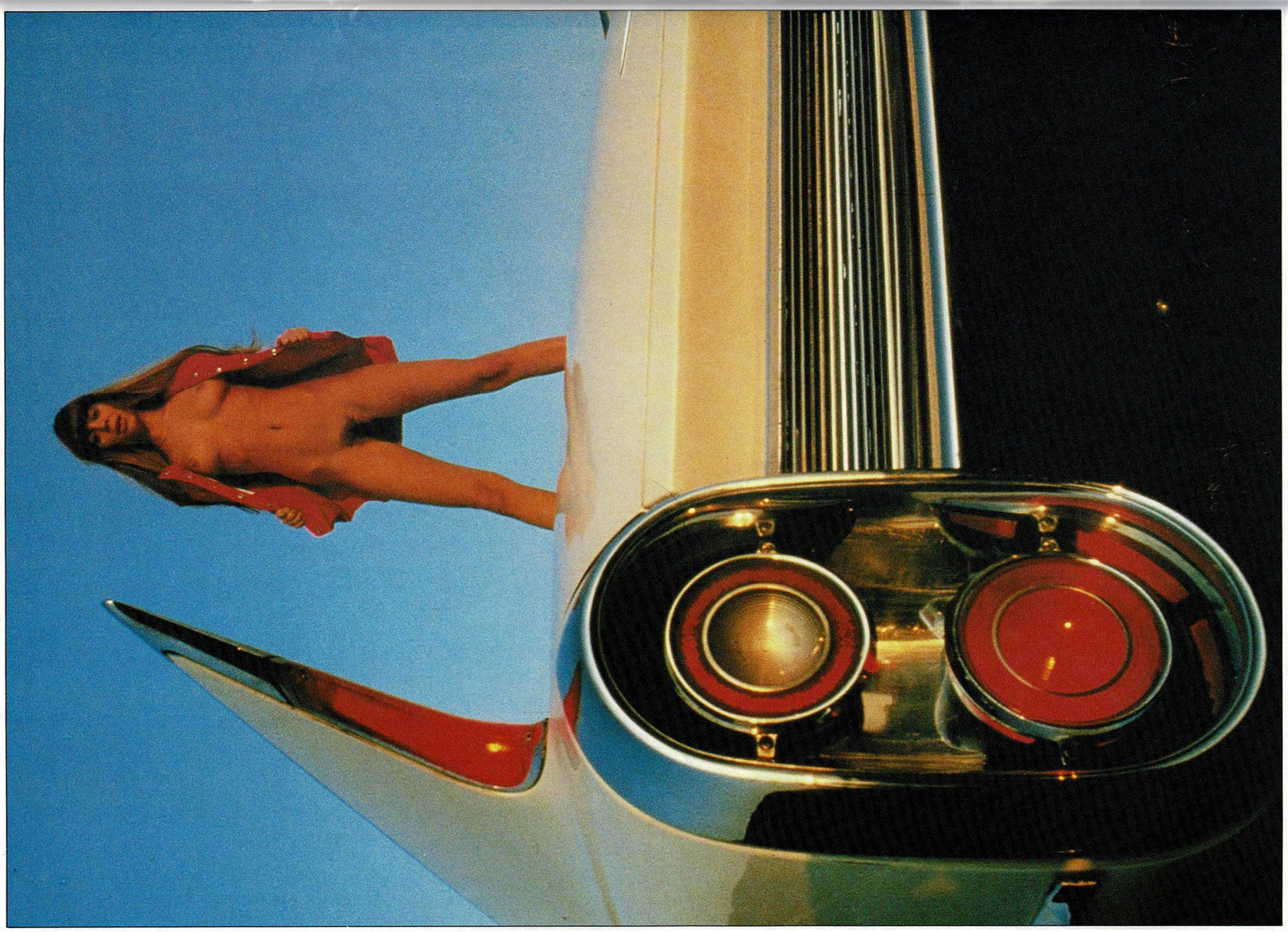
sonya's back, by popular demand

Our May cover girl, Sonya Shepherd, elicited such positive reactions with her spicy pictorial that she's coming your way again — this time accompanied by another classic. Sonya and her Caddy have more in common than merely fine lines. They've both got class — and that's always worth an encore.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY H. SCHMID







KID TYCOON (continued from page 123)

"They're investing with a 20-year-old! I think: how can people have confidence in a 20-year-old?"

and decides she's being taken advantage of. He becomes Lionel Rose again, hitting the seducer in the mouth with his fist. He feels like a hero. But later, when he walks into their apartment, Louise Foster flattens *him* with a terrific blow to the skull.

"Are you CRAZY?" she yells, Italian blood up. "Are you trying to ruin my business?"

"I thought I was a hero," Foster admits today. "But I wasn't. I was an arsehole."

●

In Olivia's Malt Shop, Peter Foster suggests that Queensland has more than its share of crooks and heavies in business. "But after what I went through in boxing, I'm not scared of any of them," he says.

Graham Furness: "But you *are* scared of Louise!"

Foster [*smiling*]: "Yeah. . ."

Graham Furness is described as Foster's creative director. Years ago in Melbourne he was a famous fashion photographer who dashed about in fur coats and leather boots and went on enormous escapades in double-decker buses with Windsor Hotel playboy Peter Jansen.

When he left Melbourne for the Gold Coast in 1973, he had several expensive fast cars and a healthy bankroll. Somehow, the Gold Coast turned his life sour.

A few years ago, separated from his second wife (his first, a ballerina, died) Furness withdrew to a property near Beaudesert, beyond the Gold Coast hinterland. Earlier this year his son, 11, went to Melbourne to live with his mother. Furness reached a stage where he didn't give much of a damn for anyone. He lived for his endurance horses, a taciturn, reformed playboy given to bouts of solitary grief over the obscenity of the human condition.

Furness met Foster during the boxing uproar a few years ago. Foster had engaged a publicist, a woman who claimed to be an Indian princess. She had several names, but turned out to be an Anglo-Saxon. Furness took over the publicity job and now comes to the Coast perhaps twice a week as a sort of cowboy/adviser.

During my three days with Foster, Graham Furness accompanied us everywhere. He wore the same denim jacket, minus shirt, throughout, and parked his Land-Rover underneath the Golden Gate. Each morning, Furness brought his kangaroo-hunting dog from the truck and let it stroll around in Foster's plush office. It had terrible breath.

Foster leans heavily on Furness for advice, not just in business matters. Dressed for a night out, he asked Furness: "Do I look too hot?" Heading for the tennis courts on a showery day for a game with an old schoolmate, Foster asked: "Do you think it's raining where the courts are?" Furness did not respond. Cowboys don't waste breath.

Furness hates being in Surfers, and has no desire to accompany Foster to Los Angeles, where the younger man has an apartment in Beverly Hills and a social circle of mostly expatriate Australians.

●

In LA, where Foster learned to call an arsehole an arsehole, he pays a black ex-boxer called Edgar "Bad News" Wallace to act as his chauffeur and bodyguard. In Hollywood, where Wallace works full time for "the world's richest auctioneer", people make jokes about how tough he is.

Edgar "Bad News", says Foster, has never been knocked down. He has no neck and a great big round face split in the middle by a lazy ear-to-ear grin. He is mean as hell and built like a tank. He is a very dangerous mass of muscle. He is also a Vietnam war hero and a philosophy student.

Like Bunny Johnson, Edgar "Bad News" once spent almost a year living with Foster in the Golden Gate. He escorted Louise Foster to a function, where, at first embarrassed by his incredible ugliness, Louise warmed to Wallace on finding him waiting for her outside the washroom. . . holding a towel.

"Edgar is fun," says Foster. "He gets me into trouble and then he gets me out of trouble. In the Watts area of LA, where even the dogs are black, Edgar once left me and Earle Bailey in the car while he went to visit his girlfriend. It was scary — potential muggers all around the car. I had one hand on a whisky bottle, ready to smash it and use it as a weapon if they tried to get in."

Edgar "Bad News" even tried his hand as a sports commentator for a pilot TV show Foster made with his Los Angeles company, Star Ring International. This is how Edgar wound up his segment: "Meanwhile, Muhammad Alee, who has jus' celebrated his 40th birthday, said after been easily beaten by (some outsider), 'Ar shall return. . . to mar home in California!' I'm Edgar Wallace — bless yo!"

●

From the 18th level of the Golden Gate, Louise Foster can see the Southport Spit — once infamous for police raids on gay sun-worshippers — spearing north into a veil of mist generated by the dangerous Southport bar. She can watch the tourists flooding into Sea World or something called Andalucia Park, where Spanish dancing stallions and trained parrots perform mysterious tricks.

But even now, with Peter well and truly grown, the ambitious family genes allow Louise Foster little time for sight-seeing. In her industry, she lives for new challenges: "I love it, I love it, I love it!" she says, perched on a sofa with her little fluffy dog. "Why am I ambitious? It's not the luxury living really. . . I've often said it's like a disease. You can't stop. You just *can't*. People think it's greediness — they don't understand. Peter is the same as me. He'll go right through life chasing something better. And he can't tell you what it is — what it *really* is — any more than I can."

Louise Foster runs a hand through her short blonde hair. "Sometimes," she says, "I've got to really sit and wonder. I mean about Peter's investors. They're learned people and they haven't been given their money — they've worked for it. And they're investing with a 20-year-old! I think: how can people have confidence in a 20-year-old? The world is changing, right?"

The two of them seem close, despite the fact that from the age of seven Peter had a Fijian nanny, Rusila Tamaya. Last year, Louise reluctantly told Rusila her services were no longer required. Foster softened the blow with a scheme that will keep the woman wealthy, by her village standards, for life. He bought Rusila a gas fridge. Now she charges 15 cents a can to chill beer for the villagers. "I had planned to make her a bookie," Foster explains. "This was more reliable."

●

Jilly Foster shambles down for a 9.30am interview in Foster's office clutching a can of baby food. Up from Sydney to confer with her brother about the teenage love script, she has been "missing" for several days — most of which involved a party at a thoroughbred horse property in the hinterland.

"We're into an achievement decade," she says, stirring at the muck in her hand. "At the same time romance is on the up and up. . . these are factors governing the way we approached the film scam, er, project." Jilly smiles at her little slip, and reveals how years ago she ran a boutique in the space where Foster now has his office. She says that for a period when they were kids, they genuinely hated one another. Then she went away and he grew up and things improved.

"But this place (the Coast) affected both of us, absolutely. I wouldn't bring any child up in Surfers. Too many maintenance children, drug addicts and crooks." Jilly looks across the office to where her brother is pretending not to listen.

"He beat this place," she says. "He beat it and was moulded by it. And now he can survive anywhere, even in LA. I tried to fight the system — money stinks and so on — but it didn't work. Love of money is in our blood."

Jilly sinks a mouthful of baby food, shrugs. "The '80s," she says, "are very hasty. You gotta go with the flow."

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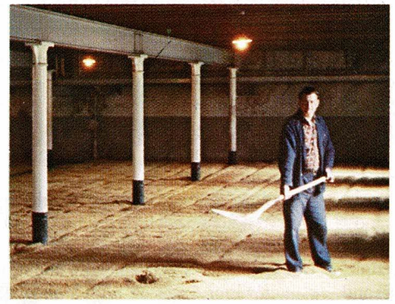

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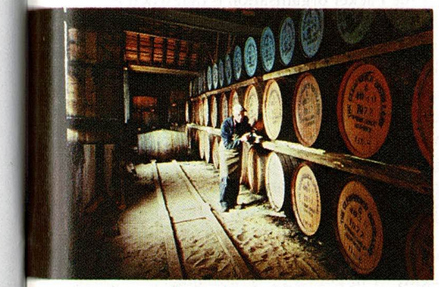

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GIBSON (continued from page 42)

Some of the funniest things have been said on the Hill. I haven't heard too many funny things in board rooms.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean they love to hear people articulate about what everybody had been discussing in the pub?

GIBSON: That's right. At GB I lost sight of what people wanted.

PLAYBOY: A collection of your written work would suggest a strong reliance on the human interest story. Is that the most important device?

GIBSON: People want to read about people. You can talk about wars and floods, cars and diseases. But when you talk about people, they love it.

PLAYBOY: Part of the promotion around the time you were at 2KY was aimed at appealing to women. How did that work for a guy who admits he's no Robert Redford?

GIBSON: All the blokes listen to KY because they're punters and they're hooked. The only way to improve the audience was to get the women. I had a big pull with the *Women's Weekly* 'cause I was writing a column for that. Then I started playing romantic music, talking about women's subjects, I took their side against their husbands watching football all day, talked about new movies and fashion magazines my wife read. The guys would ring up and say what a load of shit, but it got the women in. When I took on the KY breakfast show, it was rating number eight but we got it up to number one.

PLAYBOY: Did you find men were taking a secretive interest in what their women were reading and listening to?

GIBSON: You only have to take a look at the *Women's Weekly* figures. It would have more readers than any publication in Australia and I read somewhere that 40 percent of them are blokes.

PLAYBOY: How does that sit with Mike Gibson's label as an ocker of the Australian media?

GIBSON: Well, I think that's a boring label and a pretty lazy way to describe somebody. When I got into radio, very few people on air spoke like I did. They all spoke like John Torv — with a Bondi Yank accent — or had ABC accents, or beautiful, spunky voices like John Laws. What I had going for me, which nobody realised — except maybe for Rod Muir and myself later — was that I sounded just like everybody else out there.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your technique for unwrapping a celebrity is to sit down with them and feel them out on a subject they'd enjoy talking about. Do you consider yourself a good interviewer?

GIBSON: I'm a bad interviewer.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GIBSON: My mind doesn't jump ahead quickly enough. I can perceive and describe people but I'm much better at writing about them than interviewing. I think John Singleton is without a doubt the best interviewer in Australia. He's a total natural: his television show was the best thing we've had here for years, but it just died a total death.

PLAYBOY: Those comments would amaze even those people who consider themselves Singleton fans.

GIBSON: Singo's just mucking about; it's a game for him. I was on his TV show: there was Bob Ellicott, who was Minister for Something, film producer Maggie Fink, me and somebody else. Singo fronts up, no research, nothing, and he just hit us for 20 minutes each. There were no scripts, no boards, nothing. It was magic.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that line-up might have proved a hurdle for a Frost or Parkinson?

GIBSON: They'd need a week to prepare.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel people dismiss Singleton because of his naturalness?

GIBSON: Because of his language, his ocker attitudes, drinking and excesses, it's comfortable for people to dismiss him. The middle class Australian finds it very easy to say he's a dreadful oik; but that same person wouldn't have an ounce of Singo's intelligence, compassion or insight.

PLAYBOY: Is there a resentment toward successful people in Australia?

GIBSON: Channel Nine's car-park is full of Mercs with scratches down the side. In Australia, if you do well, you've either ripped off old ladies, inherited it or you've been lucky. In America, they say good luck to you. In Australia, you're a good guy again when you crash. That's why I've always kept the same friends. I walk in the club and they say, here comes Mickey Millions — they love it. Where I knock around there's actors, judges, garbos, solicitors — all sorts of characters. I get terribly upset when people are categorised by how much they earn or how they earn it.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you a defender of Australia's so-called egalitarianism?

GIBSON: Some of the funniest things I've ever heard have been said on the Hill at the Sydney Cricket Ground. I haven't heard too many funny things in board rooms.

PLAYBOY: In 1981, you were part of a Kerry Packer corporate buy that brought a team of top journalist/commentators to Australian Consolidated Press. Were you impressed that a publisher was prepared to pay top money for columnists rather than executives?

GIBSON: Most of that group — which included Daphne Guinness, Max Walsh, Len Evans and Lenore Nicklin — were paid to be more than just journalists. Some of them appeared on TV and nearly all could be bounced around the Packer group performing different tasks. Years ago while living in England, I learned that you didn't have to work for just one organisation. You could really be what Norman Gunston called a multi-media personality. I never wanted to be an executive: I don't think I'd be very good at it. It was great to be paid well for what you're good at.

When Kerry phoned up and asked me to rejoin his group, I was thrilled to bits. I was working for the Fairfaxes and they wanted me to stay on as a columnist, and to do a bit of television news and editorials for radio. When Kerry phoned, it was about 10 minutes to seven and I was in the Channel Seven newsroom getting ready to read the news. I picked up the phone and he says, "It's Kerry." Kerry who? "Kerry Packer. You'd better come back and work for me." I says I'm about to read the news. And he says, "I don't care, you'd better come and see me."

PLAYBOY: *Did* you read the news?

GIBSON: Yeah. But I went and saw him and asked what he wanted me to do and he said, "I don't know, but I've got a few ideas." So we shook hands on it. I've never had a contract with him until the last couple of weeks. A handshake with him is a much better contract than a bit of paper. I trust the Packers; I've never had a bad deal with them. I've had bad deals with other people around Sydney: 2SM for instance. I've found the Fairfaxes to be very decent people. I don't know Rupert Murdoch all that well, but I've had my moments of not being too sure about him.

PLAYBOY: What about his News Limited organisation?

GIBSON: Well, it's just so *big*. What I liked about the Packer organisation is that when I started there as a kid, you could go and talk to the boss, Sir Frank Packer. Now Kerry Packer would have to head one of the last organisations in the world of that magnitude where you can ring up and talk to him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that would apply to all Packer's staff?

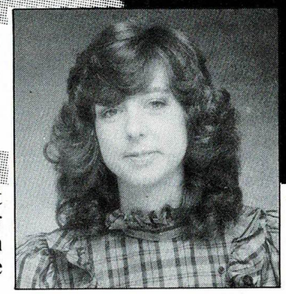
GIBSON: Well, Kerry and I are practically contemporaries. I was wondering what I was going to do when he called me up at Nine and said I'd better get a haircut. I thought, "I'm gonna be on camera."

PLAYBOY: What made him think you would be good for Nine?

GIBSON: What they've got there is a massive empire that suits middle Australia. It's exemplified by Bert Newton, Mike Walsh, Don Lane, Paul Hogan, Maggie Tabberer, Tony Barber and company.

PLAYBOY: That's almost a monopoly.

GIBSON: It's a monopoly, I suppose. But if you're going out to sell a package, and you want to sell as many packages as you can, that's the way to do it. When you look at Channel Nine or when you read the *Women's Weekly* — the two flagships of the empire — you can never say, "That offends me." It might not be exactly what you want,



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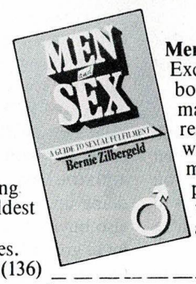

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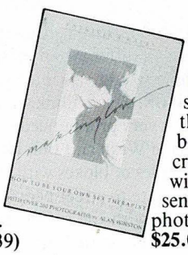

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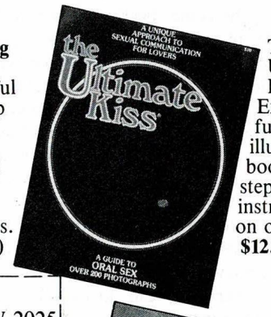

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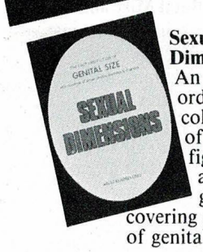

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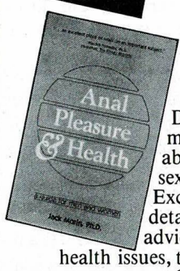

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it might even be a little bland, other times it might be hilarious. But you will never say, "I don't want that in my home." It is the most successful mass communication thing I've ever seen. And I guess I sit comfortably in that.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have a great affinity for Sydney. Which other city has a similar style and attitude?

GIBSON: I don't know about attitude, but there are six or seven places I've been to that really give you the impression of a great city. San Francisco is probably the most like Sydney. That old saying of Norman Erskine —if you're not in Sydney, you're just camping out — is a top quote and really applies in Australia. I can't fault Sydney. There's a bit more violence than there used to be but if you've got to give points out of 10, Sydney must rate nine every time.

PLAYBOY: It's also been labelled as the most corrupt city in Australia.

GIBSON: That's the beauty of Sydney. Everybody knows people are on the take but it doesn't come out in the paper until six months after you and I and everybody else knows about it.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously impressed with the lifestyle that can be enjoyed in Australia. As a sports writer, what do you think of your overseas counterparts coming here and writing dismissive articles?

GIBSON: Most of that stuff is written before they arrive. What many people don't understand about Australians is our lovely habit of calling someone we like "a bastard". If I go down the club and there's someone there from Italy and he gets called "a chocko", which is short for chocolate frog, then he knows that bloke really likes him. That's something about Australia that Barry Humphries has found amusing.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain Humphries' sense of Australiana when he has spent so much of the last 20 years outside of Australia?

GIBSON: I interviewed him this year, and he said before he comes back to Australia, he gets hold of a stack of magazines and newspapers to find out what's topical. But he never looks for the obvious. For instance, he's never been to the outback. Nor have I for that matter. Humphries says the only Aborigines he's ever met are Harold Blair, and Neville Bonner. Barry Humphries is an incredibly clever man. It's the old story about going to the pub and finding a bloke who can express himself in a funny fashion, but when you whack him on the radio, he's a flop. Not everybody can do it, but every now and then you get a good one.

PLAYBOY: Hogan?

GIBSON: Paul Hogan, definitely. Bob Maumill over in Perth. I'm a great admirer of Paul Hogan, but he has to be careful. Things are changing. That blue-collar bloke he had who went around the pubs raffling the chook —you don't see him any more at your local. That was a figure from five years ago, but he's moved on. He's now wearing long socks and shorts, a nice Cuggi shirt and you go to his place on Sunday and the blokes around the barbie are wearing a few gold chains and maybe drinking Heineken. They're still larrikins but since the time Hogan first started portraying them, they've almost paid the house off, they've got a catamaran and perhaps a nice new Celica. That's my audience. I probably talk to the bloke I've just described. He's worked hard, thinks he's still a knockabout, still goes down the club but not so often, and if his missus said we've got some tickets to see Robyn Archer, he'd say I've never fuckin' heard of her, but he'd go. He probably watches *Nationwide*.

PLAYBOY: Would he enjoy Robyn Archer?

GIBSON: No, he'd hate her.

PLAYBOY: How do you maintain a contemporary attitude?

GIBSON: You have to be very careful. I'm lucky because my kids are still young and I have to be aware of what's happening. You have to be certain you're not living in the past. Nobody wants to know.

PLAYBOY: Does that apply to sport?

GIBSON: Sport is no different to anything else. The sportsmen know that. It's just like politics or any other pursuit. That's why I've never met a champion sportsman who wasn't bright. The champions are always intelligent and that's what sets them apart from the rest. I play tennis against Ian Chappell every week and he'll always beat me.

I've never met a champion sportsman who wasn't bright. The champions are always intelligent and that's what sets them apart from the rest.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been aware that there's a different sort of savvy to what most people would call intelligence?

GIBSON: Yes. I think there's a street savvy that is very pronounced in sport. But I think Neville Wran and Bob Hawke are two good examples of blokes with street savvy. If you can relate to street people and know how to mingle with the swells, that's when you've got the game tied up.

PLAYBOY: Is there any justification in the claim that Nine televises too much overseas sport at the expense of local content?

GIBSON: Nine did the Commonwealth Games. I didn't see Seven or Ten rushing out to offer a coverage there. But you can still only play to your market. If you asked people whether they'd rather watch the FA Cup Final or a Sydney soccer match you'd know what the answer would be. I think Kerry Packer has perceived that the future of television is going to be news, current affairs and sport.

PLAYBOY: What sort of people do you like to work with?

GIBSON: Channel Nine employs street-smart people. That's why I feel that if I ever fronted up at work pissed, they'd tell me to go home and wouldn't do anything like sacking me. They'd figure that I'd been out drinking with my mates, and if I'm going to be any value to them as a barometer of how the average guy thinks, then I've got to do those sorts of things every now and then.

PLAYBOY: You're evidently firmly entrenched in the Packer camp again, but back in the early '70s, you must have wondered where your career was heading when Sir Frank Packer sold the *Daily Telegraph* to Rupert Murdoch.

GIBSON: I'd just signed a new contract with the Packers and Sir Frank called me in and asked me if I wanted to stay and work on *The Bulletin* or the *Weekly*. He said he'd like me to stay but told me I was a good columnist and that they had a paper at News Limited (*The Daily Telegraph*) that would be glad to have my services. Now, I'd just signed a new contract for a lot of money and part of the deal was that Murdoch would honor all existing contracts. Anyway, Sir Frank had his heart attack and when I went in to get the contract off his secretary, I noticed that it had not been signed. So, I'm stuck with this problem of presenting the people at News Limited with a contract that has not been signed. I went to Kerry and he laughed and said, "We *are* between the devil and the deep blue sea, but don't worry, it'll be sweet." I came in the next day and it was signed *F. Packer*. I said, "That's not his signature," but Kerry said, "Don't ask silly questions." I took it up to News Limited and they said, "It's a lot of money, but I guess we'll have to pay you." They paid me for four years on that contract, and I think it was Kerry who signed it. I know people have said some terrible things about the Packers, but you can only judge people by how you find them, and I've always found them to be A1. Look, I signed a contract the other day and I trust them so implicitly that I wouldn't even think of taking it to a solicitor. I would have shaken hands on it.

PLAYBOY: How do they extract enough value from Mike Gibson to make that contract worth while?

GIBSON: Easy. As I just said, I might be doing up to four stories a day. But they're also buying my ideas, and they can cover a lot of ground. Plus they're buying presentation. If a newsreader came on and presented sport, it wouldn't rate: it would be like Ian or me reading the news. But if Mike and Ian do the sport, the viewer thinks they must know what they're on about because this bloke used to captain Australia and the other one wrote a sports column for years. I get more satisfaction out of the input than I do out of presenting it. All my life I've told stories with words. With TV you tell a story with pictures.

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SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

I wonder if you could explain a couple of sexual anomalies which I find hard to sort out.

Firstly, on a recent holiday, I met a Swedish lady, separated from her husband, who, when we made love, insisted that I remain still after penetration.

This appeared to give her satisfaction, although any vaginal muscle movement on her part was barely perceptible. It was totally unsatisfactory for me as it is against normal behavior for a male to remain virtually motionless. Maybe this is the reason for her separation from her husband?

Secondly, in the past, I have met two ladies, strangely both with large bosoms, both highly sexed and rather noisy during intercourse, and neither of whom would allow me to remove their bra — or in any way touch their breasts!!

Once again, this seems contrary to normal love-making procedure. Of course, I realise it takes all types. . .

Many thanks if you can offer explanations.

— A.R., SA.

Yes, it does take all kinds, but to use another cliche, it also takes two to tango, a fact which seems to have escaped your Swedish friend. I can imagine how frustrating that experience must have been for you and I suspect you are right in thinking this could have been the cause of her marriage breakdown. I wonder if thrusting could have been painful for her. . . hence she insisted you remain motionless. There are a variety of gynaecological problems which can cause intercourse to be painful and perhaps she had never investigated these possibilities. Alternatively, it may be that she did need to be completely motionless to enjoy arousal and perhaps even reach orgasm.

Some women can orgasm through purely mental stimulation — just psyching themselves into it, so to speak. Maybe she had developed this style and also enjoyed the sensation of her vagina filled with a firm erection. But there's the rub. . . or lack of it. How is the man supposed to stay firm under such circumstances? All very confusing and without your Swedish friend still around to cross-examine on these fascinating issues, it's all just idle speculation.

As for your other experiences, many women with large breasts go through such agony as adolescents — being teased by girlfriends, lusted after by all and sundry, treated as sex objects well before they are emotionally equipped to cope — that they never overcome their embarrassment and inhibitions. It may seem strange, particularly to PLAYBOY readers, that large breasts could cause women to feel ashamed and embarrassed, but I can assure you that not everyone enjoys the obsessive male attention that large breasts invariably attract.

Big, heavy breasts can also be extremely sensitive, sometimes painful to touch. Perhaps a combination of these factors could account for the behavior of those two women.

If you are interested in learning more about women's attitudes towards their breasts, there is a superb book called *Breasts* by Daphna Ayalah and Isaac J. Weinstock,

large breasts can be a burden to bear

in which hundreds of women describe their feelings about their breasts and how this has affected their sexuality and their lives. For the boob men among you, the book also contains photographs of hundreds of breasts of all shapes and sizes.

I am a 35-year-old bachelor and two years ago I met an Egyptian lady with three children, two grown up and the other one still at home with her. She divorced her husband after a terrible marriage. She is 43 and after seeing her for some time I now find that I am very much in love with her and she wants to marry me and settle down. But, when I took her home to meet my parents, they told me not to have anything more to do with her, but I can't just drop her like that.

She is very faithful and genuine and her love-making is something out of this world. I don't know what to do. This is the reason I wrote to you. Also, she has had an operation on her tubes so she can't have any more children. I would really appreciate your advice.

— D.G., Qld.

What puzzles me is that, at the age of 35, you still felt the need to take this woman home to meet your parents and ask their approval to marry her. It would be a different matter if having made the decision to marry your ladyfriend, you decided to introduce her to your parents. In this case it would be unfortunate if they didn't approve of her, but it would still be *your* decision and you presumably would have gone ahead with or without their seal of approval. Perhaps the reason that you are still a bachelor, is that you have never been able to break free from the clutches of your parents and make independent, adult decisions.

It is time you learnt to do so. You must make your own mistakes and have the courage to occasionally reject your parents' advice. This doesn't mean you don't love them and respect their opinions, but you have your own life to lead. I suspect you may need some help in learning how to stand up for your rights and have a more adult relationship with your parents. I would advise you to seek the help of a therapist who could give you the confidence you need.

I presume part of your parents' objection concerns the fact that this woman can no longer bear children. You do not express any opinion as to whether you have any burning desire to be a father. I suggest you think about this issue and make your own decision. From the sound of things, this woman has much to offer you — you don't need her to be fertile to prove a suitable marriage partner. There is obviously one other factor which may be influencing your parents, and that's the ethnic differences between you and your ladyfriend. If this *is* a part of the disagreement between you and your family, I hope you will be strong enough to dismiss their objections as the narrow-minded ignorant prejudices that they are.

I visited Bangkok with my husband recently and was totally amazed by the antics that some of those girls got up to in the sex shows we attended. How can they possibly do such tricks? And, do you have any advice for someone whose vagina is slightly stretched and often can't grip the penis very tightly?

— R.D., Vic.

We've all heard stories about Asian bar girls who can pick up pennies or smoke cigarettes by rhythmically contracting their vaginal muscles.

Such exotic tricks aside, it all has to do with the pelvic floor, the sling of muscles that stretches across the pelvis in both men and women and holds the pelvic organs — the bladder, rectum, and in women, the uterus — nicely in place.

At least that's what it *should* do, but the bad news is that perhaps 50 percent of women have a weak pelvic floor where the muscles are over-stretched, rather like worn-out elastic, meaning that the vaginal walls don't grip around the penis and both the man and woman notice much less sensation during intercourse. Instead of everything being trim, taut and terrific, the sling of muscles sags down like a hammock causing all sorts of nasty medical problems.

There is fascinating new research suggesting that good pelvic muscle tone also helps women reach orgasm more easily and helps some respond purely to vaginal stimulation. In a later column, I'll describe this research more fully and describe exercises you can use to strengthen these muscles. Meanwhile, contact the Australian Physiotherapists' Association (branches in most capital cities) and ask for a recommendation to a physiotherapist in your district who is trained in teaching pelvic floor exercises.

SEX LITERATURE

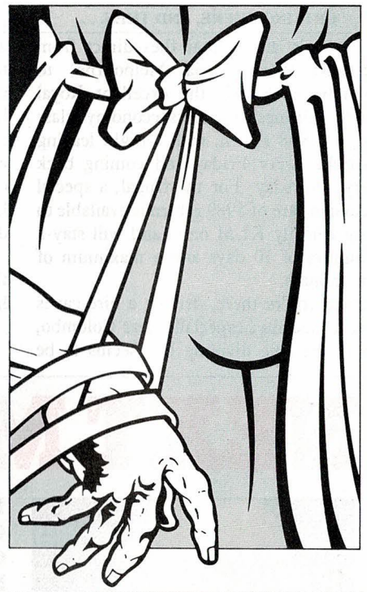
By now you must have noticed the arrival of the paperback edition of *The G Spot*, the book I mentioned in my column earlier this year. Have a look at it: despite the quibbles of some of the pedantic academics who have been reviewing it in major newspapers, the book makes an important contribution to our knowledge of sexuality. It's not meant to be a scientific text and some of the most interesting insights into female sexuality are to be found in the hundreds of personal anecdotes in the book. It's published by Corgi; rrp $5.95.

•

I can just imagine it. I'm lying cuddled up in the arms of my man while he reads out sensual poetry. . .

every inch of you
screams
thrust upon thrust
he is touching
your very come
feeling you
with promises
so exquisite
unbearable
even to
contemplate

Nice, eh? The verse is from a new book just available in Australia called *Touch Love* (available from Gokaline Pty Ltd, GPO Box 4783, Sydney for $29 hard cover, $23 soft cover). The verse was written by Jeanette Gorrie and is erotic, sensuous, gentle — just the thing for great bedtime reading. But essentially, the book is a photographic manual filled with wonderful black and white photographs by South African photographer Sigurd Olivier showing couples touching, caressing, making love. All very romantic and a welcome change



sex books and manuals offer practical advice

from the crude sex manuals normally available.

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And speaking of sex manuals, finally someone has recognised that even that ultimate how-to-do-it book — the sex positions manual — doesn't have to be cheap, nasty and boring. An enterprising American publisher has employed the skills of a very sexy female writer plus an excellent photographer to produce a totally up-to-date sexual technique manual which is erotic as well as informative. Despite the distinctly unoriginal title, *The Complete Manual of Sexual Positions,* it contains all the latest news from the sex therapy world — including a large section on the G Spot which gives detailed instructions on how to find it (fully illustrated with diagrams and photographs) and shows all the best positions for keeping the Spot right on target. So for all of you still out there looking, this may be just the treasure you need.

It must be a first — the book actually describes what different positions feel like from the female point of view and makes distinctly sexy reading. There's also sections on gaining pelvic muscle control, anal and oral stimulation, even threesomes and foursomes.

•

Just one more book to bring you up to date with the latest in sex publishing. One of the problems of being a woman is we never have a chance to see what other women look like "down there". Men have endless opportunities for comparing their genitals with other males. The penis and scrotum are up there, out front for all the world to see.

Yes, I know that this is the reason so many men are hung up about genital size. They stand at the urinals, glancing sidewards, constantly comparing, and their own *never* look as good.

But that's not the point I'm making here. Women often grow up never having seen the genitals of another woman and all we usually have a chance to look at is a nice neat diagram of a perfectly symmetrical, hairless, clean and tidy version of the "perfect" female genitalia. As a result, if we are actually brave enough to take a look down under, we are in for quite a shock. We're all different — different shapes, different sizes, lopsided, hairy, you name it.

Of course all you men will be aware of the extraordinary variety of different models available, but from the female point of view, it's wonderfully reassuring to be actually able to see clear color photographs of all these thousands of ways of being perfectly normal. *A New View of a Woman's Body* by Suzanne Gage (Simon & Schuster Touchstone, 1981), contains a superb section of color photographs showing genital variations as well as changes in the cervix during the menstrual cycle and all sorts of other events normally kept well hidden. The book also includes an interesting examination of female sexual anatomy which contains quite a few surprises.

•

Breast, The Complete Manual of Sexual Positions and *A New View of a Woman's Body* are available for $16.50 each (postage paid) from Private Collection, PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025.

— BETTINA ARNDT

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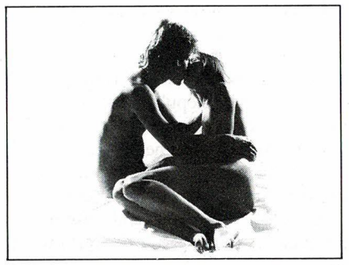

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LANKA *(continued from page 96)*

exuberance of this area constantly pull you from one extreme of reaction to another. Try not to give things away to undeserving people.

After the interior, the coast unwinds you with beachfront settings that are difficult to match in any other single jet trip. The majority of this area's tourists are German, though there are strong contingents also of Japanese, French and Swiss. The seas are calm and the weather fine on the west and southern coasts at this time of year. These also are assuredly the most sophisticated regions of an unpretentious land. Have an arrack daiquiri. Enjoy. Then, go on home.

GETTING THERE, AND THEN. . .

The only airline that flies direct from Australia (Sydney via Melbourne) to Colombo is KLM, the excellent Royal Dutch Airlines. Business/economy class cost is $1958 return, with a flight leaving Australia every Friday and coming back every Thursday. For the frugal, a special excursion fare of $989 return is available to those who fly KLM only, and will stay a minimum of 10 days and a maximum of nine months.

Once you're there, driving a hire car is akin to insanity, especially near Colombo, where the lane dividing line seems to be more of a conceptual symbol than a law. Travel and tour agencies can arrange an itinerary, accommodation, and provide a car with a driver who often is also a storehouse of information. Quickshaws (5 Kalinga Place, Colombo 5, Sri Lanka) is a long-established company that specialises in developing itineraries tailored to individual tastes, and we can recommend them most heartily.

Hotels, especially in the interior, often have ceiling fans and mosquito nets rather than air-conditioning, and not all of them offer hot water in this year-round warm climate. West coast hotels with all mod cons range from $40 to $60 for a double room, plus a 10 percent service charge and often another 10 percent for the travel agent. A few luxury hotels throughout the country go up to $85 to $100 per double, but on the lower end of the scale, many clean and reasonably comfortable rest houses are available in the roughly $35 range for two. (It's not cheap, but for a country where a hotel employee can earn as much as a young doctor, it's not too outrageous.)

Note: room prices are often half-rate in the low season, which ends October 31. In high season, be sure to get reservations.

NEXT MONTH

LA: 1000 SQUARE MILES OF OLYMPICS CITY AWAIT THE GAMES TOURIST. SOME KIND OF A GUIDE TO THE MADNESS, BY PHIL JARRATT.

PICKERING ON THE MOUNTAIN: CAN AUSTRALIA'S TOP CARTOONIST BECOME AUSTRALIA'S TOP HORSE TRAINER? ACCORDING TO LARRY, IT'S A LAID-DOWN MISERE.

MY FATHER'S AXE: ABSORBING AUSTRALIAN FICTION FROM PRIZE-WINNING YOUNG AUTHOR TIM WINTON.

LUCY'S BACK: AND FRONT. REMEMBER LUCY GILL, VOTED PICK OF THE CROP IN OUR GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST FEATURE? WELL, HERE'S MORE OF HER. A LUSCIOUS NOVEMBER PLAYMATE.

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